



# 나는 군주다

I am the monarch

철종금 판타지 장편소설

I AM

THE MONARCH

BOOK 02

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***I am the Monarch***

(나는 군주다)

*by*

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# Synopsis

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Roan who ran away 20 years ago from the rural village in the aim of becoming a Great General who will rule the world.

However, all he got 20 years later was just a handful of money and a low position that is a 1st legion's spearman.

At the end, he becomes a cold corpse in the battlefield.

But somehow, he came back in the past.

“Alright. This time, I won't become a Great General but a Monarch.”

His previous life's aim was becoming a Great General.

Actually, he only became a spearman.

This time, his life's aim is becoming the Monarch.

“Then I guess I'd become at least a general, right?”

Roan who remembers what happened the 20 years.

Now starts his unstoppable march in becoming a Monarch.

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# Chapter 101: Salvation (2)

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Baron Elton Coat returned to the region in the north.

And staff of the agency trailed his back.

Following and trailing.

Roan laid the order of tilting the force of the 3rd prince through the leak of the spy.

And fortunately, the agency was already investigating the people that had visited Elton's camp.

They were analyzing if there was someone that had visited the camp of another noble.

‘I just have to entrust and believe.’

Roan entrusted the case of the noble spy to the agency and went to the south while leading his troop once again.

He had to end the final exodus the quickest possible.

‘I have to at least avoid internal disturbance.’

They had now started to make some distance with the 2nd and

3rd prince.

But if a battle occurs while they are finding out the spies, that difference would close in an instant.

‘Now that I see.....’

Light shone in Roan’s eyes.

‘Didn’t prince Simon connote nobles at the side of the other princes?’

He wasn’t someone that would be sitting around.

‘Rather, he would have gone farther.....’

Although the three people had different mothers, they all had the same father.

But the enmity between them was more severe than thought.

‘The closer I get to the royal palace, the memories of my past life become useless.’

In his past life he hadn’t gotten along with a prince, noble or a high ranked person.

Thanks to that, the closer he got to Simon and the more magnanimous the things occurring around him became, his memories about the future wouldn't help him at all.

‘I can only use what I remember now to the utmost. And.....’

His mouth slightly rose.

‘It's time for the ones called geniuses to appear in the entire continent.’

Roan was planning to gather the most essential ones faster than anyone.

And there were some people he could think of.

‘By the way, how will Pierce be doing?’

A genius among geniuses.

He remembered Pierce, that had naturally followed Reil Baker.

But after Poskein exodus started, he hadn't heard anything about Reil and Pierce going to battle.

‘Did they go to another country? Or deep in the mountains?’

As Reil was a really unguessable person, his training methods wouldn't be normal at all.

‘The day Pierce returns.....’

The smile in his mouth became even denser.

‘I'm obtaining the strongest commander in the continent.’

His heart felt proud.

‘I also have to become someone comparable to him.’

Roan gripped the reins.

He unconsciously kicked the horse at the surging emotions.

Hiiiiing!

The cry of the horse was heard clearly.

Dudududu.

The warhorse ran towards the south.

He wasn't simply running across the road right now.



He was running towards the future spread in front of him.

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“Damn. It’s difficult in this situation.”

Elton clenched his fists and cursed out.

He fell in his thoughts after returning to the northern village.

‘I thought that prince Simon would behead Luke and Mito without even looking back!’

He didn’t know that he would listen to the words of a commoner troop commander, even if he favored him.

‘If I can’t finish this, I’m getting out of the eyes of prince Kallum.’

If he made a mistake, he could get his merits taken by one of his allies.

‘What to do.....’

He felt anxious.

Then, troop commander Tony that was looking at the side, said with a careful expression.

“Sir baron.”

“What?”

There was annoyance filled in his words.

Tony forced a smile and continued speaking.

“Let’s send a letter to prince Simon again.”

“A letter?”

“Yes. That the movements of Luke Aip’s army isn’t normal.”

“Mm.”

Elton gulped.

His face became a bit bright.

“Troop commander Roan left to the front lines of the south. On top of that, most of the forces of prince Simon left the HQ. If we make a surprise attack on him now, prince Simon will fall in a really dangerous situation.”

“There’s no way Luke Aip will do that if he’s not mad!”

As Elton yelled, Tony approached even more.

“That’s right. Baron Luke Aip will obviously not do that. But isn’t it enough if only prince Simon is told that?”

Only then did Elton’s head become bright.

The key was making Simon believe it like that.

He was setting up the information and inducing him.

Tony’s voice became a bit faster.

“Say that Luke Aip realized that his identity got revealed. And because of that, they have to attack before they get attacked by Aip’s army. On top of that, if we say that we should attack them blocking their front and back and be able to capture him easily, he will probably charge out without even looking back.”

“Mm. That’s not a bad plan.”

No, it was more outstanding than what he thought.

But Tony’s thoughts didn’t end here.

“If we slightly spill this to baron Mito Posis, won’t he show some movements too?”

This was similar to what Elton had thought.

“What about Luke Aip?”

At those words, Tony shook his head.

“Baron Aip is currently in charge of the northern boundary. Because of that, there’s a possibility for him to flee immediately when things go wrong. Compared to him baron Posis is in charge of the east. It’s a place where fleeing is impossible. Baron Posis that’s already caught in a mouse trap.....”

“Will try to bite the cat.”

Elton smiled faintly and closed one eye.

“That’s right.”

Tony replied and nodded.

Elton patted Tony’s shoulders with a satisfied expression.

“Good. That’s a nice one.”

He gave him a yellow paper and a pen.

It was to write the letter to send Simon.

Elton's expression, that was really stiff, became bright.

The long pen moved as if it was dancing.

Tony was looking at that with a bit nervous expression.

Then Elton's voice was heard.

“This thing, if it finishes well I will also reward you.”

At that moment, Tony's mouth became so long it was about to touch his ears.

He shut his mouth and bowed deeply.

His head and shoulders trembled.

Ambition of different sizes clashed and danced.

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The final exodus was soon meeting its end.

The monsters that were overflowing got lead to the traps and troop's bases started to get exterminated by Roan that striked back earnestly.

He mustered Simon's troop and the noble's armies and laid the order to charge towards the lake.

“Kiek!”

“Kigik!”

The monsters fell with their last words.

Cpluk!

Above them, the charge of the soldiers was followed.

“Kill!”

“Drive them back to the lake!”

The yell of the commanders mixed with the cries of the soldiers.

Puuuuuu! Dung! Dung! Dung! Jing! Jing! Jing!

The sound of the horn trumpet, drums and jings was heard.

The battlefield was fierce and sharp.

“Kuk!”

“Kugh.”

And the damages on the soldier wasn't normal as well.

The instincts of a beast to protect their territory.

They stepped over the corpses of the fallen ones and fought the monsters.

Kieeek!

The monsters got perplexed.

They had never faced humans that were this united on something.

The guys that were charging fiercely started to get pushed little by little.

‘They are falling back!’

Roan didn’t miss this opportunity.

“Advance! Charge through!”

He jumped over the monsters while holding Traviar’s spear.

Spat!

The spear danced and sliced over the bodies of the monsters.

Every time Roan swung his spear three or four monsters lost their heads and fell.

“Follow troop commander!”

“Don’t get behind!”

Amaranth troop charged over from the scattered lines.

“E, eit! Follow Amaranth troop!”

“We are also going!”

The other nobles followed Amaranth troop late.



A charge similar to a raging billow.

The monsters didn't have any strength or spirit to resist anymore.

They crumbled like that and got exterminated.

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“Treat the injured ones!”

“Move the corpses of the monsters to the south, the corpses of our allies to the north!”

Sounds retrieving the battlefield was heard everywhere.

A bad smell and black smoke.

Red blood covered the entire ground.

But the expressions of the soldiers that were standing was really bright.

They got a hunch.

‘The subjugation ended!’

‘Monsters don’t appear anymore in Poskein lake!’

They had survived from the hell like battlefield.

The soldiers laid down on the ground that was covered by blood and patted each other’s shoulders.

A small comfort between the surviving ones.

Roan stood on top of the battlefield and looked at that.

‘Saving at least one more life of those soldiers is my role and task as the responsible one.’

It wasn’t a simple victory, but a perfect one.

Roan dreamt of that.

He slowly raised his head to look at the sky.

The sky was lit up in red light just like the ground that was covered in blood.

‘I wanted to see a blue sky.’

A bitter smile appeared in his face.

Then.

“Troop commander!”

An urgent voice.

It was Austin.

Roan turned his head to the direction the voice was heard at.

At that moment.

“Mm?”

His sight passed over the perplexed expression of Austin and went behind him.

The smoke of the beacon burning black.

‘Why a beacon?’

The monsters were already perfectly exterminated.

No, before that, the direction the beacon was lit up was suspicious.

‘It’s coming from the north.’

A beacon has surged up on Mediasis village that had the troop’s HQ and was picked as a safe zone.

‘Something’s not right.’

His face stiffened up.

He ran towards his horse and yelled.

“Amaranth troop! Prepare to charge out!”

A sound waking up the recently fallen asleep soldiers.

The soldiers that were laying down lined up and organized themselves.

A surprisingly enough look.

“Oh!”

The soldiers of the other nobles let out exclamations of admirement.

Roan kicked his horse and went to baron Rael Piad.

“Sir baron Piad! I request for the retrieval of the battlefield!”

“Don’t worry about here.”

Rael hit his chest with his right hand.

Viscount Tio Ruin also prepared to charge out late.

He also felt that something wasn’t right.

Roan pointed towards the north with Travias spear.

“Charge!”

A loud yell.

Soon, Amaranth troop started to move with Roan at the front.

Even when they were exhausted, their movements was fast.

To the point they left behind Tio Ruin’s troop that charged out right after them.

Roan didn't wait for Tio.

They had to return to the HQ the fastest possible because they didn't know what situation it was.

How much would they have ran.

Roan, that was at the front, pulled the reins.

He saw the staff of the agency running towards him.

‘What happened that even the staff.....’

After a while, the staff that approached yelled with all their strength.

“The, the prince! The prince has charged out! He went to the northern villages with only count Lancephil accompanying him!”

At that moment, Roan's face stiffened.

The staff that got nearer in that while said in a low voice.

“The bigger problem is that baron Mit oPosis, that was protecting the eastern region, is moving to the north.”

Boom!

A feeling he got hit in the back of his head.

The staff members all lowered their heads.

“We are sorry. It seems like there was a hole on the surveillance of Mito Posis.”

But Roan didn't blame them.

He knew that it wasn't the fault of the staff.

‘We lacked people because we were finding the spy of the 3rd prince.’

On top of that, now wasn't the time to worry about things that had already past.

‘Even if they say the prince and the army of count Lancephil, they only amount to 4.000.’

The other soldiers were dispatched to subjugate the monsters.

‘Compared to that, the numbers of Mito and Luke are more than 5.000.’

Because the numbers of Mito Posis was more than 3.000.

‘It’s obvious that baron Elton Coat will just pretend to help the prince and just watch the situation.’

No, perhaps, he may bare his fangs when he gets certain he can catch Simon.

‘The prince and count Lancephil are in danger!’

Roan ground his teeth.

WHen Elton first revealed the nobles working for the 2nd prince, Roan was even planning to tell Simon that Elton was actually a spy working for the 3rd prince.

But in the end he didn’t.

‘With the temperament of the prince, we would have beheaded him on the spot.’

It was obvious that if that happened, the situation would turn more difficult.

But thinking about it now, he felt a bit of regret in his judgement.

‘For him not being able to endure it for 2 days.’



Roan turned back and yelled.

“Infantry, return to the HQ! Ride on the remaining war horses and come to the village of the north!”

“Yes! Understood!”

As soon as he laid the order spearmen and archers ran towards Mediasis village.

Roan looked at the 300 soldiers that remained and took a deep breath.

‘I did good on teaching them cavalry.’

There was a need to increase their movement because the number of soldiers was too lacking compared to the region they were in charge of.

Thanks to that, most of the troop members of Amaranth knew how to ride a horse.

But of course, their level was poor.

Roan gripped a rein and raised his spear high to the sky.

“We are going to the north!”

There was no need to pass over Mediasis village.

Their destination was the village in the north.

Their objective was rescuing Simon and Io.

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“Please, reconsider this prince.”

Io said really carefully.

But Simon, that was grabbing the reins, didn't reply at all.

He was glaring at the north with a cold gaze.

Io let out a short sigh.

He knew that the situation wasn't normal, but now was the time to protect the troop's HQ.

Even if Aip's army came attacking them just like Elton's report, they would be able to plentifully block them.

On top of that, if Roan and his troop regrouped, they would be

able to take care of the traitors in an instant.

‘He just had to endure it for two more days.....’

But as soon as Simon received Elton’s report, he lead his troop and charged out.

Io, that was returning from his patrol got surprised and also went out, but he couldn’t convince him.

‘He’s actually a really smart person.....’

Simon despised people that betrayed him or talked bad about him in his back.

No, it was rage to the point he wanted to tear them off.

‘Whew. It must be because of his majesty.’

When Simon was young, he received the love and favor of the current king, Deni Phon Rinse.

But every time Deni took in a new bride and gave birth to a new princess, he poured all his care and he ended up becoming cold rice.

‘He polished his studies and martial arts to get some interest

from the king, but.....’

Deni III rather made more distance with Simon.

He felt burdened by his son that had abruptly grown.

It was since then.

Simon started to show obsession on his things, his people

“I can see the northern village.”

Just in time, Ralph Tinse the captain of the knights, said.

Simon opened his eyes sharply and laid a chilly order.

“Capture Luke Aip.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Ralph replied with all his voice and pulled his sword.

“Charge!”

The force close to 2.000 people that were following the orders ran towards the village.

‘Elton will attack at the back of the village.’

Simon trusted in Elton.

That’s why he had gone out with a small force.

A troop stuck to the fences of the villages with Ralph at the front.

Aip’s army got confused at the sudden attack but in the end they took formation.

The battle that had nothing to do with the subjugation started like that.

‘Luke. I will cut off that sly tongue of yours.’

Simon felt great rage at the truth of one of the underlings he appreciated and trusted betrayed him.

Perhaps this could have been the real process by which he became the mad monarch.

The battle was really fierce.

But he couldn’t see Elton, that should have attacked them from

behind the village.

‘What is it?’

When Simon was frowning.

PUuuuuu!

The sound of a horn trumpet was heard.

At the same time, a troop with it's flag risen appeared.

“What is it! What troop is it!”

At Simon's yell, some soldiers went to check and then yelled with all their strength.

“It's baron Mito Posis!”

At that moment, Simon's face contorted in a nice to see way.

“He dares!”

The ones that were working for the 2nd prince Tommy had gathered in one place.

Simon clenched his fists.

“Fine! It rather turned out well! I will cut off your heads in one go!”

A voice filled with rage.

But his yell changed to that of a silence the more time passed.

“Mmm.”

In the first place, he couldn't even face them through numbers.

Because he couldn't see ELton, that had promised to attack them from behind.

On top of that, the position of the camp was also bad.

Simon's and Lancephil's troop was suffering attacks from the front and back.

“Damn!”

Simon cursed out at the disadvantageous situation.

‘You dare attack a prince of the kingdom? This is rebellion! Rebellion!’

Attacking nobles that worked with his brothers was completely different to them attacking him.

Subjugation and rebellion.

It was completely different.

‘If I just overcome this situation you and Tommy will also suffer the consequences!’

But he couldn’t know.

That now that the situation climbed up to this, Luke and Mito knew that they would lose their lives however the situation turned out.

There was only one situation in which they could keep their lives.

And that was Simon’s death.

So because of that, they could only act while taking the heavily load called rebellion.

“Attack! Attack! Push them back!”



Simon continued to lay rough orders.

Then.

Sweeeeeeee!

A sharp sound was heard.

Followed by.

Puk!

One arrow pierced the head of the soldier that was next to Simon.

“Do, dodge!”

Io covered Simon’s shoulders with a surprised expression.

“Thi.... thi..... this trash like bastards.....!”

Simon’s body trembled.

A yell he couldn’t hear at all until now was heard.

“Kill Simon!”

“Kill the prince!”

The situation was flowing to a completely unexpected pace.

# Chapter 102: Salvation (3)

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Simon was a brave general so to speak.

He worked really hard to garner the love and interest of the king, King Deni III, and the result of that was that he gained unbelievable sword skills.

But the problem was his hot temperament and excessive ambition.

On top of that, his obsession with people was also severe because of the sense of loss he felt while growing up.

If the person didn't react to his trust and love, he became greatly enraged. To say nothing of betrayal and rebellion.

If he got angry once, he didn't care for anything else.

It was to the point that you couldn't even expect a proper decision.

If his grandfather wasn't Duke Bradley Webster, then he would already have been disqualified from the competition for the throne.

But even that Bradley was beheaded by Simon someday.

Simon already showed signs of becoming a mad monarch since he was small.

Of course, there was something else that affected his temperament, but the only ones that knew of this truth were Bradley, Simon, and his vassals.

“Prince. It is difficult like this.”

Ralph Tains, who was leading his troop and pushing back Luke Aip’s army, returned with a defeated look.

Simon trembled.

“Elton, why isn’t Elton Coat coming?”

“He’s only waiting at the rear of the northern village. He’s not showing any movements.”

Ralph bowed with a pitiful expression.

At that moment, Simon’s face contorted in a scary way.

‘Elton! You dare.....’

His teeth were grounded automatically.

Elton not moving until now meant that he had betrayed him or from the start, wasn't his vassal.

‘I don't know about others, but for you to betray me!’

Elton had quite the wide territory even among barons and on top of that had outstanding abilities.

Because of that, he was someone he had raised with great care for the competition.

And actually after bringing him over, he had overcome several dangerous situations because of him.

On top of that.

‘He's a distant relative of my grandfather.’

Although it was a collateral relation by blood, he was certainly someone that received the lineage of the Webster dukedom.

As he was a relative of Simon's mother, he could trust in him more than anyone.

But that Elton Coat had betrayed him.

‘I didn't even know that and told him to grasp the movements of

the nobles on our side.....’

He thought that he discovered Luke Aip and Mito Posis being spies because of that.

He had been tricked quite well this time.

“Trash-like bastard.”

Curses came out with a cold voice.

Simon glared at the battlefield, eyes filled with rage.

The battle flowed with more urgency at every moment.

“Catch the prince!”

“I will give an amazing reward to the one that catches the prince!”

The rebel army kept charging to the center of the troop thinking that everything would end when they caught Simon.

Although Lancephil’s troop and Simon’s army had a solid formation and went to defend, the difference in numbers was too great.

It was obvious that in this situation the entire line was going to fall.

“Prince! We have to take cover for now!”

Io yelled with an urgent expression.

And Ralph also did the same.

However Simon clenched his fists and didn't move.

‘You dare to betray me?’

The trembling became bigger.

In that instant, his eyes that were filled with rage started to shine.

At the same time, his eyes that were almost brown turned black.

‘Damn!’

Ralph, who was looking at the side, had a surprised expression on his face.

‘He's going to explode once again!’

He made a handsign to the back hurriedly.

One of the strongest forces of Simon, the Leo knights, came running.

They put Simon in the middle and skillfully took positions.

They were holding a rope that was made with Ogre tendons in both of their hands.

Io, who was looking at the situation, just had a confused expression on his face.

‘Just what is this.....?’

Then Ralph walked carefully and grabbed Simon’s arm.

“Prince. You can’t get shaken here. Please, get a hold of yourself.”

It was an earnest voice.

“There are even more people believing and following you. So please.....”

Ralph bowed with an expression as if he was about to cry.



Then.

Slap!

A loud sound was heard.

Simon suddenly slapped his own cheek.

His lip burst and his cheek turned red.

“Prince!”

Ralph and Io approached him while they were surprised.

Simon smiled bitterly and shook his hands.

“I’m fine.”

His voice was lowered and sounded more calm..

Ralph hurriedly looked into Simon’s eyes.

The blackened eyes returned to their original color.

‘Done!’

He cheered up and made a gesture with his chin towards the knights.

The knights that were looking at Simon with a nervous expression hurriedly returned to their own positions.

“Ralph.”

“Yes Prince.”

“I could calm myself down thanks to you.”

“That’s not true.”

Ralph bowed.

Simon smiled bitterly and looked at the battlefield.

“Die!”

“Pierce through!”

The yells of the rebel army hit his ears.

The front line was getting pushed back little by little.

Simon took in a deep breath.

‘We have to take cover for now.’

The situation had already inclined towards the other side.

If he became stubborn here and was captured or died, all the merits that he had accumulated until now would become foam.

‘If I die here, Tommy and Kallum will step up to decorate this battle as a fair one.’

That was something that was absolutely unforgivable.

‘This is my fault, whatever they say.’

He should have listened to Roan.

It was his fault for having trusting Elton too much.

Also.

‘Nowadays, it’s becoming harder to control my rage.’

He clearly felt the changes in his body and heart.

‘The stronger my body becomes, the weaker my heart becomes.’

Simon bit his lower lip.

‘It’s useless regretting it now. They are all things I chose.’

It is true that he lacked self control and was hot tempered.

But the reason his temperament took a turn for the worse was because of the mana technique and sword technique Bradley Webster got for him.

They were a sword and mana technique that you couldn’t even name.

‘If my mana level increases more than this then it would become troublesome.’

If that happened, then there was a big possibility for him to lose all of his rationality.

‘My grandfather asked for a new medicine from the palace, so I just have to endure for a little bit more.’

If he could just get his hands on the medicine, he would be able to

cleanse all of the dirty mana and show an overwhelming power.

‘I just have to trust in my grandfather for that. First, I.....’

Simon’s eyes moved to Io.

‘I have to get out of here.’

His brown eyes settled down calmly.

“Count Lancephil. If it’s true that Elton has betrayed me, this won’t be everything. Then, getting out of here will be quite difficult. But.....”

He bowed towards Io.

“I really have no face towards Count Lancephil, but I still can’t die.”

“Pr, prince.”

Io became surprised.

Simon raised his head and looked at Io’s eyes fixedly.

“Is there a method to get out of here, for me to live?”

It was a look he couldn't understand at all.

Until just now, it was Simon that was caught up in his rage.

But soon he had found his composure back.

‘Can a normal person be like this?’

Even Io was astounded.

On top of that, the actions of Ralph and the Leo knights were quite suspicious.

But anyways, the prince had bowed and asked him for a favor.

He couldn't just ignore and decline him.

Io took a deep breath.

“We are going to make a rearguard composed by my troop and your army and defend you. On top of that, we are going to hit the sides of the enemy with the strongest force, the Leo knights, and buy some time. Prince, you just go to Trem Village with Baron Tains.”

“To Trem village.....?”

Simon asked back with a confused expression on his face.

Io replied back with a voice filled with confidence.

“If it’s the Amaranth troop, they would have certainly noticed this. Roan will certainly come. He will come and rescue us. Just endure until then.”

“The words of Count Lancephil are true, prince.”

Even Ralph butted in, so Simon nodded.

“I understand. I will do as Count Lancephil says.”

Right after he said that, Ralph raised his blade high into the air.

“We are retreating!”

“Sir!”

Sounds of answering to the order were heard everywhere.

Simon was about to say something to Io before he left but decided to shut his mouth.

‘I will tell him when I meet him later.’

He was planning to bow his head and apologize for today’s mistake.

The knights and soldiers that were scattered around started to take formation.

And the one that departed first was certainly Simon.

Behind him, the troops of the Webster family and his own troops stuck close to him as if they were escorting him.

Then, Mito Posis, who was trying to pierce through the center, pointed at Simon and yelled.

“Huh? The prince is escaping! Chase!”

Luke also did the same.

“Chase!”

“He must catch the prince!”

It was an order close to despair.

Luke Aip and Mito Posis grew tense.



There was only one method where they could live.

And that was beheading Simon.

‘Bring his head and find the 2nd prince.....’

And even if that wasn’t the case.

‘If I escape to Byron kingdom or Istel kingdom, I would certainly be treated really well.’

Anyways, this situation didn’t permit him to live normally.

They chased after Simon with a flushed face.

“Where?! I can’t send you off like this!”

Io pulled out his sword and yelled.

Following his order, the soldiers set up a defensive line.

Behind him, the Leo knights quickly swung their blades.

Cheng! Checheng! Cheng!

Just like that, a battle started between the ones being chased and the ones chasing them.

And the battle flowed really urgently.

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‘It’s difficult.’

Ralph’s eyes darkened.

He kept glancing back even while he was riding without stop.

The number of knights and soldiers following him clearly decreased.

The chase of Luke and Mito was really amazing.

Because they were also putting their lives on the line in this.

Thanks to that, only a minority of knights remained with Simon to escort him and the other soldiers and knights went to the rear to help Io.

‘The bigger problem.....’

As they kept escaping to where the escape route was open, they

were getting farther away from their destination that was Trem Village.

‘In this situation, we are going to get annihilated.’

But just because of that, they didn’t have any clear plans to overcome this.

They could only hope for anyone to appear and rescue them.

Then.

Sweeeeeee!

A sharp sound was heard.

And a shadow covered them from above.

Pubububuk!

A rain of arrows poured over the surrounding of Simon and Ralph.

“It’s the infantry!”

“Dodge!”

Yells poured out from the surroundings.

“Kuk!”

The soldiers that couldn't dodge, became porcupines and collapsed.

Hiiiing!

The horses cried loudly and raised their front legs.

Simon and Ralph looked at the hills at the sides and frowned.

They were looking at the troop flag that was over the hills.

That was certainly Luke's troop flag.

But it was quite a small troop.

Even so, it was true that it was difficult for Simon and Ralph to face even that much.

Even if they faced them and pierced through, they would clash with Luke and Mito who were chasing them from the back.

‘I have to at least save the prince.’

Ralph grinded his teeth.

Then, Simon’s voice was heard.

“It seems it’s up to here.”

He pulled out his blade with a pathetic expression.

“Prince.”

Ralph grinded his teeth and bowed.

Simon didn’t mind and looked at the troop flag that appeared over the hill.

‘Even so, for the infantry to appear over here..... They prepared more thoroughly than I had thought.’

Actually, the troop that appeared on both of the hills were patrolling troops.

Belpis, who was leading his troop, was hurriedly returning to the northern village when they heard that the identities of Luke and Mito were exposed.

‘But to meet the prince here.’

It was simply a lucky situation.

A smile bloomed on Belpis’s mouth.

‘If we catch the prince, the road to flee appears.’

His heart beat quickly.

“Attack!”

He swung his blade widely and kicked his horse.

Ralph looked at Simon with a hardened expression.

They didn’t have anymore time to waste.

“Prince! We will block them here however we can! You just try to flee!”

“No, there’s not even room to flee.”

Simon gritted his teeth.

Belpis’s troop was quite the small one, but they were pouring

down from the cliffs.

Simon didn't see any routes to escape.

“Prince.....”

Ralph had a regrettable expression on his face.

Simon forced a smile and nodded.

The two people looked at each other and then slightly lowered their heads.

It was a look like they were making their last resolutions.

If things didn't flow as he wanted, he was planning to throw away everything at the end and explode.

Belpis looked at Simon standing stupidly and yelled.

“Prince! Catch the prince! We don't need the other bastards!”

Belpis's troop charged towards Simon.

“You dare!”

Ralph yelled loudly and went to the front.

And the knights followed after him.

Dudududu!

The charging was stopped in an instant.

Then.

Sweeee!

A sound splitting the air was heard.

At the same time, arrows appeared from over the hill.

They were arrows flying while the air was being split.

The tip of the arrows shone.

Pubububuk!

The arrows hit the space between the two troops.

“Huh?”



“Wh, what is it?”

Belpis, who was charging, frowned and lowered his speed.

He was half astounded at the sudden rain of arrows.

‘Ma, maybe?’

Belpis’ eyes become wide.

Ralph, Simon, and the knights also had surprised expressions.

Their sights naturally moved towards the hills.

Then.

Puuuuuuu!

The sound of the horn trumpet rang through the battlefield.

At the same time, a troop flag appeared from over the hills.

<Amaranth.>

At that instant, a faint light appeared in Simon's face and everyone else's.

It was the saviors they were waiting for.

The only person that could rescue them.

Roan had appeared.

“Fortunately we aren't late.”

Roan appeared from below the high flying troop flag.

‘It's because the staff members of the agency kept raising beacons.’

The staff members that were spread in the entire region of Tale couldn't fight themselves, but grasping Simon's position was easy enough.

They notified Roan that Simon was retreating to the west through the beacons.

Thanks to that, Roan and Amaranth troop could turn the head of the horses towards the west and not the northern region of Tale, and charge.

Roan let out a short sigh and gave the order.

“Prepare to charge.”

The soldiers that were at the back raised the shields they had on their backs.

And at the same time, they moved their chests closer to the horses.

Roan's eyes shone.

“We are piercing through the rebel army.”

“Sir!”

A short answer was given in response.

At the same time, an amazing vigor surged up.

“Charge!”

Right after Roan sent out the order, the horses started to charge.

And Roan was obviously at the front.

“S, stop them!”

Belpis became perplexed and pulled the reins.

The entire troop halted their charge and turned back to look at the Amaranth troop.

Their raised spears and swords trembled.

‘We, will we be ab, able to face the Amaranth troop?’

‘The strongest troop in the region of Tale.....’

The troop members of Belpis swallowed with an expression filled with despair.

They were also very familiar with Roan and the troop’s abilities, to the point that their ears were wearing out.

And they had also witnessed it several times.

Dudududu!

Horse clops were heard clearly.

And finally.

Bang!

Roan and the Amaranth troop clashed against Belpis' troop.

The soldiers that had their shields raised bounced off the swordsmen and spearmen.

“Kuk!”

“Kugh.”

The spears broke and the swords bounced off.

The horses didn't lower their running speed but rather ran even more fiercely.

Roan took out the Traviass Spear in that while and started swinging it.

Slash!

A stream of blood splashed alongside a terrible noise.

In the first place, Belpis' troop wasn't an opponent for the Amaranth troop.

On top of that, they also had fewer numbers.

Pat!

Roan's horse kicked the ground and jumped.

He had a look that was splitting the air while he was drawing a line.

It was a really powerful and wonderful look.

Tadak!

The horse jumped over the soldiers and landed softly.

There was no more enemies blocking his path.

Roan hurriedly dismounted the horse and saluted shortly.

“Prince. Are you hurt anywhere?”

Simon, who was looking at the battlefield, got a hold of himself late.

He nodded with a pitiful expression.

“I’m ashamed of myself, but yes, I’m safe.”

Roan listened to what he wanted to and then turned back after bowing shortly.

Meanwhile, the Amaranth troop safely broke through Belpis’ troops.

Roan reorganized the formation with a handsign and slowly moved his steps.

He grabbed the Travias Spear and then glared at Belpis.

He had a cold and scary look on his face.

Gulp.

Belpis unconsciously swallowed with his dry mouth.

Roan breathed in slowly and pointed at the bastard with the Travias Spear.

“From now on.....”

The voice spoke calmly in a settled manner.

Strength was put into his hand, clutching the spear.

Simon, Ralph, and the knights all leaned their ears towards Roan's voice.

At that moment, a faint smile appeared on Roan's mouth.

“Amaranth troop is taking over this battlefield.”



# Chapter 103: Salvation (4)

---

“Damn it! That old man really is a pain.”

“Anyways, it seems like we can finally see the end.”

Luke Aip and Mito Posis had fishy smiles on their faces.

Their gazes moved beyond the battlefield.

“Bastards! You will never pass over here!”

From between the two hills.

An old man with a big body was swinging his sword from the narrow passageway.

It was Io Lancephil who was leading the rearguard.

He blocked the rebel army well with just a small number of knights and soldiers.

But the number of soldiers that remained decreased to the point that he could count them with his eyes thanks to the prolonged battle.

‘Kugh! At least, we have to block this passage.’

If they just blocked here, he would be able to tie down Mito and Luke for a while.

“Leo knights to the front!”

At Io’s orders, the knights that were resting for a moment, stepped up.

Slash! Stab!

The sharp blades split the air and cut down the throats of the enemy soldiers.

It was a really amazing show of force.

But the numbers of the enemies were just too much.

“Kill!”

“Kill! We must catch the prince!”

New soldiers appeared over the fallen ones.

They swung their spears and blades with all of their strength.

Slash.

The knights that were exhausted couldn't completely dodge the enemy attacks.

One spear stabbed the arm of a knight.

“Kugh! Son of a bitch!”

The knight cursed and moved.

He tried to fall back but the enemy soldiers stuck together like ants.

“Kugh!”

In the end, one knight finally lost his life.

“Kuk.”

Io saw that scene and ground his teeth.

The soldiers and knights were falling one by one.

The defensive line blocking the passage was getting sloppier at every moment.

Then, the voices of Mito and Luke were heard.

“Hahaha! Io Lancephil! It seems like you are also exhausted now!”

“It’s time to catch the old tiger!”

Cynical voices.

However Io didn’t react.

He just glared at them with cold and fierce eyes.

‘Ugh. What kind of eyes.....’

‘A tiger is still a tiger even when old.’

Luke and Mito felt a chill and shrugged.

“Kill!”

“Kill them and chase after the prince!”

They yelled out at their feelings of embarrassment.

The two barons that flinched ran towards Io and the rearguard.

It was indeed a situation of life and death.

Then.

“Huh?”

“What is it?”

The enemy soldiers who were located at the front, frowned.

A feeling covering their entire bodies.

Their feet certainly trembled.

Dudududu!

Followed by that, a sound that shook the ground hit their ears.

It was to the point that now, they didn't even have to tilt their ears.

Everyone's sights moved behind the rearguard.

From between the two cliffs.

Dust surged up over the passageway.

‘It’s a troop!’

Io swallowed nervously.

He wasn’t certain about the identity of the troop running towards them.

Puuuuuuu! Puuuuuuuuuuu!

Followed by that, the sound of the horn trumpet was heard.

At the same time, the troop flag that was at the front fluttered in the wind.

&lt;Amaranth.&gt;

It was Roan’s Amaranth troop, the ones they had nightmares about.

“Ah.....”

Io let out a low cry of exclamation.

His legs gave out.

And that was also the same for the other knights and soldiers.

The rearguard had touched expressions of their faces and moved to the sides.

Roan and the Amaranth troop appeared from the open passageway.

The Amaranth troop quickly took formation and sealed the passage.

Roan fell back and looked at Io.

“Sir count! Are you okay?”

“I am. I’m fine.”

Io smiled faintly and nodded.

Roan smiled as if he was glad.

“For now, we will catch the rebel army.”

“Their number isn’t that small.”

Io had a worried facial expression.

Because the Amaranth troop had only 300 soldiers when the rebel army composed of 4000.

Even when he combined the numbers of the surviving rearguard soldiers, they numbered only up to 1000.

“It’s fine.”

But even so, Roan was overflowing with confidence.

He pulled the reins and stood in front of the Amaranth troop.

“Luke Aip! Mito Posis!”

A loud voice shot out.

It was an overwhelming look even in front of 4,000 enemy soldiers.

“Oho! I was wondering who it was, but it was Roan!”

“The one who pretended to be a general when he is merely a commoner!”



Luke and Mito let out mocking statements.

Actually, they were seriously nervous at the Amaranth troop's entrance.

But after they realized that their numbers were only 300, they became cocky again.

“Even if that wasn't the case, I still wanted to cut your throat!”

Luke raised his right hand after yelling.

It was to lay down the order to charge.

Then, Roan raised the Travias Spear and looked at the enemy army.

“Listen, soldiers belonging to Aip's and Posis' army!”

He put strength into his voice with the Flamdor mana technique.

Thanks to that, the normal soldiers felt an overwhelming pressure the instant they heard the voice.

“Luke Aip and Mito Posis raised their blades against the 1st prince of the Rinse kingdom and the owner of the Regate Dagger!”

His mana boiled.

Heat made his voice hot.

“This is a clear rebellion and treason! You have now taken side with the rebels!”

Boom!

The faces of the soldiers of the rebel army became stiff.

It was true that they were chasing after Simon because of Luke’s and Mito’s orders.

Although there were some that were greedy to rise to a higher position or for goods among them, most of them moved because they didn’t have any other options.

“A, are were really from the rebel army?”

“I, I just did what I was ordered to?”

The soldiers started to get shaken up.

Roan didn’t miss this opportunity.

“The ones that participated in the rebellion will be beheaded and

their families will become slaves!”

It was the decisive blow.

“Get our heads cut off? Die?”

“Slaves? Our father, mother will become slaves?”

“My son is only three but he will become a slave?”

Several voices could be heard from everywhere.

Luke and Mito realized that things were progressing in a weird way and yelled.

“Don’t be shaken! Our situation is much more favorable! Prince Simon is right in front of our noses!”

“If we can just catch the prince, we’ll be able to live well!”

The soldiers were shaken up once again.

“Right. We are already in this anyways.”

“Prince Simon won’t leave us alone.”

“Now that it has turned out like this, we must catch the prince.”

The atmosphere turned around again in a weird fashion.

But Roan still had a confident expression on his face.

He pulled out a dagger with fancy symbols from his waist.

“This is the symbol of the 1st prince of Rinse, the Regate Dagger! Prince Simon gave me this dagger to me and named me as the one responsible for the region of Tale! My orders are the orders of the prince, and my words are the words of the prince!”

Roan looked at the confused soldiers and said.

“The ones that surrender right now won’t be asked of their sins!”

It was an amazing decision.

“Is, is that true?”

“Are you really forgiving our lives?”

The normal soldiers asked with a nervous expression.

Roan pulled Regate dagger.

Cheng!

A clear sound of metal spread out.

“If I’m lying, I will give up my head!”

His eyes and voice were showing his solid resolution.

The rebel soldiers nervously swallowed their saliva.

They looked at each other faces and started to tremble.

‘We are just normal soldiers.’

‘We just want to eat three meals a day and live happily with our families.’

‘I can’t mess with the lives of my family.’

The soldiers were commoners you could see everywhere.

But they were afraid of Luke and Mito and couldn’t move as they wished.

They were still confused and couldn’t bring out the courage.

Then.

Puuuuuuuu!

A troop appeared from the plains of the west with the sound of the horn trumpet.

They were members of the Amaranth troop that returned to their HQ in Mediasis Village to ride on horses and go to battle again.

Their number was close to 1,000.

The rebel army had 4,000, and the Amaranth troop combined with the rearguard were 2,000.

The number of soldiers that had an overwhelming difference was now closed by quite a lot.

‘They came.’

Roan saw at the friendly troop that appeared and smiled.

He yelled with a calm and composed voice.

“Are you going to die as rebels! Or suppress the rebels and become heroes?!”

His voice was filled with strength and rang through the battlefield.

The rebel soldiers that were confused when they saw the new troop appear, became resolute.

If it was this much of a difference, they couldn't conclude a victory against the Amaranth troop.

They couldn't throw away the lives of their families and their own lives in a fight that wasn't certain.

They weren't people like Luke or Mito who had huge ambitions.

"I, I will surrender!"

"I will also surrender!"

The normal soldiers came running towards the Amaranth troop while their arms were raised.

That was the start.

"We just did as we were ordered to!"

"Save us!"

“We didn’t have any other intentions!”

Several soldiers raised their arms in surrender and moved out of their ranks.

‘Okay!’

Roan cheered up at that sight.

His game changer had worked.

Roan had three reasons in why he gave the opportunity to surrender.

The first.

‘If we battle like this, a lot of people will get injured.’

The second.

‘Most of them just moved while following orders.’

The soldiers couldn’t refuse an order by a noble and moved.

The third.



‘I have to absorb these soldiers to become mine.’

The current Amaranth troop had barely 2,000 soldiers.

Although they had clearly increased compared to before, thinking about the future, it was a really regrettable level.

If they were soldiers that already faced several battles, they would be able to become strong and excellent soldiers with just a little bit of training.

On top of that.

‘If I can just migrate the families of the soldiers.....’

He would be able to secure quite the number of residents in an instant.

With these reasons, Roan tried to make them surrender, and it succeeded really well.

“Stop!”

“I will slice the throats of those who surrender!”

Luke and Mito were greatly agitated and were trying to stop the

soldiers trying to leave their ranks.

Thanks to that, the two people that were at the back of the troop ended up coming to the front.

Roan, who was calmly checking on the situation, didn't miss this opportunity.

“Harrison.”

Harrison quickly knocked an arrow at the voice that called to him in a low tone.

He was also waiting for Luke and Mito to enter into his range.

Sweeeeee!

A sharp sound.

“Everyone hold your places! Don't be deceived at that cunning ton.....Kuk!”

The arrow precisely pierced Mito's forehead.

“Hup!”

Luke gasped at the sudden situation.

Mito started to fall down while his eyes opened up wide from the situation.

Boom!

He rolled on the ground with a heavy sound.

“Damn!”

Luke quickly got down from his horse and hid his body.

“Si, sir baron!”

“Baron Posis!”

The soldiers belonging to Posis saw the deceased Mito and yelled.

“It’s the last chance! Is there no one else that will surrender!”

His voice filled with mana, rang through the battlefield.

The last note.

It was at this moment.

The confused soldiers started to leave their ranks just like they were water.

“No! No! You stupid bastards!”

Luke yelled but he couldn't stop the soldiers.

In the end, the only ones that remained with him were the commanders and adjutants; they only amounted to a hundred.

“Thi, this.....A commoner bastard dares.....!”

Luke couldn't hold down his rage.

Everything had ended anyways.

“At the very least, I will kill you!”

He attacked Roan.

It was a really ignorant and reckless attack.

Roan spun his spear once and rode on his horse.

“You.....”

A cold voice flowed.

“...aren’t my opponent.”

Right after he said that, the Traviar Spear drew a line of light and moved.

Stab!

The spear moved strangely and stabbed his body after fending off his blade.

“Kuhok.”

Luke yelled and collapsed like that.

“The, the road to, to escape was in front of me..... Grr.”

He couldn’t finish his last words.

Luke ended up dying like that.

“Sir baron!”

“Kugh! Baron Aip!”

The commanders and adjutants following him yelled aloud

Roan just looked at that silently and then shook his right hand.

It was a signal that meant charge.

The Amaranth troop moved silently and quickly.

The remaining rebel soldiers couldn't become their opponents at all.

They left success that was in front of their eyes and failed.

And the ones that had stopped them was none other than Roan.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Poskein Exodus had ended.

On top of that, the spies that tried to kill Simon were also captured.

But Elton and the spy planted by the 3rd prince Kallum didn't miss the opportunity and escaped to their own territories when they got the chance.

Simon didn't order to chase them.

As monsters didn't appear anymore from the lake, it was just like the subjugation had ended.

Everyone cheered up and were happy but Roan wasn't like that.

One corner of his heart sunk deeply.

327 deceased soldiers.

He had expected that it wasn't going to be an easy subjugation.

But even so, his losses were too big.

He remembered Troop Commander Gale, Mendel, Keniss, and etc. Gave up their lives to rescue Corps Commander Aaron.

But of course, every time Roan battled, he was improving himself.

In spear skills, mana technique, strategies, as a commander.....

But he felt that everyone and every memory piled up in his heart.

“Troop commander.”

A familiar voice rang out.

As he moved his eyes, &nbsp;he saw Austin.

“The prince is looking for you.”

Maybe it was because of Roan’s sad expression that Austin spoke carefully.

“Austin.”

“Yes, commander.”

“Support the families of the deceased in an abundant manner and take care of their graves.”

Only then could Austin realize.

The reason why Roan was sad.

‘He’s a really good person.’

He felt that he was fortunate to be able to serve an excellent commander.

Austin nodded with a solemn expression.



“Certainly! I will do as you order.”

“Please.”

Roan patted Austin’s shoulders and moved.

A large shadow appeared following his back.

\*\*\*\*\*

The widest conference room in the HQ of the Amaranth troop.

The nobles were taking their places with Simon at the center.

There was some internal disturbance because of the spies like Luke, Mito, and Elton but just looking at the subjugation itself, it truly was an amazing success.

Especially when they heard that the 2nd and 3rd princes were having a hard time in their subjugations, the several nobles couldn’t hide their happiness.

Everyone was excited and they each started to boast about their merits.

Now, the merit awarding ceremony was going to start when they

returned to the capital of Miller.

Even if you put aside the competition for the throne with Simon, who they were serving, it was obvious that they themselves were going to be rewarded.

Some nobles may obtain additional territories and some may climb ranks.

They would obviously feel happy.

Of course, this was excluding some nobles that raised their blades against Simon. Punishment would come first for them.

Simon was also planning to ask the sins of Tommy and Kallum.

‘But well, they will certainly act innocent.’

Simon thought of his two brothers and put on a smile.

Well, even if it was him, he would be planning in how to cut their tails.

But Simon still had a method.

‘From the two, I’m catching one first.’

Simon, Tommy, and Kallum.

The reason why the competition for the throne wasn't easy was because the background of the three princes was similar.

Because of that, for one person to face two princes at the same time was close to impossible.

If they made a mistake, they would be the ones suffering the blow instead.

Because of that, Simon was planning to give up on someone and get rid of another one first.

‘Kukukug.’

Laughter kept coming out.

The moment Simon's blade went to only one person.

The other person would have to choose.

To grab his hands or stand at the other side.

‘But of course, standing at the other side won't be easy.’

Solid and scary plans were set up in his head.

Then.

“It’s Troop Commander Roan.”

One knight that was standing at the entrance notified everyone of Roan’s entrance.

At that moment, the noisy room became quiet in an instant.

The youth that had a confident attitude and was strong willed and also had a soft and prudent spirit.

The troop commander of the Amaranth troop and the one that had the commanding and strategizing rights for the region of Tale, Roan, had entered the conference room.

Everyone seated at this place knew.

That if it wasn’t for the youth in front of their eyes, they wouldn’t be able to cheer like this.

But some nobles were also swept up in another emotion.

Displeasure.

Although it was because they had neglected military discipline,

Roan had executed a noble while he was merely a commoner.

They could only recognize his abilities but he was someone that made you feel bitter.

A person you wanted close, but instinctively made some distance with him.

That was who Roan was.

“Ahem.”

“Hmhm.”

Roan ignored the stifled sighs and moved.

“I came by receiving your call.”

He stood in front of Simon and kneeled down.

“Right. I called you because I have something to tell you.”

He spoke in a soft voice.

Roan bowed.

“But before that.....”

He took out the dagger with fancy symbols from his waist and offered it with his two hands.

“The subjugation has ended. Troop Commander Roan of Amaranth, I will be returning the Regate Dagger to the prince just like I promised.”

“Right. You are returning it to me along with victory, just like you promised.”

Simon put a faint smile.

“Listen well!”

At that moment, Simon yelled in a loud voice and stood up.

At the sudden situation, the many nobles also stood up and bowed.

“This Poskein Lake subjugation has concluded in an excellent way. Now, I will be asking you. Who’s the one that raised the greatest merits?”

“.....”

At the sudden question, the nobles just looked at each other.

Their eyes were shaking.

Everyone knew the answer, but no one could easily open their mouths.

Then, Viscount Tio Ruin stepped up.

“It’s Roan, Troop Commander of Amaranth.”

At that moment, a faint smile appeared on Simon’s mouth.

He feigned ignorance and asked again.

“Who?”

“The one that raised the biggest merits is Troop Commander Roan.”

As Tio replied, Simon looked at the other nobles that were standing as if they were chicks that just ate honey.

“Do you think differently?”

Right after he said that, Io stepped up.

“The answer Viscount Tio Ruin gave is correct. The person at the top of the rank of merits for this subjugation is Troop Commander Roan.”

Followed by Tio, Io also stepped up.

By now the nobles that recognized Roan’s abilities like Ralph, Rael, and etc. also added in.

“It’s Roan.”

“Troop Commander of Amaranth.”

The atmosphere flowed in a weird fashion.

The nobles that were displeased at Roan just had their mouths shut.

They couldn’t speak badly of Roan’s merits as they wished.

How could they when he saved Simon’s life?!

“I think it is Roan.”

In the end, Roan was at the top of the ranking for merits.



Simon put on a smile and pulled out the dagger from his waist.

Srung!

The sound of metal rang out pleasantly.

“I, Simon Rinse, the 1st prince of the Rinse Kingdom and the owner of the Regate Dagger, invest Roan with the title of nobility of a baron instead of his majesty.”

“.....!”

While everyone was surprised, Simon touched Roan’s head and shoulders with the side of his dagger and then put it back.

Until that moment, the room was filled with silence.

Also for Roan.

Of course, the Rinse Kingdom had more cases compared to the other kingdoms where commoners became nobles.

If you raised big enough merits several times and had the help of someone, you could become a noble.

But taking into account that Roan was a sinner until recently, they thought that even if he was given a title, it would be a barone.

The difference between a barone and a baron was like the sky and the earth.

A barone was a rank that was impossible to inherit.

But it was different for the baron.

If you just had a territory, you could say that you were a genuine noble.

Roan felt moved in a deep part of his heart.

He remembered the looks of his allies that left his side as they died in the battlefield.

But the merit rewards still didn't end.

“Also, I won't retrieve the Regate Dagger.”

Boom!

Everyone had surprised expressions on their faces once again.

The Regate Dagger was no different from the symbol of the 1st prince.

Giving it with the condition of returning it after the subjugation ended and not taking it back at all had completely different meanings.

And this was.

‘Roan is my person.’

Similar to that.

For Roan, who just became a noble, it was the biggest strength.

But of course because he was labeled as someone of the 1st prince, he was becoming enemies with the 2nd and 3rd princes. But there were more good points than bad ones.

Regardless of the surprise of the nobles, Simon had a really comfortable expression on his face.

He touched his chin and said nonsense words.

“The unfortunate word is that I don’t have any territory to give with the title of baron..... His merits are too precious to just give him the title and not a territory.”

“Hahaha!”

At that moment, a boisterous laughter came out.

Simon and the other nobles moved their heads to find the owner of the voice.

“Count Lancephil. Why are you laughing like that?”

Simon tilted his head.

The owner of the voice was none other than Io.

Io smiled brightly and pointed at the map that was spread on the table.

“I want to give the southern part of Lancephil’s territory with the region of Tale included to Baron Roan.”

It wasn’t surprising anymore.

It was like approaching the climax.

It was rumored that the territory of Lancephil was spacious.

But just because of that, it didn’t mean that it lost worth.

The nobles were also like this, but the most surprised person was Roan himself.

‘The Regate Dagger, the title of baron, and on top of that a territory? Just what.....’

A lot of things were happening in an instant.

He did think that he would become a noble some day.

To be a monarch, to be a great commander, it was something he would automatically gain when he worked hard.

But he didn’t expect that this sudden situation would happen.

“Hahaha! Is that fine?”

“Yes. Roan is also a benefactor in my life. I also want to.....”

Io thought of the battle a few days ago and a faint light appeared in his eyes.

That light was as dense and deep as the eyes of a father.

“Pay him back.”

His voice rang in the air.

And also rang in Roan's heart.

‘Count Lancephil.’

He felt stunned.

Then, a hand appeared in front of his eyes.

As he raised his head, he saw Simon smiling.

“Let's go to the royal palace with me and have an audience with his majesty. Roan.....”

A soft voice.

The smile on his face became denser.

“Baron Roan Tale.”

# Chapter 104: Triumphant Return (1)

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Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

A sound that was nice to hear rang through the entire building.

Biggs, who was known to have the best abilities even among blacksmiths, was cleaning a piece of gold the size of a palm.

And in his surroundings, the other blacksmiths, alchemists, and etc. were gathered.

No, on top of that, Roan and the centurions of the Amaranth troop were also gathered up.

Biggs raised up the piece of gold that had a circular and flat shape to it and put on a bright smile.

He had a satisfied expression on his face..

“Troop Commander. Ah, no. Baron of Tale. It’s finished.”

Biggs gave him the piece of gold with a humble posture.

And Roan carefully took it.

On the flat piece of gold there was the symbol of the Amaranth

troop with one leaf and two spears and also one beautiful shield.

You could see a short sentence following the borders of the gold piece.

<Let our path be accompanied by the light of glory.>

Roan looked at the piece of gold with a moved expression.

At that look, Biggs asked with a careful voice.

“Do you like it?”

Only then did Roan turn to look at Biggs and the several other people.

A bright smile appeared on his face.

“I like it. I really do like it. Thanks everyone.”

“Ah.....”

Sighs of relief could be heard everywhere.

Roan raised the piece of gold high into the sky and continued to say.



“The symbol and sentence you made will be used as the crest for the region of Tale.”

“Ah.....”

At that moment, everyone let out cries of exclamation with moved facial expressions.

Biggs bowed his head representing everyone.

“To use a coarse and lacking symbol as the crest of the territory..... We are really grateful. Truly, truly, thank you.”

Several people nodded and agreed.

The piece of gold that had a symbol and letters on it.

That was the gift that the blacksmiths, alchemists, and artisans prepared for Roan who became a noble.

They gathered their strengths to repay the grace they had received from Roan until now.

The symbol was devised by the artisans and the sentence by alchemists.

And the crafting was done by Biggs and the blacksmiths.

And like that, a cool symbol, that was one of a kind in the world was created.

“I’m the one that should be grateful.”

At Roan’s words, Biggs shook his hands.

“Compared to sir Baron who has taken care of us and helped us, it’s only a small repayment. We are just glad that you like this symbol made with lacking abilities.”

At those words Roan put on a faint smile.

Because he could feel the feelings of Biggs and everyone else’s.

He looked at everyone once and slightly bowed.

“Let’s keep working hard from now on.”

At that moment, everyone had surprised expressions on their faces and bowed.

Roan wasn’t a commoner anymore.

He was a noble with the title of Baron.

But Roan had lived almost 40 years as a commoner in his past life.

It was impossible for his words and actions to change to become that of a noble's.

Thanks to that, the members of the Amaranth troop and the residents of Tale didn't feel any displeasure or rejection from Roan at all.

A noble that wasn't like a noble.

But rather a noble that knew the feelings of the commoners and knew how to take care of them.

That was Roan.

"Sir Baron."

Austin approached and slightly bowed.

He spoke as if he were whispering.

"The director of the agency, Chris, has arrived."

At those words, Roan nodded without saying anything.

‘There are many things that I have to do before going to the capital of Miller.’

As he became a baron and also obtained territory, there was a need to migrate all of the organizations that were scattered around everywhere.

In addition, it was time to slowly start the businesses and plans he couldn't proceed with as he had wished.

Roan said his goodbye to the blacksmiths, artisans, and alchemists and walked away.

And the centurions followed behind him.

It was a majestic look.

‘We are now people of the region of Tale.’

‘We will become the main shaft of the region's army.’

As Roan became a noble, the prestige and location of the members of the Amaranth troop became much higher than before.

Their steps became light.

At every step they took, strength followed back.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bang!

Kali Owells, the commander of the knights of the Lancephil family, couldn't hold it in anymore and smacked the table.

“Damn it! Does this make sense?”

Curses surged up.

The men that were seated on the opposite side of Kali also shook their heads with a serious face.

They were the commanders of the mages, Tairon Bess, and the leader of the territory's army Perry Wilson.

Tairon clicked his tongue.

“Tch. I didn't know Count Lancephil was going to do this.”

Perry followed back.

“To give a part of the territory to that young and lowly bastard. It's really a dumbfounding thing.”

As the two people added on, Kalis' rage became fiercer.

“Damn it! I put my life into the war against Istel kingdom and also in this subjugation! This crazy old.....”

He forcefully swallowed the last words to follow.

He couldn't say that Count Io Lancephil was a crazy old bastard.

But he couldn't do anything about his boiling feelings.

‘Damn. If the Count retired or died, I wanted to share and eat up all of his territory!’

He had already finished speaking with Tairon and Perry.

Io was also very well aware that his territory would be floating alone if he died without leaving any successors.

In the end, it was obvious that he would be giving a title of nobility to the vassals that he could trust.

And Kali was aiming for that.

‘I even started a relationship with Duke Webster.....’

He was sending several offerings to Duke Bradley Webster in case other nobles aimed for the territory.

And thanks to that, he had received a bit of a pledge.

His plan was proceeding calmly like that.

But suddenly, Io took away a piece of his territory and gave it to Roan.

‘Actually, the territory he gave away wasn’t that wide and isn’t fertile ground.....’

Because he gave away a territory with the Tale region as the center, the ground itself wasn’t that charming of a place.

But the reason that Kali and the other two were quite angry.

‘He even gave away a peice of his territory with a light heart, but if he wants to name a successor for when he retires.....’

Looking at the situation, it was obvious that Roan would become that successor.

At a slip up, the entire Lancephil territory would be given to Roan.

Kali, who was worried about that, was angry and displeased.

‘I didn’t like him from the start.’

When he first met Roan, he was a mere adjutant of a troop.

But even so, he received the interest of Io and Aaron and also the best spearman in the kingdom, Reil Baker.

‘On top of that he’s even been designated as the guardian for Prince Simon.’

It was a situation that couldn’t happen.

‘Thanks to that, it has become even more difficult to lay a hand on him.’

But even so, he couldn’t just continue watching.

And he couldn’t let the Lancephil territory be taken away any less.

‘I have to think of something.’

Kali gritted his teeth.

His two eyes started to shine.



But that wasn't a good light.

It was chilly and creepy and also it showed a pair of nasty and disgusting eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Let's move the main office of the agency to Mediasis Village just like we debated and focus on increasing the number of residents earnestly.”

At Roan's words, Chris and several other people nodded.

“The blacksmith, artisan, alchemist, and etc. are to make guilds and establish a headquarters and focus on gathering people.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Followed by that, a short answer was heard.

Followed by that, stuff related to the establishment of a port, organization of the roads, reforming the beacon system, establishment of villages, and etc. kept coming out.

They had sufficient funds because of the mining of magic stones.

For now, Roan was planning to set the base of the region of Tale solidly.

And thanks to that, there were more things that he had to do than he had thought.

“About the academy, I myself will find someone in the capital of Miller, so keep that into account.”

“Yes. We will focus on increasing the training grounds and establishing a system.”

“Good. I will entrust Glenn to the things related to the training field.”

“Yes. I will notify him like that.”

Roughless conversations were heard.

Then, Chris, who was taking notes about everything thoroughly, wrinkled his nose.

“What will you do about the five merchants we are providing with investments?”

Actually, Lidia of the carpenter business, Eska of the cooking business, Tio of the transportation business, Nego of the money lending business, and Ford of the mining business just received

Roan's investment, they weren't a force Roan controlled just like the Amaranth troop or the agency.

But of course among them, Ford of the mining business was directly administered by Chris, so they had a relationship where they couldn't split apart.

"First, think if they have any thoughts in moving their head offices to the region of Tale. In the case of Mr. Ford, ask him if he is able to accept running his business with the name of the territory."

At those words, Chris asked with a careful voice.

"What if they deny?"

"Then there are no more investments?"

A simple answer.

The profits Roan gained while investing in the 5 merchants were quite a sum.

But that was when Roan roamed around without having a base.

Now, it was time to raise a force himself with the name of his territory.

“I understand.”

Chris didn't ask anymore.

Because he also thought the same as Roan.

Then, Roan crossed his arms and said.

“When you go to talk to the five merchants, ask them about our future.”

“Our.....future?”

Chris tilted his head.

Roan smiled faintly and continued speaking.

“Whether they want to do business on the entire continent and not only in the Rinse kingdom.”

“The, the entire continent?”

Chris asked back with a surprised expression.

And of all the other people did the same.

The centurions opened their eyes wide and looked at Roan.

Roan smirked and shrugged his shoulders.

“Why are you like this? Isn’t it obvious?”

He leaned his body forward and rested his hands on the table.

“We are facing all the kingdoms, not only Rinse Kingdom.”

Roan looked at everyone’s eyes fixedly.

“We are going to spread our name through the entire continent.”

Gulp.

Everyone swallowed with their dry mouths.

Semi asked with a trembling voice.

“Will, will that be possible?”

At those words, Roan smiled brightly and nodded.

“Even until now, a sinner that was exiled became a baron of the kingdom.”

He was talking about himself, Roan.

“There’s nothing impossible in this world.”

He took out the crest that he had received as a gift.

<Let our path be accompanied by the light of glory.>

Their sights were fixed on the short sentence.

Roan spoke with a confident voice and clear and deep eyes.

“Our path will be filled by the light of glory.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The capital of Miller was noisy.

Because news was continuously told while they were subjugating the monsters in Poskein Lake.

<Simon Rinse, the 1st prince. Complete victory in the subjugation!>

<There are almost no damages to the southern region of the

lake!>

<1st prince, complete victory!>

<Tommy Rinse, the 2nd prince. Struggled desperately in the subjugation!>

<Kallum Rinse, the 3rd prince. Barely held on!>

<2nd and 3rd princes. Lacking in skills?>

<Prince Tommy Rinse and Prince Kallum Rinse hold hands!>

<2nd and 3rd princes. Were they careless? They suffered great damages at the end!>

The residents of the capital of Miller, that were among the wealthiest and most intelligent side of the kingdom, kept talking about the subjugation of the three princes when at least two of the citizens gathered.

“The 2nd and 3rd princes returned two days ago, right?”

“Yeah. It seems like they returned stealthily without even announcing their arrival.”

“They say they looked completely defeated.”

An amazing crowd was gathered on a long road to the castle of Miller that extended to the south.

They were all gathering for a small bouquet or a sky blue cloth.

“I even heard that the two of them gathered their strength together and lead the subjugation well.....Just what happened?”

“They say that the monsters coming out of the lake decreased and suddenly multiples of monsters poured out.”

“Aha! They were careless because they thought it was ending and suffered back.”

“That’s right! Because of that, they say that the western region of the lake became a complete wasteland.”

Mumbling sounds were heard.

Everyone heard similar stories.

Then, a youth that had thin eyes butted in.

The youth looked handsome and noble leaned his ear towards the conversation of the two people.



“They say that Prince Simon achieved a perfect victory compared to the other two princes?”

“Right. It seems like he didn’t get careless until the end and finished the subjugation perfectly.”

“Is it only that? I heard that some bad nobles rebelled and he coolly suppressed them.”

“Is a first born son really the first born?”

“Look at this. Looking that they announced that they were returning today, it seems like even the size of his plate is different!”

The people were now busy talking about Simon.

Then, the thin eyed youth that was just listening silently spoke in a really low voice.

“Um but.. as I heard, the one that lead them to victory was Troop Commander Roan who had the greatest merits.....”

These were words he said as if they should start talking about it themselves.

Not differently, the surrounding people clapped and felt joy.

“Right! That’s right! What was it? Amass? Aranth?”

“Ei! Amaranth. Troop Commander Roan of the Amaranth troop led the subjugation to victory while holding the commanding and strategic rights.”

“That’s right! Amaranth! On top of that, he even captured the nobles that rebelled and saved the life of the prince?”

“Do you know what’s surprising? It’s that Troop Commander Roan is a commoner. A commoner.”

“Ohhhhhh!”

Cries of exclamations could be heard everywhere.

It seemed like they hadn’t heard yet about Roan receiving a title of nobility.

“Actually looking at it in another way, the hero of this subjugation is Troop Commander Roan.”

“Right. In the first place, they say that the region of Tale that the troop commander was defending, didn’t suffer any damages.”

“Kuha! The performance of a commoner troop commander! How cool! Really cool!”

The people became even more heated up about the stories of Roan.

They felt great satisfaction when they knew that the hero of this subjugation was a commoner just like them.

Then, the thin eyed youth threw a topic once again.

“As I heard it, Troop Commander Roan has a huge body and amazing strength..... Is that true?”

And the people were baited from everywhere.

“I heard that he was rather pretty and frail.”

“What are you talking about?! They said he was an amazing giant that made war horses look like ponies.”

“Right. Logically thinking, for a commoner troop commander to raise that amazing merit, wouldn't he need an amazing strength?”

“Right. He has to be able to crush a rock with one hand.”

It seemed like they still didn't know how Roan looked.

The thin eyed youth tried to bring out a topic again.

“Then, they say that he treats his underlings like his family and the residents as.....”

But he couldn't finish this one.

An amazing cheer exploded from the side of the gate.

The people that were conversing noisily shut their mouths and turned their heads towards the side with the gate.

‘Hmm. I was curious if he was a commander that treated everyone like his family, without any discrimination.....’

The thin eyed youth smacked his lips as if it was regrettable.

But he also turned his head towards the gates.

‘I can only see and judge it for myself.’

A faint smile appeared on his face.

‘If he's someone capable for me, Clay, to serve.....’

His eyes started to shine.

Den.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

The sounds of the bell announcing Simon's entrance were heard from the northern gate.

“Waaaaaa!”

The cheers of the people became noisier.

The Regate Dagger, that represented Simon, entered the open gate while it was fluttering.

Followed by that, Simon, Io, Tio, Ralph, and etc. showed up riding cool horses.

“Hahahah!”

Simon waved his hand towards the citizens shaking the flowers and sky blue cloths.

It was the look of a perfectly triumphant general.

Confidence emanated from his entire body as if it was water.

And Io, Tio, Ralph, and etc. also felt the same.

They waved their hands with a really proud and satisfied expressions on their faces.

And right behind them.

There was a youth that was forcing a composed expression while he was wearing normal armor.

On the left side of the armor, that was worn-out but clean, there was a crest that had a flower, two spears, and one shield drawn in it.

The short sentence written in it.

<Let our path be accompanied by the light of glory.>

The youth answered the cheers with a composed expression, different from the others.

He was the one being treated as a hero in this subjugation, Roan, no he was Baron Roan Tale.

The luxurious scene of the capital of Miller entered into his eyes.

At the end of the long road, he could see the high palace.

Roan gripped his reins tightly.

‘From now on.....’

His chest heaved up.

‘It’s the real start.’

# Chapter 105: Triumphant Return (2)

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Roan was half astounded.

He had lived for 40 years including his past life, but this kind of huge and luxurious place was a first.

‘Is this the royal palace?’

There were jewels with luxurious colors engraved in the high ceiling, and the wide floor was covered in high quality marble.

There were beautiful symbols following the walls, and several portraits hanging on them.

“Are you surprised?”

Io grabbed his shoulders and smiled.

Roan smiled in embarrassment and nodded.

Io, who saw that, pointed at the other end.

“This is merely the front room. The real palace is beyond that door.”

“Ah.....”



Roan let out a low cry of exclamation.

‘How would the real palace look?’

He couldn’t even guess how it was.

“Roan. Now, we will soon be meeting his majesty.....”

When Io spoke up to that point.

The east door of the room opened up.

At the same time, youths that looked similar but had different auras, appeared.

They were the 2nd prince, Tommy Rinse, and the 3rd prince, Kallum Rinse.

They approached the center of the room while leading several nobles.

Their faces were filled with displeasure and annoyance.

On the other hand, the face of Simon looking at them had a faint smile on it.

‘Prince Simon.....’

Roan slightly bowed and then let out a sigh.

Because the moment he saw Kallum and Tommy, he remembered the report the agency brought him before leaving Mediasis Village.

<The west side of the lake was devastated.>

It was a short declaration.

But even with just that, Roan could guess how the situation had flowed.

‘Prince Simon didn’t notify the other princes about the final exodus.’

Thanks to that, innocent citizens had lost their lives.

The western region of the kingdom became ruins.

‘I knew that he had incredible ambition.....’

He hadn’t expected that he would ignore his citizens because of his ambition.

No, he thought that perhaps he may do so in a corner of his

heart.

Even if Simon was fine now, he was someone who would one day become a mad monarch.

‘No one was following behind him.’

He was that cruel and frenzied.

A monarch that couldn't lead even one citizen.

That was the mad monarch.

The only things that followed him were monsters and the undead.

‘At least, it was like that from what I know.....’

There was a bitter taste in his mouth.

‘What do I have to do.....’

He decided to become a monarch by himself.

But to raise a country, the situation was still too lacking.

He still had to raise his strength for now.

In that process, he was wondering how to continue the relationship with Simon.

‘I tried to help him to not become the mad monarch.....’

He thought that it was plentily possible if he watched and helped him starting from now.

But with this case, he realized that there was another problem.

Simon wasn’t the ideal monarch he wanted.

‘How stifling.’

A sigh came out on its own.

Meanwhile, Tommy and Kallum arrived in front of Simon.

“I’m meeting the 1st prince.”

The two people slightly bowed.

They didn’t treat nor suck up to him because he was the eldest brother.

But rather they acted as if they weren't related at all.

On the other hand, Simon shook his head with a nice laugh.

“Hahaha! The 1st prince..... I told you to just call me brother. Right, I feel good knowing that you're all safe.”

His mouth was sweet but he was hiding a knife in his stomach.  
(Idiom)

Simon wasn't planning to bring out the noble spies in front of the two brothers.

He didn't have to use favorable cards as he wished.

‘I certainly have to tie up one of the two.’

A fishy smile appeared on his face.

Then.

Boom!

A huge door at the center of the room started to slowly open up accompanied by a heavy sound.

It was finally time to meet Deni Von Rinse, the king.

“Hahaha! Then, shall we enter together?”

Simon was completely relaxed.

He started to move ahead of Tommy and Kallum.

‘Damn.’

‘Acting all good.’

The faces of the two princes contorted.

The nobles that were behind the three princes also moved with stifled looks.

The faces of the ones following Simon were bright, and the faces of the others were a bit complicated.

Especially among them, there was also Count Jonathan Chase, who had enmity with Io Lancephil.

‘Damn. His life thread is a really long one.’

His blue eyes stabbed behind Io’s head.

On the other hand, Io didn't even mind the ones like Jonathan.

His only interest was in Roan.

"You can't be mannerless."

"Yes. I will take that into account."

Roan listened to Io's words and nodded.

The nobles following Kallum and Tommy saw that and frowned.

'Who's that greenhorn?'

'It's the first time that I've seen that guy.'

'That young bastard is meeting his majesty?'

They had received reports about Roan's merits, but they didn't know how he looked.

The only one that did know was Jonathan.

'So that bastard is that Roan.'

The one that made Benjamin Doyle, who he was giving interest to get a grasp on the eastern region, fall on a downslide.

‘Now that I see it, what happened to the bastards that infiltrated below that young bastard?’

It had been quite a while since he sent bright and skilled underlings to the region of Tale.

He had received some short letters, but they weren’t of any help.

‘Tch. I will have to investigate.’

Jonathan frowned and clicked his tongue.

Boom!

As they entered the room, the open doors were closed shut.

“Ah.....”

Roan let out a cry of exclamation.

And that wasn’t because the room was luxurious.

But rather, it was small and unshapely compared to the front room.



‘But I don’t know why I feel regality.’

There were no such things like luxurious jewels, golden goods, or symbols.

The room, that was just decorated with marble and wood, was simple and small.

But he felt an amazing pressure from that small look.

“This is the real palace.”

Io’s voice rang out.

Roan thought he knew the meaning of that statement.

It wasn’t that it was the best just because it was luxurious.

‘Being majestic doesn’t come out just because you decorate it.’

A palace was a palace.

A royal room was a royal room.

So he automatically had the thought that the royal family was

the royal family.

It was the regality made from tens and hundreds of years.

At the sides of the room, there were chairs made from wood and leather placed there.

And in those places the counts, dukes, marquises, and other important nobles were seated.

In the center of the room, there was another chair placed that wasn't luxurious, but as it was too large, it made you feel some pressure.

‘That’s the seat of the king.’

Roan swallowed with his dry mouth for nothing.

It was the first time being in the royal room, even while counting his two lives.

Then the grand chamberlain, Viscount Logan Dayle, hit the marble floor three times with a large staff.

“The sun of the kingdom, and the deputy of the god, Krea Deni III, his majesty, is coming. The loyal retainers of the kingdom, show your manners.”

Right after he finished speaking, all the nobles that were seated, stood up.

They bowed towards the king's seat.

And soon, an old man appeared with a face that full of laughter.

He was the king of the kingdom and the father of Simon, Tommy and Kallum, Deni Von Rinse.

“Hohoho.”

A laugh that was pleasing to listen to, rang out.

It was the unique laughter of Deni III.

“Everyone, sit.”

A soft voice spoke out.

The nobles bowed once again and then carefully sat down.

Deni III looked at the three princes that were standing politely and spread out both of his arms.

“Oh! My proud children.”

He seemed to truly be glad.

“I heard that you finished the subjugation safely. And of course.....”

The last part of his words dimmed.

“The merits of each person are different. Hohoho.”

They were words he said as if it was nothing.

But the faces of Tommy and Kallum contorted.

On the other hand, there was a faint smile on Simon’s mouth.

“Grand Chamberlain.”

At Deni’s call, Logan slightly bowed.

The king leaned his body on the huge chair and shook his hand.

“Shall we hear the reports of the three princes?”

“Yes.”

Logan replied shortly and then raised up a huge paper scroll.

“I will be starting with the merits of the 1st prince, Simon.”

After that, Logan kept naming the countless battles without even breathing.

And the longer the report became, the more the nobles trembled.

“Ho! That’s more amazing than what we received.”

“It’s really overwhelming.”

“I knew that the abilities of the 1st prince were great, but to be this much.....”

The nobles were filled with joy and sorrow.

“It’s the end. Next is the report of the 2nd prince, Tommy Rinse.”

Meanwhile, Logan finished Tommy’s merit report and started with Kallum’s.

“Next is the report of the 3rd prince, Kallum Rinse.”

And followed by that, Kallum’s report was also told.

The two people had raised excellent merits.

But compared to Simon, they were lacking too much.

“Even when they held hands together, they can’t follow the merits of the 1st prince.”

“On top of that, the counterattack they suffered at the last moment was too much.”

“They say the western region became complete ruins.”

Voices filled with regret were heard everywhere.

And the more that happened, the darker Kallum’s and Tommy’s faces became.

Even when they heard, Simon’s merits were overwhelming.

‘There was this much of a difference?’

Their faces became red.

They were embarrassed, angry, and annoyed.

“With this, I will be finishing the merit reports.”

Logan let out a deep sigh and put down the scroll.

At that moment.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Deni III suddenly started to clap.

The nobles looked at him with confused faces and followed his actions late.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

The sound of claps filled the entire room.

“Amazing. The three of you are amazing.”

Deni III continued to laugh.

“But of course, the best among you.....”

His eyes twisted in a strange way.

“Is Simon.”

A declaration.

It was the declaration of the king that you couldn't lightly pass off.

Simon bowed.

"I just did my best."

"No, it's really amazing. Really amazing."

Deni III loudly laughed and nodded.

And the nobles supporting Simon brightened up.

On the other hand, the nobles following Kallum and Tommy had their faces scrunched up.

Then.

"But anyways, you said that something not related to the subjugation occurred?"

Deni III asked with a gentle voice.



A smile appeared on Simon's face, who was bowing.

'He's talking about the rebellion.'

He slightly glanced back and looked at Tommy and Kallum.

Their faces were completely contorted now.

'That's nice to see.'

Simon snorted and raised his head.

"A group of nobles have raised their blades towards me."

"Right. I heard that they were Luke Aip and Mito Posis."

At those words, Tommy slightly trembled.

'There's no one that knows that Luke and Mito are my spies.'

Tommy forced himself to calm down.

Then, Simon's voice was heard.

"They didn't have enough by raising their blades against a prince but they also did something really disgusting and nasty."

“What was it?”

Deni III raised a brow and asked back.

Simon took out some letters from his chest and gave it to Deni III.

“Read it.”

At Simon’s words, Deni III took the letters and started to slowly read them.

The more he read, the more his face contorted.

Tommy, who was looking wondering what happened, became pale.

‘Th, that’s!’

The envelope for the letters was too familiar.

‘Those are things that I sent to Luke and Mito.’

They were letters saying that they should stay next to Simon and check up on him.

‘But just that is enough to prove that Luke and Mito were my spies.’

In any case, their rebellion would become something caused because of him.

His hands and feet became cold.

‘Ho, how is that in Simon’s hands.....’

His eyes rolled anxiously.

Meanwhile, Deni III read all of the letters and looked at Simon and Tommy.

“Are the contents of this letter true?”

Tommy couldn’t speak as he wished and just looked at Simon.

Deni III asked again with an angered voice.

“Is it true that Luke Aip and Mito Posis aimed for your throat after receiving Tommy’s instigation?!”

Boom!

It seemed like a huge wave fell on the room.

Everyone received a great shock.

And especially for Tommy, it was too big.

‘Instigation? What instigation? I have never sent something like.....’

When he thought up to that moment.

Simon smiled brightly and shook his head.

“No. That letter is a fake one made by Luke and Mito.”

“Fake?”

Deni III frowned and asked back.

Simon nodded and looked at Tommy.

“Luke and Mito tried to separate me from my brother with just those small letters. That’s a really disgusting and nasty thing to do.”

His cold eyes made Tommy’s eyes hurt.

Tommy just nervously swallowed with his dry mouth.

Deni III raised the letters and asked.

“Is that really true?”

It was a voice that was asking a question.

Simon nodded.

But he was still looking at Tommy.

“Of course. Would there be a reason for my brother, Tommy, to kill me? Isn't that right Tommy?”

Again, it was another voice that was asking a question.

Tommy bit his lower lip.

‘Simon. You're playing with me!’

But he couldn't act as he wished here.

He forced a smile and nodded.

“O, of course. What reason should I have to harm my eldest

brother?”

He even used the word eldest brother which he usually didn't use.

‘It seems like you sure are pressured. Kuk.’

Simon forcefully swallowed the laughter that was trying to come out.

His sight naturally moved to Kallum.

‘While we were capturing Luke and Mito, bastards like Elton Coat and Gary Renard, that followed Kallum, escaped.’

It was something he came to know from a report of Roan's, while he was retrieving the battlefield.

‘Sons of bitches.’

He gritted his teeth.

But thanks to that, he gained a good card.

“Kallum. You also think like that too, right?”

“Yes. Yes, of course.”

Kallum replied hurriedly and then frowned.

‘Simon, this bastard. He wouldn’t have the letters I gave to Elton and Gary, right?’

Sour emotions surged up inside of him.

If those letters were revealed here, he would be driven into a corner.

Because it was him that used Luke and Mito to cause that rebellion.

But fortunately, Simon didn’t say anything and just looked at Tommy and Kallum in succession.

It was some kind of threat and pressure.

‘Wait for it. I will tie you up really well.’

The smile on Simon’s mouth became even denser.

He had laid down the trap for now.

Now, he just had to see who would fall for it more.

“To dare to make something like this.”

Bang! Deni III slammed the table with a reddened face.

Simon bowed as if he was waiting for it.

“Don’t worry too much about it. Those bastards aren’t in this world anymore.”

“Mmm.”

Deni III forced himself to calm down and then nodded.

“Right. You have handled it well even in that difficult situation. You are really great.”

Compliments poured out of him.

His original mindset was good, but as he was incompetent, Deni III didn’t know how to act properly in certain circumstances.

He just nodded at Simon’s words, became enraged, and felt joy.

He was just pondering if he had something to give to the dependable eldest son, Simon.

“Ah!”



His face brightened up.

“The land of Aip and Posis became ownerless grounds.”

He spoke with an excited voice.

“Simon Rinse. I will give you the territories of Aip and Posis because of having perfectly carried out the subjugation and overcoming a difficult situation.”

“Ah.....”

Cries of exclamation were heard everywhere.

As Aip’s and Posis’ territories were from baron’s, they weren’t that large.

But the location was the problem.

The two territories were located between the capital of Miller and the Pedian Plains, so it was really fertile and a strategic location.

If Simon was to give these two territories to two nobles that supported him, the nobles of the northern region of the kingdom would have to pass through Simon’s forces to enter the capital of Miller.

‘If an urgent thing happens, I can block the path to perfectly cut off the nobles supporting Kallum and Tommy who are also located at the northern region of the kingdom.’

Simon smiled at the greater reward than what he thought he would receive.

Tommy, Kallum, and the nobles supporting them also knew of this truth.

But they couldn’t stand up to oppose to it.

‘Damn. He’s saying that he’s giving the territories of the rebel nobles to the one that suppressed them. There’s no reason to oppose it.’

‘At a slip up, the letters of Prince Tommy may be brought forward.’

‘It’s better to just keep our mouths shut here.’

An uncomfortable silence spread through everywhere.

On the other hand, Simon bowed with a bright expression.

“Thank you, your majesty.”

“No. No. You are the one that raised the greatest merits, but this much isn’t enough.”

Deni III wasn’t thinking of ending the merit awarding ceremony like this.

Then, Simon turned around and shook his head.

“Your majesty. I didn’t do the subjugation and the capture of the rebels by myself. The reason I could raise this great of a merit was because of the help of several people.”

He spoke with a humble attitude and voice.

Simon’s words continued.

“Especially among them, there’s someone that raised a merit so great, it’s unimaginable.”

Right after he finished speaking, Deni III smiled brightly and nodded.

“Aha! If it’s that report, I’m also very aware about that. That.....Ro, Roan was it?”

“Yes. That’s right your majesty.”

Simon nodded and pointed towards his back with his right hand.

Io, Tio, Ralph, and etc. moved to the sides as if they had been waiting for it.

At that moment, Roan, who was standing at the very back, appeared.

He had a childish but manly face.

His deep and clear eyes shone.

Deni III and the others all looked at Roan.

‘That kid is Roan?’

‘I heard that he was as large as a monster.....It seems that it wasn’t true.’

‘That kid raised those amazing merits?’

‘Hoho. For that greenhorn to have rescued the life of Prince Simon.’

Everyone had expressions of disbelief.

Then, Simon's voice was heard.

“He raised the greatest merits in this subjugation and rescued my life.....”

It was a voice with strength.

“He is Roan Tale.”

Right after he finished speaking, Roan slowly moved up and stood next to Simon.

He kneeled down with a composed and confident posture and saluted.

“Roan Tale greets his majesty.”

# Chapter 106: Triumphant Return (3)

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‘Roan Tale?’

‘Tale?’

‘Wasn’t he a commoner?’

The nobles all frowned.

And Deni Von Rinse also had a strange facial expression.

Simon realized that and quickly opened his mouth.

“As the 1st prince of Rinse Kingdom and the owner of the Regate Dagger, I was grateful to Roan and his merits and performances, so with that meaning, I gave him the title of baron.”

“Ah!”

Deni III let out a low cry of exclamation.

He was kind of flustered.

‘I wanted to give him the title of baron as the reward, what do I do?’

However, he cleared his throat and returned to his original demeanor.

This was because of the gazes of several of the nobles.

“Mm.”

The nobles were in silence with complicated expressions on their faces.

‘A commoner troop commander became a baron in one go?’

This was unprecedented.

There were cases where a commoner knight or a baronet became a baron after several years.

But they didn’t become a baron right from the start.

‘It’s an exceptional greeting.’

‘Did he really like him that much?’

Well, looking at it from another perspective, Roan’s merits were indeed amazing.

Because it was to the point where all of the nobles wanted to

meet him at least once.

On top of that, it was also their first time seeing someone like Roan.

Geniuses that led the kingdom were mostly graduates from an academy.

And even most of the grand merchants came up from regional academies.

Cases like Roan, who had accumulated enough merits to become a baron despite not having studied at all, were really scare—especially considering how young he was.

But even so, it was a clear thing even if it was difficult for them to admit it.

“Right. Right. If there were this many merits, it’s worthy of doing so.”

The eyes of the king moved towards Roan.

“Baron Roan Tale. The merits you have raised until now were really amazing.”

Roan bowed at the compliment.



“I just did my best as a citizen of the kingdom.”

It was a composed but solid voice.

Deni III looked at that Roan.

‘Ahem. As he had already received the title of baron I should give him something else.....’

It was something he hadn’t expected.

His eyes kept moving towards the place where the dukes were seated.

‘Ugh. I don’t know.’

Deni III had half given up.

“As you have raised the greatest merits in this subjugation, I should give you a reward suitable of that.”

The merit reward started.

Roan bowed and didn’t show any reactions.

Deni III looked at Simon.

“Did you also give him a territory?”

Right after he finished speaking, Simon nodded.

“Yes. Fortunately, Count Io Lancephil gave him the southern part of his region including the region of Tale.”

“Oh! Count Lancephil. You made a hard decision.”

The sight of Deni III moved towards Io.

‘He even gave him territory? This is really troublesome.’

His emotions felt really complicated.

Io didn’t know how Deni III felt and smiled brightly and bowed.

“I was also able to keep my life because of Baron Tale. I just wanted to pay him back.”

“Right. Even so, you’ve made an amazing decision.”

Deni III laughed awkwardly and nodded.

He touched his chin and fell towards his thoughts.

“Then, we are finished with territory.....”

Even if he wanted to proceed with the merit awarding ceremony, he couldn't think of anything.

Deni III tilted his head and said.

“First, I will give him a reward befitting the hero of the subjugation and exempt the region of Tale from taxes for five years.”

Those were the only things he could think of.

“Mmm.”

The nobles had surprised expressions on their faces.

But even so, they weren't in a position to stand up and oppose it.

They had obviously expected the reward, and the exemption had happened quite a few times.

But on the other hand, five years was a really long time even when compared to other things.

‘He saved the life of the prince and the count.....’

The nobles forced a smile on their faces and applauded Deni III.

However, it seemed like Deni wasn't planning to end it like this.

He was thinking that it wasn't enough.

“This much is lacking.....Mm.”

Then, Simon, who was looking at the situation, put on a faint smile.

“Your majesty. A bigger reward is impossible even when I look at it. Instead, how about giving him the right to a privilege?”

“A privilege right?”

Deni III asked back with a surprised expression.

And that was also the same for the other nobles.

‘A privilege right.....’

‘When was the last time a the right to a privilege was given.....’

It had been such a long time that they couldn't even remember.

Because of that, everyone had completely forgotten about privilege rights.

“Yes. You should give Baron Tale the rights to a privilege to use it when he has a request, some advice, or a favor to ask.”

“Mmm. The rights to a privilege.....”

The privilege rights were something that existed only in the royal palace.

It was a document given in the name of the king, but the one who had this had to request something which the dukes weren't opposed to.

In this case, the king had the task and responsibility to listen to the request of the owner.

It may look like a really powerful privilege, but it was actually merely a piece of paper.

‘First, it has to be a request that doesn't harm the royal palace and even after passing that, it has to get the approval of more than half of the dukes.’

It wasn't an easy thing to accomplish.

Because mutual understanding was a part of it, you couldn't request for something grandiose with a privilege right in itself.

All you could do was recommend a genius or ask for forgiveness for a sin.

Even so, the reason Simon brought it to the king.

‘Roan wanted it.’

The reason Simon brought up of the privilege right, which everyone had forgotten about, was because Roan had requested for it.

He had asked him what he wanted from the merit awarding ceremony while coming to the capital of Miller.

‘If he wanted a territory, I would have given it to him even if it was unreasonable....’

However Roan suddenly brought up the privilege rights.

Simon hesitated because it was a document without any meaning, but he followed through with Roan's will.

‘If it's Roan, something will be different.....’

He thought of that.

Meanwhile, Deni III, who had fallen into his thoughts, smacked the left armrest of his chair.

Tang!

“Fine! I will give the rights to a privilege to Roan!”

“Thank you, your majesty.”

Simon immediately bowed.

It was to stop the other nobles from butting in.

“Huh?”

“Mm.”

The nobles couldn't do anything and just glanced at the dukes.

The dukes pondered for a moment but then shook their hands.

‘Even if he tries to do something with it, if we oppose it, it's the end.’

‘It’s a useless piece of paper.’

There was no need to stand up and gain the enmity of Deni III.

At the reaction of the dukes, the other nobles laughed awkwardly.

Soon, with the order of Deni III, the privilege right was copied.

“Baron Roan Tale. I will be giving you the rights to a privilege for the merits you have accumulated until now.”

At those words, Roan carefully stood up and walked in front of Deni III.

A white piece of paper that was difficult to see, shined brightly.

Roan carefully took it and stepped back.

‘So this is the privilege right.....’

It was something he had heard rumors of in his past life.

There were several reasons why he wanted this.

‘Other’s won’t have anywhere to use this, but I’m different.’



He thought about several large cases and accidents.

‘It’s good if I ask to enter the old library of the kingdom, or visit Habok Prison that’s near the Grain Mountains, or it’s also good to ask for a field trip to the academy.’

For others it would seem useless, but these were all places that held amazing secrets and futures.

However, Roan was discrete.

‘The old library, Habok Prison, the academy, and the other places..... I may be able to enter these places without the privilege right if I work harder.’

He wanted to use the privilege right for the bigger picture.

‘For example.....’

His eyes trembled.

‘Tell them to give me the ownerless Poskein Lake.....’

A smile appeared on his face.

“Now, next comes Tommy’s and Kallum’s merit awarding

ceremony?”

At Deni III words, Tommy and Kallum stood up.

A reward and a villa close to the Mass River was given to the two people.

When comparing it to Simon, it was an unparalleled difference.

After that, the merit awarding ceremonies of the other nobles took place.

After half a day had passed, it had finally ended.

“Then, lastly.....”

Deni III looked towards Simon, Tommy, and Kallum and smiled.

“Shall we settle who will be the owner of Grain, just like we had discussed before the subjugation?”

The Grain Great Plains.

The territory to be acquired by the crowned prince of Rinse Kingdom.

It meant that it was a symbol of who would become king.

Simon, Tommy, and Kallum obviously had nervous facial expressions as did several nobles and they all looked towards Deni III.

Deni III put on a weird expression and then shook his head.

“The three people had all raised incredible merits, so I can’t decide on a specific person.”

“Ah.....”

Several cries of exclamation flowed out from everywhere.

Some were covered with dense regret and some with relief.

Simon, who had a faint smile all the time, had his face contort in an instant.

‘Does he mean that it’s not enough with this?!’

It was a feeling that his efforts were being ignored.

At that moment, his heart trembled.

His brown eyes repeatedly turned black several times in a row.

Then, the voice of Deni III was heard.

“But it’s true that Simon is at the front. If time continues like this, Simon will climb to the throne. Hohoho.”

He laughed and looked at Simon.

Only then did Simon calm himself down and bowed.

“I will work harder, your majesty.”

He blamed himself for his hasty behavior.

‘How could you not endure a little dissatisfaction?!’

He felt anxious.

He felt that if he stayed like this, it would really turn bad.

‘My grandfather has to get the new medicine quickly.....’

Simon looked at Duke Bradley Webster with anxious eyes.

Bradley was just smiling brightly and nodding without knowing how Simon was feeling.

“Well! Like this, the boring merit awarding ceremony has ended. Tomorrow we are going to celebrate the victory of the subjugation and host a party. No one is to miss it and everyone is to attend it. Hohoho.”

Deni III laughed in a really joyful voice.

‘It finally finished. Finally! I did well, right?’

His eyes kept going to where the dukes were seated.

“Yes. We will certainly attend, your majesty.”

The nobles all stood up and bowed.

Deni III shook his hand lightly and left the room.

“Whew.”

Several deep sighs came out from everywhere.

At the same time, the nobles that had connections with each other gathered up and talked about the merit awarding ceremony.

Roan neatly folded up the rights to his privilege and then looked up towards the ceiling.

‘Did I just finish one thing now.’

There was a pile of things that he had to finish before leaving the capital of Miller.

‘I will have to move around busily.’

A celebration party was unexpectedly added to that.

One worry passed by his head.

‘When I go to the party.....’

His expression slightly changed.

‘What do I wear?’

Roan only had his armor and fighting clothes.

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‘I can’t get a grip on myself.’

Roan was half astounded because he had to face the nobles that were coming and leaving the room.

Even if he had lived two lives, he didn't know about a noble's mannerisms or their world, so because of that, his actions and words were poor.

Especially the mockery and ridicule by the nobles supporting Tommy and Kallum, it really was a displeasing experience.

‘Just wait. I will become someone whom you won't be able to act as you please.’

He was confident to be able to do so.

He was overflowing with confidence after receiving the title of baron.

‘But anyways, where was the Airin Clothes Store?’

Roan moved busily and checked around him.

He was now trying to find a clothes store to shop at for the party.

<Clothes? If it's clothes, it's certainly the Airin Clothes Store. It's the best in the capital of Miller.>

These were the words that Simon said to Roan, who was pondering in what to wear for the party.

Roan went to Sears Street, where all the high class stores were located at, after he finished up with the party with the nobles.

However it wasn't easy to find the Airin Clothes Store amongst the countless stores and crowds.

His feet moved aorund dizzily.

Then.

“It's been a while. No, I can't talk informally now.”

A familiar voice spoke out.

Roan turned his head to find the owner of the voice.

“Ah.....”

At that moment, a low sound exclamation came out.

It was a boy looking at him while he was leaning on the wall of a store.

It was obvious that the boy was the son of a noble family just at first glance because of his white skin, well trimmed brown hair, and luxurious clothes.



Roan had met this boy once before.

He put on a faint smile and moved next to the boy.

And at the same time, he extended his right hand with a pleased smile on his face.

“It’s been a while. Sir Ian Phillips.”

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A luxurious office.

The walls decorated with gold and jewels looked overly luxurious.

“Whew. The merit awarding ceremony was really boring.”

The owner of the voice was none other than Deni Von Rinse.

He leaned his body into a comfortable leather chair and shook his head.

“This much is enough, right?”

It was a different look than what he showed in the previous room.

He was excessively light, so you couldn't even find a trace of pressure from him.

“Yes. You have done well.”

A heavy and gravelly voice was heard.

Deni III loosened his tight clothes and then said.

“But must I act like this?”

“It's all for the royal palace of Rinse.”

The solemn voice was heard once again.

The owner of the voice was an old man.

Surprisingly enough, he was one of the four dukes of Rinse kingdom, Francis Wilson.

He, who was the only one that didn't have a maternal relative, didn't support any of the three princes and was known to be neutral.

Because of that, he was friends with the three other dukes.

And he was alone with Deni III in this room.

Deni looked at Francis and frowned.

“Francis. When Simon came up with the plan to subjugate the lake, I agreed as you had suggested and promised the throne to the three princes. And the one that raised the greatest merits among the three was Simon. Can’t I just give the territory of Grain to Simon? Then, the competition for the throne will disappear.”

“You can’t yet.”

Francis shook his head.

“What about Tommy? His grandfather is Duke Edwin Voisa. The strongest person in the kingdom. How about giving the plains to Tommy?”

At the questions that were pouring out, Francis replied as if he was whispering.

“Your majesty. You can’t give it to anyone yet. The moment you decide on one prince, the royal palace will end up splitting into three parts. That’s because the three princes still have solid forces. And.....”

His words dimmed.

‘I still don’t know if they are suitable for the throne.’

But he didn’t say those words and just swallowed them.

“Anyways, now is the time to gain some balance. Endure it for a little bit more.”

At Francis’s words, Deni III let out a long sigh.

“Whew! Is raising the palace and hunting at the same time that difficult? I can’t even do that as I please. Tch.”

He clicked his tongue and stood up.

The loosened clothes naturally fell.

“Francis. Do you know how difficult it is to memorize everything you tell me? Whew.”

Deni III was annoyed at having to act in front of the nobles.

Francis looked at that and let out a short sigh.

‘Whew. The late king is taking care of his majesty because of his fame but.....’

It was now reaching a limit.

Deni III became less interested in forces as time passed by.

The moments where he had to act had increased as time passed by.

Francis closed his eyes.

‘Simon Rinse, Tommy Rinse, Kallum Rinse. Who will be the real king among them.’

It was troublesome for someone like Deni III to become king again.

‘Then, it’s the end of the royal palace.’

They were barely holding on because of the three dukes keeping the others in check.

Francis felt bitter.

‘If there was someone to break this stifling situation, how good would that be.’

A corner of his heart felt sour.

# Chapter 107: Triumphant Return (4)

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“It’s really amazing. Really.”

He lost count of how many times he had said amazing.

Now Roan just simply smiled.

At the sight of this, Ian Phillips, who had been fussing about, became even more excited.

“During the monster outbreak, the only place that had taken no damage was the Tale region.

His face was flushed red.

And the voice matched his facial expression.

Finally, Roan smiled brightly and spoke.

“You are quite well-informed in the kingdom’s affairs.”

Ian clapped at Roan’s words.

Unmistakable pride appeared in one corner of his face.

He motioned his hand towards a corner of the diner.

Soon, a young man quickly walked over.

A familiar face.

It was someone who Roan had already met.

“It has been a long time since my last greeting. It’s Oren.”

He reintroduced himself with a polite speech and manners.

The young man was Oren, the head of the information agency Evishun, that Ian founded.

He was the very same man who fought with Pens over the location of the supply storage facility during the last war against the Istel Kingdom.

Smiling brightly, Ian pointed at Oren.

“After hearing Sir Baron Tale’s advice, I created an information group and I’m gathering a variety of news through it.”

Roan wordlessly nodded.

His gaze naturally turned toward Oren.

‘It’s a face full of confidence.’

Most likely, he grew one step further after the previous event

Noticing Roan’s gaze, Oren bowed once more.

“I learned many things from the last experience. Thank you.”

“If you think so, then I’m glad.”

Roan nodded as he slightly smiled.

Seeing this, Ian slapped his knee.

“Didn’t Sir Baron Tale also create an information agency? I heard our Evishun learned a lot from it.”

“It was simply luck.”

A modest demeanor.

But Ian once again chattered on for a long time with a feverish look on his face.

“No. It’s truly amazing. At this moment, the best information



group in the kingdom is probably Sir Baron Tale's agency."

Even he didn't knew the exact name of the Agens.

Roan happily smiled and shook his head.

"Evishun is also excellent."

He was being honest.

If Evishun, which used the capital, Miller, as the base, and knew information about the East, it meant that its influence was incredibly large and precise.

In case of Agens, the agency's organization, information collection, and abilities of analysis were extremely superb but was still small time; currently it was only collecting information from the kingdom's east, centered around the Tale region.

'Let's slowly expand.'

He must have the entire Rinse Kingdom and later, the entire continent's information in his hands.

An unusual smile formed on Roan's mouth.

It was a smile that was mixed with expectation and confidence.

‘If it’s Chris, he can definitely pull it off.’

After that, Roan and Ian talked for a long time.

From about creating the information agency, to its uses, the tactics and strategies in the war and punitive expeditions, the towns and roads’ maintenance, and even about the region’s management, the topics of discussion were numerous.

“Hu, it’s really amazing. To think that you managed to do so many things....”

Ian’s expression was one of astonishment.

He was truly impressed.

Because he knew very aware of how amazing and difficult the things that Roan had done within such a short amount of time.

Roan simply smiled without a word.

Then.

“Ah!”

Ian cried out with a low voice as if he suddenly had a good idea.

With a mischievous expression, he spoke with a quiet tone.

“If there’s perhaps a good time in the next few days, would you please visit Tron Academy?”

“Tron Academy?”

Tron Academy was located in Miller, the capital, and was the most prestigious, and oldest, academy in the Kingdom of Rinse.

Ian was a student at Tron Academy, and Simon Rinse, Tommy Rinse, and Kallum Rinse had all graduated from Tron Academy.

“Yes. Incidentally, it’s searching for someone to give a special lecture. If one of the most renowned people within the kingdom at the moment, Sir Baron Tale, were to give a special lecture, all of the academy’s students will surely be thankful.”

“Hhm.”

A special lecture.

It was something he hadn’t expected at all.

‘It it’s lectures then it’s troublesome.’

Usually, he would've definitely declined.

But.

'It's a good chance to find out about academy management.'

For Roan who planned to create an academy in the Tale region, it was an excellent opportunity.

He contemplated for a moment, then cautiously asked.

"Would it be alright for a countryside nobody like me to have this opportunity?"

At these words, Ian shook his hands with a shocked facial expression.

"What do you mean a countryside nobody? The Kingdom's hero shouldn't be saying such words."

Certainly, Roan's popularity at the moment was greatly significant.

The nobles couldn't easily approach because of their pride and standings, but other people of significance greatly yearned to meet Roan.

Roan smiled lightly and nodded.

“Then. I will visit three days later.”

“Thank you. I will inform the director beforehand.”

Ian’s expression was jubilant.

‘I might be able to learn something brilliant just like from the previous discussion about the information agency.’

His chest jumped from expectation.

Ian was a genius but wasn’t conceited or overconfident.

He was a boy who could see what he lacked and learned by himself.

Perhaps it was this quality that gave birth to the strategist of the future generation.

Ian laughed in happiness then coughed after he noticed Roan’s gaze a bit late.

“Hm. Then I’ll anticipate the day three days later.”

“If the anticipation is big, the disappointment will be just as big.”

Roan shook his hand as he smiled bitterly.

Thinking back upon the various events from Roan's words, Ian shook his head.

"I'm not sure. Sir Baron Tale has been going beyond my expectations until now. So this time....."

His eyes bent to become crescent shaped.

Unmissable happiness rose from him.

"I'll have even more anticipation."

Even then, Roan seemed as if he would go even further.

Ian looked at Roan with a composed gaze.

'A person whose growth limit is imperceivable.'

His heart beat rapidly.

'Viscount? Count? Marquis? Duke? Lieutenant General? General? Supreme Commander? Or perhaps ...'

Ian soon shook his head.

Thoughts beyond that point were disrespectful and dangerous.

But the thoughts remained.

Although the head kept pushing it out, the heart passionately burned.

Roan was a person like that.

‘A person who can make people’s hearts excited.’

Ian’s lips slowly crept upwards .

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“Idiots!”

A sharp voice yelled out.

“Apologies.”

Five clean looking young men lowered their heads.

Utter terror could be seen on their faces.

“Chandler. Are these fools really apt?”

The tension moved towards somewhere else.

The elderly man watching from the side, Chandler Hughes, quickly replied back.

“Amongst the ones who aren’t known, these guys are amongst the top ten.”

“And they’re still in this sorry state?”

The sharp voice poured down once more.

The owner of the voice was Count Jonathan Chase.

At the moment, he had called and was yelling at the spies sent to infiltrate the Amaranth troop.

One of the young men spoke with a distressed voice.

“But if we could come to the capital Miller with Commander Roan, we should be accepted a...”

“Shut it!”



Jonathan shrieked.

He clicked his tongue while looking at the young men.

“Tch tch tch. Don’t be satisfied just because they came alongside him to the capital. Just what can I do while trusting these things... tch.”

His disgust and irritation was palpable.

The young men became further dispirited and cowered in fear.

Then, Chandler spoke up in a cautious tone.

“What if we help them raise up merits?”

“Merit?”

Jonathan asked back while he was frowning.

Chandler shook his head.

“Yes. Make them raise up merits large enough to come into Roan’s eyes. Then, wouldn’t he assign them important works?”

“Hhm.”

Jonathan quietly mused.

It wasn't a bad idea.

Chandler didn't miss this chance.

“According to these men's words, Roan is recruiting more blacksmiths, engineers, and alchemists and is trying to maintain a magic tower. Furthermore, he seems to be preparing this and that to build an academy.”

“Hmph! The greed of a mere brat who just became a baron is quite excessive.”

Jonathan shook his head with a flabbergasted look on his face.

Chandler continued on with a slight smile.

“Certainly his greed is exorbitant. Most likely it won't be easy.”

He spoke in a subtle voice.

Jonathan realized the meaning of Chandler's words at once.

“You are suggesting that we should use these guys to help one of Roan's plans succeed?”

“Yes. That is so.”

“Hhm. Not bad.”

Jonathan nodded as he rubbed his chin.

Soon, he twisted his fingers at Chandler.

“Do it. But in return.....”

The look he gave off and his voice turned cold.

“You will have to produce results this time.”

At those words, Chandler, as well as the dejected young men, bowed.

“Yes. Understood.”

“We shall do the best that we can.”

Their voices shook at the end.

The young men knew that this was their last chance.

‘If we were to make a mistake.....’

‘We might die.’

That couldn’t happen.

The five young men curled their fists.

It was an expression of their will to definitely succeed, or perhaps to not die.

The tightly clenched fists shuddered quietly.

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The royal palace dance hall.

A splendid hall and beautiful tune, the sound of young men and women’s laughs and chatter.

A vicious battle of aura between the nobles that could decide the kingdom’s prosperity and downfall.

New meetings and the thirst that always followed.

In short, the royal palace’s dance hall was a place that everyone dreamt of at least once, and everyone wished to attend at least

once.

‘I’m a bit anxious.....’

Roan fixed his cuffs many times in front of the hall’s entrance.

Including his last life, he lived on the battlefield.

A place where life comes and goes with a single gesture.

But there wasn’t a time when he felt this nervous even on the battlefield.

‘I’m also unused to these kinds of clothes.’

A clean suit.

With a design similar to the kingdom knight’s uniform and with the strong contrast of black and white, the suit gave off a strong vibe.

The suit’s design complemented Roan’s masculine looks well and gave off a clean look unlike when he wore armor.

The words clothes are wings fit perfectly.

“Sir Baron Tale. Are you not going in?”

The attendants guarding the hall entrance carefully asked.

Roan awkwardly smiled and took in a deep breath.

And after checking his clothes one more time, he nodded his head.

“I’m going in.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the attendants pressed against the gigantic hall door.

The large door soundlessly opened left and right.

Roan unknowingly exhaled.

At the edge of his ears, he could hear beautiful music.

The wide open entrance.

Roan slowly moved his feet.

A fearless and confident expression and gait.

The look of nervousness from just a moment ago had completely

disappeared.

“Hhm?”

“Eh?”

“Is he perhaps?”

“It’s Baron Roan Tale.”

The people’s gazes suddenly poured down on Roan.

The high nobles, who had already met Roan before, attempted to show indifference and leisure, while the nobles below and the invited figures of influence showed great interest.

Roan didn’t panic or act timid under the people’s gaze.

He stood at the center of the hall and looked around at the people.

‘Brilliant.’

He wasn’t talking about the hall itself.

He was talking about how the faces of the people filling up the hall were brilliant.

‘It feels as if all the main characters of the future historical events are gathered here.’

Various small events and incidents quickly went through his head.

At that moment, a familiar voice rang out.

“Baron Roan Tale! Over here.”

The owner of the voice was Simon.

As Roan turned his gaze towards the voice, he briefly shuddered.

‘The rumor was true.’

The story he had heard from Ian.

<Prince Simon Rinse’s fashion sense is a complete mess. A mess.>

He could see that the rumor about Simon’s abysmal fashion sense was true.

He definitely wore a clean-cut suit, but Roan’s eyes shook.



From the top to the bottom, and even down to the shoes; even imagining how many different colors went into it was impossible.

It was the very definition of an awkward color palette.

‘I’m glad that I met Ian.’

Instead of the store that Simon recommended, Roan got his clothes from the Ropil Boutique that Ian recommended.

If he hadn’t, he would undoubtedly be wearing a suit just like Simon’s.

Pacifying his shocked heart, Roan moved his feet.

“Aren’t your clothes a bit too colorless?”

Simon outright critiqued the outfit.

“It seems that the Airin clothes store was closed.”

Roan lightly excused himself and changed the topic.

“The dance hall is larger than I imagined.”

Io, who was standing nearby, lightly smiled at those words and answered.

“Not only the expedition from this time, this dance hall is also for celebrating the victory against Istel Kingdom.”

“Come to think of it, what happened to the postwar remunerations?”

The one that invaded first was Istel Kingdom and the one that lost was also Istel Kingdom.

But the war took place inside Rinse Kingdom’s territory.

As a result, the kingdom’s east took considerable damage.

The postwar settlement was an important issue.

“It seems to be proceeding with a good condition. From what I heard.....”

Io’s voice grew quieter.

“We might be getting the western region of Istel Kingdom.”

“I see.”

Roan made a reasonably shocked face.

But inside, he was unperturbed.

‘It was like that in the last life.’

Istel Kingdom currently didn’t have enough wealth to pay war reparations.

Because the crop harvest took an enormous dive due to the Poskein Exodus, the entire kingdom’s economy was bankrupt.

In the last life as well, the Istel Kingdom settled the reparations by handing over the western region to Rinse Kingdom.

‘And war started once again thanks to that region.’

Roan smiled bitterly on the inside.

‘Come to think of it.....’

As he reminisced of the last life, he remembered the things that he temporarily forgot.

‘I need to buy the Istel Kingdom’s farmland before it’s too late.’

Currently, Istel Kingdom’s farmers couldn’t take on the drop in crop yield and were selling the farmlands that they owned cheaply.

Even then, there was no one who went up to buy them.

Because everything dried up regardless of whichever crops they planted.

And as a result, the price of the farmlands continued to fall.

‘But starting next year, the crop yield will increase exponentially.’

Even after the Poskein Exodus had ended, the harvest continued to be extremely successful.

Thanks to that, in his last life, there was an event where the farmers who kept their farms in the end became big time farmers.

‘To increase my power, there must a plentiful supply of food.’

There was a need to feed the region’s people and to keep the soldiers well-fed.

Roan began to build a plan to buy the farms inside his head.

Then.

“Roan. What are you thinking about?”

Simon tapped his shoulder and smiled.

“Ah, I must’ve tensed up because I’m new to dance halls.”

After skillfully answering back, Roan looked at Simon.

‘Hhm?’

Suddenly, the light in his eyes shook.

It was because an unfamiliar woman stood next to Simon.

The woman was very beautiful and attractive.

Especially her soft looking eyeline and the slightly raised mouth ends gave off a pleasant vibe.

Seeing this, Simon brightly smiled.

“Do introduce yourself. She’s my fiancée. Rodite of Marquis Page’s house.”

Soon as the introduction finished, Rodite Page slightly bowed her head.

“I am Rodite Page. It’s an honor to meet Sir Baron Roan Tale, the hero of the expedition.”

“Ah.....”

Roan quietly exclaimed.

It wasn't because Rodite's voice was beautiful.

‘Rodite Page.....’

The reason Roan was shocked.

It was because of her name.

‘So this woman is.....’

He unknowingly frowned.

‘The one who turned Prince Simon into the mad monarch.’

The start of the abysmal future was this Rodite.

“Roan?”

Simon tilted his head at Roan who didn't move despite Rodite's greeting.

“Ah.”

Roan composed himself a bit late and quickly lowered his head.

“I am Roan Tale.”

Simon chuckled at the sight.

“Aren’t you a bit strange today? You seem a bit off for some.....”

But he couldn’t finish his words.

Because he heard a high-pitched voice from behind him.

“Big brother!”

Suddenly, Simon’s face crumpled.

Forming a bitter smile, he shrugged.

“The tomboy lady seems to have arrived.”

At those words, Roan’s expression solidified once more.

The one Simon called a tomboy lady.

‘Princess Katy Rinse.’

Among the many princesses, there were two reason why Roan remember Katy’s name.

One was that she was the only sister of mad monarch.

And the other one.

‘Ten years from now, she becomes Pierce’s wife.’

Mad monarch and Pierce.

The two who had the most tragic relationship even amongst the big four of Rinse Kingdom.

The link between the two was Katy Rinse.



## Chapter 108: Triumphant Return (5)

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Roan clearly remembered the wars, the battles, and the big and small events that happened in both the kingdom and the continent, but there were also parts that he didn't remember.

Particularly, events he didn't personally experience, his knowledge was no better than a blank page.

Obviously, Rodite Page and Katy Rinse fit into this category.

‘Especially since I only heard the rumors and don't know what sort of people they really are.’

At most, he remembered that in Pierce's case, he took flight for a while, running away from Katy.

‘Princess Katy really loved Pierce a lot.’

It was a case of love at first sight, word for word.

‘Big brother!’

Once again, he heard a shrill voice.

At the same time, a snowy faced cute girl showed herself.

“Annette and Anna sis are bullying me.”

Annette Rinse was the second prince, Tomy Rinse's, little sister and Anna Rinse was the third prince, Kallum Rinse's, little sister.

An angry faced Katy.

Simon smiled as if he found her expression cute.

“So did you let them?”

Katy balled her fist as soon as his words ended.

“No way. I pulled out both of their hair.”

Suddenly, Simon laughed out loud.

“Hahahaha! Good. That's my sister! Nice job.”

Raising his thumb at Katy, he continued.

“An eye for an eye. Do that, and others won't be able to look down on you. Got it?”

“Un. Got it. I'll remember.”

Katy nodded her head.

Her expression was serious, but due to her large eyes and face full of playfulness, she looked tomboyish instead.

Roan bitterly smiled inwardly.

‘To think such happy siblings would...’

Due to a complicated and twisted relationship, they would point their swords at each other.

At that moment, Katy’s line of sight turned toward Roan.

“Who’s this?”

Looking at Roan, who wasn’t much older than her compared to the others, she tilted her head.

Simon widened his shoulders as he sniggered.

“That person is the hero of this expedition and the savior of this brother’s life, Baron Roan Tale.”

“Ah!”

Katy exclaimed with a slightly surprised expression.

Her eyes glinted with interest.

‘He’s completely different than what I thought.’

Hearing his records, she imagined a macho giant.

But although Roan’s body was in fact extremely fit, he looked rather normal.

“I am Roan Tale.”

Roan deeply bowed as he introduced himself.

Only then did Katy extend her right hand and slightly lowered her head.

“Hello. I’m Katy Rinse.”

“It’s an honor to meet you, princess.”

Holding her hand, Roan gave a short military salute.

For a while, Katy scrutinized Roan’s face here and there.

‘He doesn’t look like much on the outside.....’

She couldn't believe such an ordinary looking guy raised such an extraordinary achievement.

‘Should I perhaps test.....’

As she was mischievously planning.

The music that filled the hall suddenly stopped.

Everyone turned toward the front of the hall.

As if he was waiting, the kingdom's Grand Chamberlain, Viscount Logan Dale, showed up.

With an enormous staff, he knocked three times on the marble floor.

“The kingdom's sun, the proxy of our God Krea, his majesty Deni III is entering. All the kingdom's loyal subjects, show respect.”

As soon as the introduction ended, a grand music filled the hall.

Through the wide open doors, Deni Von Rinse showed up in a magnificent suit.

Behind him, the queen and royal concubines followed.

Deni III exchanged greetings with the powerful nobles and heated up the dance hall's mood.

Simon, and the nobles that followed him, also tried to get in Deni III's line of sight and put up a fierce fight.

On the other hand, Roan searched for the ordinary guests that attended the hall instead of Deni III.

Meeting with famous philosophers, magicians, and even the big merchants that traded mainly around Miller, Roan put in all kind of efforts to pull in or fill up the things that the Tale region needed.

“Huu. It's harder than I thought.”

Roan, who had been moving around the dance hall the entire time, walked toward a corner of the hall.

He met countless people and made various offers, but nothing was truly achieved.

Everyone was merely satisfied with simply making an acquaintance with Roan.

They didn't attempt to make any connections deeper than necessary with Roan, who just became a noble from a commoner

background.

Even the commoner merchants tried to line up with other powerful nobles rather than Roan.

An evaluation that Roan's background wasn't stable enough to make any profound connections.

‘It won't become easy from now on either.’

Roan painfully smiled.

He didn't think from the start that everything would go well.

If he continued to raise his strength and expand his influence, they will extend their hands to him first.

‘I'll make sure they'll become like that.’

Scanning the sight of the dance hall continuing on noisily and luxuriously, Roan drank the expensive wine.

A bitter taste filled his mouth.

‘Everyone's fitting in really well.’

The only one that was out of place in this dance hall was Roan.

‘Hm?’

Then, Roan’s brows slightly furrowed.

His sight turned towards a corner on the right side.

‘It seems that there’s someone else besides me that doesn’t match the dance hall.’

Curiosity colored his eyes.

On the right side’s corner, a young woman sat there.

A woman with a faint smile, enjoying her wine.

Although she wore a plain looking dress compared to the others, she somehow exuded an elegant grace.

Unconsciously, Roan kept staring at her.

Then, the woman’s gaze, that was watching the dance, suddenly turned.

For a moment, Roan and the woman’s eyes met.



“Hhm.”

Unable to avoid her gaze, Roan awkwardly smiled and lightly lowered his head.

The woman too, at their unexpected intersected gazes, quickly lowered her head in panic.

Both of her cheeks blushed.

An awfully shy look.

Roan smiled at that sight.

He wasn't sure why, but he felt a corner of his heart relax.

At that moment.

“Roan.”

Checking the mood, Ian Lancephil walked over.

He, who was walking over after finishing a short chat with Deni III, saw Roan and made a peculiar expression.

“She's Princess Aily Rinse.”

He abruptly threw Roan a few words.

Roan wasn't sure at first what he was talking about, but soon realized what he meant.

‘She’s a princess.’

The woman who couldn't fit in with the dance and was sitting alone by a corner just like him.

Surprisingly, her identity was in fact the kingdom's princess.

‘Was there a princess called Aily?’

He searched his memory including the one from his last life, but couldn't remember such a person.

Most likely, she was married off to a noble just like other princesses and spent her life without any tribulations.

Then, Io continued his words.

“Princess Aily's mother was a maid in the palace. Because of that, she doesn't have any followers or supporters unlike other princes and princesses. Furthermore, her mother's life ended merely three days after giving birth to the princess. Because of that, the only one in the world related to her by blood is his majesty the king.

But.....”

His line of sight turned towards Deni III.

“His majesty, the king, doesn’t seem to hold Princess Aily very dearly. I never saw the two of them talk to each other by themselves.”

A bitter countenance filled his face.

“The loneliest and saddest person within the palace is probably Princess Aily. Probably because she doesn’t have a relationship with anyone besides her guardian knight and the wet nurse that looked after her since she was young.”

To spend time on Aily, who didn’t have any power or influence, the kingdom and its current situation wasn’t very favorable to do so.

‘Hhm.’

Roan somehow swallowed the thoughts that rose up to his throat.

Somehow, it felt similar to his current state.

A former commoner officer that just became a noble.

Although he hooked people's eyes for a moment thanks to the fame from the war and the expedition, that much was the limit.

For Roan, whose background was low, people tried to keep a certain amount of distance.

“She's a pitiful person. She's the same without any friends or family.”

Io let out a short sigh.

At that moment, the music that was filling the hall, changed.

The royalty and the nobles, and the guests as well, began searching for a partner as if they had been waiting.

“Sir Count Lancephil. Will you dance with me for a song?”

Even to Io, a noblewoman walked over and extended her hand.

Winking at Roan, Io soon headed toward the center of the hall.

‘So this is the aristocratic society.’

It might seem like beautiful dances on the outside, but in truth, there should be bloody politics flying back and forth.

Roan unconsciously turned his sight looking for Aily.

She had moved her seat further into the corner than before.

Although she was a kingdom's princess in name, nobody in the hall requested a dance from her.

From another perspective, it was same for Roan.

Even though it was an etiquette for the men to offer the dance first, there were times when the women approach first.

But there were no women that walked up to Roan.

Although old ladies amongst the guests sent passionate glances from time to time, Roan struggled to ignored the gazes.

Roan's sight kept going toward Aily.

“Is there really no one to dance with?”

“Hmph. Really.”

The young girls sitting on the left side complained with small voices.

Glancing over the men in the hall, the girls frowned.

“There’s only old nobles.”

“All the good men were taken by the princesses.”

A brusque voice.

Then, the girls’ expression brightened for a moment.

“Look. It seems Princess Aily didn’t find a partner again today.”

“That’s why she gets the nickname shadow princess.”

He could hear sneering voices.

Roan unconsciously turned and faced the girls.

“Hhm.”

“Hm.”

Sensing Roan’s gaze, the girls were coquettishly laughing.

Lightly tapping at their neck, they let down a shoulder.

Roan squinted an eye.

It wasn't from the girls' behavior.

‘A shadow princess.....’

Somehow, he felt bitter.

He didn't know why. His heart moved on its own.

Roan turned his head again toward Aily.

She didn't seem to care what others said and thought about her.

Her expression was unperturbed and her eyes were deep and bright.

“Huu.”

Roan let out a short sigh and slowly moved his feet.

Io, who had been staring at Roan even while dancing in the center of the hall, made a strange expression.

‘Yes, Roan. If it's you, you'll be able to see beyond her outer appearance and conditions and into her true self.’

His mouth slightly curved up.

All the while, Roan went up to Aily.

“Hello. Princesss. I’m Roan Tale.”

“Ah..... You’re the hero of the expedition. I heard you saved my..... brother Simon.”

She hesitated for a moment at the word brother.

‘Her voice is really clear and gentle.’

Roan unconsciously smiled.

Aily too softly smiled and lightly bowed.

“I am Aily Rinse.”

It was a smile that made one feel happy just as much as her voice.

On top of that, she was polite and courteous.

Roan quietly gazed at her two eyes.



Aily calmly stared back at the gaze, but soon slightly lowered her head.

Both of her cheeks were once again colored red.

‘A shadow princess.....’

His eyes calmly squinted.

‘There’s nothing as truthful and definite as a shadow.’

Roan extended his right hand toward Aily.

“Princess. Would you dance with me for a song?”

A soft voice.

Dance, and a kind of dance that nobles do; he never danced nor had a chance to even take a good look at one, but that didn’t matter.

‘Even if it’s wrong or awkward, I think that it would be fine.’

Strangely, he felt calm.

Aily raised her head and stared at Roan.

Without a word, Roan brightly smiled.

Quietly, the two gazes met.

A moment after, Aily shyly smiled and nodded.

“I would like to.”

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“Nanny.”

Aily’s voice slightly trembled at the end.

“Princess. You’re a bit late today.”

Margaret, the nanny, who had been cleaning the study, brightly smiled and lowered her head.

Usually, Aily wasn’t one to stay at a dance for long.

‘Since others look down on her saying something like shadow princess or whatnot.....’

No, in the first place, Aily wasn’t one to enjoy dance halls.

‘But today, she stayed for quite a while.’

Margaret’s gaze turned towards the guardian knight, Greg Katis, who was naturally standing by the door.

Sensing Margaret’s gaze, Greg faintly smiled.

An expression as if something good happened today.

‘What happened?’

Tilting her head, Margaret looked at Aily.

“Ah.....”

Only then did she realize that Aily’s expression was very bright.

A gleeful expression as if she had the whole world.

“Nanny.”

Aily’s face was brightly blushing.

“I met someone good today.”

A calm yet somehow slightly raised voice.

“So, someone good?”

Margaret made a surprised expression at the completely unexpected words.

On the other hand, Aily was still calm and composed.

“Un. Someone good.”

Margaret slightly frowned.

And soon glanced at Greg.

Greg slightly nodded at Margaret’s gaze and walked out of the study.

Standing in front of the door and meticulously checking if there was anyone walking that way or hiding, he heightened his senses.

His figure was natural, as if something like this had happened multiple times before.

Margaret looked around just in case, and whispered with a small voice.

“Princess. What do you suddenly mean, someone good?”

Aily faintly smiled at those words.

“I met the expedition’s hero, Baron Roan Tale.”

“Roan Tale.....”

Margaret was also very familiar with the rumors about Roan.

She asked again in a careful voice.

“And you say that he’s a good person?”

“Un. We talked a bit while we danced and he was a really good person in various ways.”

At Aily’s reply, Margaret’s expression turned stiff.

“A dance? Did Baron Tale offer the dance first?”

Aily lightly nodded her head.

Margaret’s voice became even smaller.

“You didn’t say anything strange first, did you?”

“Anything strange?”

Aily asked back with a smile.

Margaret looked around the place once more.

“Things like a house leasing business, rail transportation, or Seil trading.....”

“Stop.”

Aily raised her right hand and shook her head.

Margaret quickly closed her mouth.

Staring into her eyes, Aily faintly smiled.

“Nanny. Don’t worry about something like that because I never let something slip from my tongue.”

A dignified and confident expression unlike the shy look from before.

Margaret exhaled a short sigh.

“Huu. But even so..... there wasn’t a single incident like this before. Just in case.....”

A worry filled voice.

Aily tightly squeezed Margaret’s two hands.

“Nanny. Don’t worry. The man called Roan Tale, he’s surely a good person.”

A clear and gentle voice echoed from her lips.

Margaret’s expression relaxed when she heard her.

‘Right. Since princess’s eyes for people are exact.’

Until now, it hadn’t been wrong even a single time.

Because of that, they could do unimaginable things without anyone knowing about it.

‘A good person.....’

Margaret recalled the rumors about Roan that she had heard.

‘What kind of a good person is he? A friend? Or perhaps.....’

Her heart thumped for some reason.

It was a feeling mixed with anticipation.

A strange mood filled the study.



# Chapter 109: Tron Academy (1)

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“Our agents are collecting and analyzing the information from the region around Miller Castle.”

Keep finished his report and stepped back.

Roan sat on a chair with his legs crossed and deeply immersed in thought.

The long coat he wore to the dance slipped down the chair.

‘Princess Aily.....’

Somehow, Aily’s face filled his head.

‘Why am I so concerned about her?’

Love?

‘No way.’

Roan shook his head.

He and Aily never met before today.

Also, there was no way that Roan, who was living his second life, didn't know the feeling of love.

No, he thought he knew.

'Was there some sort of connection in the last life?'

Even Roan can't remember everything.

It was possible that there is a memory related to Aily among those that he thought wasn't important.

He rubbed the tip of his chin while furrowing his forehead.

"Sir Baron?"

At that sight, Keep nervously stared at Roan.

Since his time in the 7th Squad of Rose troop until now, he had been watching Roan's side.

Because he was fast and quick-witted, he became the head of the information squad when Amaranth troop was made.

Keep realized Roan's expression was different than usual.

Worries about whether there may be a problem in the mission

surged through his mind.

“Hmm. Sorry.”

Roan organized his thoughts a step late and turned towards Keep.

“Excellent. Continue to actively use the agents to gather as much information as possible.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Keep lowered his head with a look of relief.

Then, Roan hesitated for a moment and then raised his right hand.

“Ah. And by the way.....”

He lost his words for a bit and wavered.

After breathing in and out several times, he whispered in a small voice.

“Within the information you gathered and analyzed, is there perhaps anything about Princess Aily Rinse?”

“Princess Aily Rinse?”

Keep tilted his head.

“I’ll have to check separately for anything specific, but I don’t really remember anything special..... ah!”

As he continued his words, Keep suddenly exclaimed.

Staring at Roan, he asked in a cautious voice.

“Are you perhaps talking about the shadow princess?”

“Yeah. That’s right. The shadow princess.”

On Roan’s face, a slight look of expectation had appeared.

For some reason, Keep whispered in a small voice.

“Around last year or so, it seems that the shadow princess caught a serious disease.”

“Serious disease? What kind of disease?”

Roan frowned.

Keep shrugged his shoulders.

“We’re not exactly sure. It was a rumor going around Miller’s residents. Because the princess hadn’t appear ever since last Fall to this Spring, it seems that everyone thought that she had been sick.”

“Didn’t appear .....

Roan squinted his eyes.

‘If such rumor started to run even amongst the castle’s citizens, even the royal family wouldn’t stay still.’

At the moment, he unconsciously held a great interest in Aily.

“Keep.”

“Yes. Sir Baron.”

Keep lowered his head.

Roan gave a new order in a low voice.

“Gather some information on the palace and the royal family. Even rumors and ghost stories like this one is fine.”

“The, the royal family?”

With a surprised expression, Keep asked back.

Roan nodded his head.

“Secretly. Don’t go burrowing too deep.”

If they weren’t careful, they could earn hostility from the palace.

Calming down his shocked heart, Keep lowered his head.

“Yes. Understood.”

Certainly, it wasn’t an easy mission.

But it wasn’t impossible either.

‘Let’s show the information squad’s ability.’

He wanted to show something that could match the Agens, no, an appearance that is greater than Agens.

‘And although he said the palace and the royal family.....’

His eyes quickly spun.

‘It seems that he is interested in the shadow... no, Princess Aily.’

As expected of Keep.

‘Sir Baron. Just believe in me and the Information squad.’

He clenched his fist.

Roan, perhaps knowing his thoughts or perhaps not, stared at Keep and smiled.

‘That’s it. Compete together, grow together.’

Still water is doomed to rot.

With a satisfied expression, Roan stood up.

‘Then, is Tron Academy the next.....’

His heart trembled.

In the last life, it was a place he couldn’t attend even if he wanted to.

‘Will something happen again at that place?’

The smile on his mouth grew deeper.

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Roan's dream was big.

It was different than an ambition or a desire.

It was pure and hot.

Because of that, he learned words despite being a commoner and bought and collected all sorts of books.

And to him, the academy was like a holy land.

‘I really wanted to go there.’

Looking at the grand entrance to Tron Academy, Roan bitterly smiled.

A place where he wanted to, but couldn't attend.

There were various reasons why, but the biggest reasons were his standing, wealth, and time.

To attend the academy, he needed to at least be from a noble family or have a noble's recommendation.



Additionally, he needed to pay a colossal tuition fee and spend four years there until graduation.

To Roan, it was a place that he could only stare at.

“I heard that there’s a special lecture from Baron Tale?”

“Baron Tale bullsh\*t. It’s Roan, Roan.”

“Yeah. For an exiled convict, he got lucky and became a Baron overnight.”

“He became like that because he caught the prince’s eye.”

The academy’s students that passed by Roan began babbling words of ridicule.

They didn’t recognize Roan at all.

‘Noble’s kids.....’

Roan smiled bitterly.

The mindset of the students that should be leading the kingdom was too laughable and immature.

Following the students that continued to complain, he moved his feet.

The ones walking in the front stole a glance behind.

“What?”

“Is he someone you know?”

“Don’t know. Is he a first year? Or maybe a transfer student?”

The students frowned and whispered between themselves.

They couldn’t imagine that Roan, the hero of the expedition and the one who recently became a Baron, might be around the same age as them.

Since the academy’s fourth year student’s age was nineteen, there was merely a difference of a single year away from Roan.

When the students’ eyes met his, Roan smiled at them.

“What? Why is he smiling?”

“Who’s he supposed to be?”

The students’ expressions twisted.

That moment.

“Ah! You came?”

From far away, he heard a familiar voice.

Roan's and the students' gazes followed the voice.

‘It's Ian Phillips.’

The owner of the voice was Ian.

Waving his hand, Ian ran from the academy's main building.

“Hhm. He's that Ian Phillips, right?”

“Right. The firstborn of Count Phillips and Miller Castle's, no the kingdom's greatest genius.”

“He's a freshman that started this year.”

“Yeah. Doesn't he look like he's greeting us?”

The students pointlessly came to their own conclusions.

“I thought he would be arrogant since he’s the firstborn of a count on top of being a genius.”

“It looks like he’s quite the well-mannered brat.”

Then, the brats awkwardly waved.

Before they knew it, Ian was right in front of them.

“Yes. Good to see you. Ian. I’m the fourth year Pi.....”

When the student at the front introduced himself.

“Excuse me.”

Ian pushed the students to the left and right and went up to Roan.

“Eh?”

“What?”

The brats who were pushed aside frowned and looked at Ian.

Their eyes naturally focused on Roan and Ian.

Ian bowed right away.

“Welcome. Sir Baron Tale.”

“For you to even come out to meet me, thank you very much.”

A fair and clear voice rode the wind into the students’ ears.

“Huk!”

“Ba, Baron Tale?”

“He’s that Roan?”

With a completely shocked expression, the brats looked at Roan.

When Roan met their gazes, he brightly smiled and slightly nodded his head.

“Hph!”

The students gulped and quickly lowered their heads.

However much they insulted and looked down upon Roan, they couldn’t keep their heads up in front of a kingdom’s noble.

“Si, Sir Baron Tale. A, about our talk just now.....”

The voice sharply shook.

Although they were certainly sons of nobles, their positions weren't something that could hold up against Roan who held a true title of nobility.

Roan cheerfully smiled and stood in front of them.

Ian tilted his head, wondering what had happened.

“It's okay.”

A gentle voice.

Roan extended his hand and brushed each of their head.

A completely natural and adult-like act.

At the unexpected hand, the students who had their heads lowered bit their lips.

‘Damn it. He's completely treating us like kids.’

Even so, they couldn't raise their heads.

At the same time, Roan tapped their shoulders as he brightly smiled.

“Work hard.”

With a word and an act, he cleanly split the hierarchy between himself and the students.

“Kuu.”

The brats, still with their heads lowered, couldn't move without permission.

Roan averted his gaze and looked at Ian.

“Should we head to the location of the lecture?”

“Ah, yes. Follow me.”

Ian took hold of himself a second late and nodded his head.

Within that short moment, he understood the entire situation.

‘That’s why, you always have to be careful about what you say.’

Ian snickered and shook his head.

Soon, Roan and Ian disappeared from sight.

Only then did the students raise their heads and sigh.

“Huu.”

“To think that brat was Baron Tale.”

“Seriously. That rumor about a giant was a complete lie.”

Then, one of the brats spoke with a quiet voice.

“Maybe, could it be that his skills and exploits are also exaggerated?”

As soon as he spoke, the rest of the students clapped.

“That’s it!”

“That could be it!”

Quickly putting their heads together, the brats continued to quietly talk.



“Then, should we test if Roan’s skills are real?”

“Test? Us?”

At those words, the student who spoke first shook his head with an eerie expression.

“No. There’s that guy in our grade.”

“That guy? Ah! That guy!”

Promptly, the students’ faces brightened.

The brats looked at each other with a cruel light in their eyes.

“For now, let’s go convince that guy.”

A cold voice rolled down on the ground.

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“It’s an honor to meet the hero of the expedition.”

“No. I’m more honored to have the chance to meet Sir Fred Brown, the principal leading the kingdom’s greatest academy.”

Holding the white-haired old man's hand, Roan lowered his head.

The old man wearing a clean suit was Fred Brown, the one who was leading Tron Academy for the twentieth year.

‘He’s someone that I wanted to meet at least once.’

Roan was unimaginably moved.

It was a moment where a small goal from the last life had been achieved.

“If I could, I want to chat, but it seems that there isn’t much time left for the special lecture. Let us talk after the lecture is over.”

“Yes. Understood.”

That was what Roan wanted as well.

To him, who wanted to build an academy in the Tale Barony, a talk with Fred was a chance that could become the flesh and bones of his plan.

“Now, do follow me.”

Fred walked a step in front and Roan followed behind him.

Coming out of a simple office of the principal, they crossed the wooden hallway.

Passing through several buildings, they headed towards the garden behind the academy.

The location of the lecture was prepared in the open air instead of inside a building.

“Because there were too many students that wanted to audit, we prepared the place in the academy’s training field.”

Fred turned towards Roan and apologized.

Roan wordlessly nodded and gazed in front of him.

He could see a tall wall covered in vines.

There was an entrance at the center and several words were ornately written on top.

< Tron Academy Training Field >

The door was wide open.

Fred walked ahead and Roan followed behind.

Then.

Huuk!

Scorching heat was felt.

“Ah.....”

Roan quietly exclaimed.

The field was enormous.

It was twice as large as the field where the Amaranth troop held drills.

Excluding one side, chairs filled the three sides of the field.

An unbelievable number.

Students sat in each and every one of those chairs.

It was an incredible number of students, but they didn't let out a single sound.

They simply stared in curiosity while exuding heat from their

entire bodies.

More than a thousand pair of eyes stabbed into Roan.

‘Are they trying to pressure me?’

Roan smiled bitterly inside.

Then, he heard Fred’s voice.

“It seems everyone has high expectations. For now, shall we go up onto the stage?”

“Yes.”

Roan replied shortly and followed Fred up the stage.

On the stage, there was a vertically long table and a loudspeaker made of a magic stone and a magic circle.

“We will now start the special lecture of Sir Baron Roan Tale, the hero of the Istel War and the monster expedition. Everyone please welcome him with a round of applause.”

As soon as he finished, claps sporadically resounded here and there.

A scene as if clapping against their will.

Fred furrowed his forehead at the sight, but didn't criticize them.

‘It's something Baron Tale will have to solve on his own.’

Truthfully, he wanted to see Roan's ability.

Slightly lowering his head at Roan, Fred walked off the stage.

Now, only Roan was left on the tall stage.

He stood in front of the table and looked at the students.

‘Everyone's expressions are ones saying let see how well I do.’

An undisguisable antagonism could be felt from their faces.

Of course, there were also students like Ian who showed signs of curiosity, desire, and respect.

‘Hm?’

Roan, who was scanning the students' faces with Kalian's Tear, frowned at the tip of his nose.

‘Royalty is also here.’

As expected of the kingdom’s greatest academy, he could see several princesses among the students.

And the one who stood out amongst them.

‘Princess Katy Rinse and.....’

His eyes stayed in one place for a long time.

‘Princess Aily Rinse.’

For some reason, his ears felt hot and he became happy.

For a while, Roan motionlessly stared at her face.

“What the?”

“What’s up with him?”

Because Roan stayed silent for a long time, the students began to chatter.

Only then did Roan finally take ahold of himself.

‘It’s not the time for that.’

With a smiling face, he lowered his head.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Baron Roan Tale, who will be giving the special lecture today.

Even though he introduced himself, the field was silent.

“Woah!”

Only Ian cheered without worrying about others.

Roan slightly lowered his head toward Ian, and then made a faint smile.

“Hm.”

The students’ gazes pour down.

Calmly taking on those gazes, Roan spoke with a soft voice.

“The topic I want to talk about today is.....”

Playfulness flashed in his eyes.



“About “what would you do if you knew about the future”.”

# Chapter 110: Tron Academy (2)

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Truthfully, Roan was in a dilemma before the special lecture.

With the geniuses of Tron Academy as an audience, he had no idea what to talk about.

For topics like administration, etiquette, history, and philosophy, it was obvious that the students would know more than himself.

‘If it’s stories about wars and battles, I could talk on and on, but.....’

With just that, neither the students nor Roan would learn anything from each other.

Roan wished that there was something that he could also learn from the special lecture.

At that moment, he suddenly thought up a topic called ‘What if you knew the future?’.

‘A debate disguised as a special lecture.’

Through the debate with the Tron Academy students, Roan planned on thinking up new and various methods to prepare for the future.

‘Of course, there are things I can teach as well.’

Stories that a soldier who experienced all sorts of battles and wars could tell.

That too, from the perspective of the students, could be a valuable experience.

With a calm gaze, Roan stared at the students.

“What did he just say?”

“If you knew the future.....?”

“Is he asking us right now?”

Seemingly baffled at the unexpected lecture style, the students whispered amongst each other.

Paying no attention to that, Roan opened his arms.

“For now, let’s agree on a setting. You are fourth year students in Tron Academy facing graduation. Your house is a fallen nobility and you aren’t a student with great expectations placed upon you. But like I told you before, you know what will happen in the future.”

His mouth slowly curved upwards.

“You know that a year later, the Byron Kingdom will attempt a surprise attack and invade our kingdom’s northern borders.”

As the story went on, the students’ whispers became louder.

Roan spoke loudly as he walked on the stage.

“But our Rinse Kingdom is completely unprepared.”

Besides the time and the opponent, it was exactly the same setup as the war last year between Rinse Kingdom and Istel Kingdom.

Roan looked straight into the students’ eyes.

“In this situation, what would you do?”

The question was thrown.

Simultaneously, the whispers between the students stopped.

A strange silence pervaded.

Roan cheerfully smiled and shrugged.

“Isn’t Tron supposed to be the kingdom’s best academy? It seems that not everyone is as smart as the rumors say.”

A taunt.

The students’ faces burned red.

An odd heat flooded out.

At that moment, a male student suddenly stood up.

“I’m Tron Academy’s knight school third year Charles Linkamp. Wouldn’t informing the palace or the central military headquarter, or at least the northern troops headquarters resolve the issue?”

Several students nodded as if they agreed with the suggestion.

On the other hand, Roan’s expression was unsatisfied.

“Would such highly esteemed people trust a mere academy student’s words?”

“That, that is.....”

Charles couldn’t easily continue his words, and soon sat down.

Then, an irritated voice came out from somewhere.

“I don’t even need to think so hard about this problem. I can just tell my dad.”

Roan turned his line of sight toward the voice.

A delicate looking young man had an arrogant expression.

“Could you tell us your name?”

At those words, the young man pompously smiled and spoke aloud.

“Kyle Chase. I... I’m the second son of Count Chase’s house.”

The young man was the second son of Count Jonathan Chase and was repeating the Tron Academy’s administration school as a third year student.

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“We have agreed on the setting before we began. You are a fourth year student facing graduation from Tron Academy, your house is a fallen nobility, and you don’t have large expectations placed upon you. In this setting, your father isn’t Sir Count Chase.”

“No that’s.....”

Kyle momentarily hesitated and soon blushed.

Then, another student spoke with an irritated expression.

“What could a mere student from a fallen nobility who others don’t expect much of, do?”

Other students also frowned their foreheads and nodded.

“Yeah. However much we think about it, there’s really nothing we can do.”

One of the students asked to Roan.

“If it’s Sir Baron, what would you do?”

Everyone’s gazes turned toward Roan.

Roan cheerfully smiled as he replied.

“Who knows? How about applying for the Northern troops? In the Northern troops, we’ll raise merits while carrying out missions and find the signs that the Byron Kingdom’s troops are acting suspiciously. If we have evidences, even the military head generals

wouldn't be able to easily ignore us.”

This was actually the method Roan used before the war with Istel Kingdom.

At that moment, a student raised his hand.

“I'm Tron Academy's administration school fourth year Justin Buford. The method you said is only possible for knight school graduates.”

Roan nodded at those words.

“You're right. Certainly, that is so.”

“Then what should others like us from the administration school do?”

Justin's eyes shone with passion.

Meaning he didn't want an answer despite throwing the question.

Roan didn't miss that.

“Who knows? Do you have any good idea?”



He returned the question.

A strange smile formed on Justin's mouth.

Standing straight by himself, he showed off his thoughts with a confident voice.

“To start, I too would volunteer for the Northern troops. Then, while cutting down vague expenditures of military supplies and provisions and increasing the savings, I would repair the old defense facilities. At the same time, I would repair the roads and start a periodic military training for the locals.....”

A well thought-out presentation continued on for a while.

Students unknowingly attentively listened to Justin's story.

‘He's a smart student.’

Roan inwardly smiled.

By that point, Justin's presentation ended.

“With this much, I predict that we would be able to adequately respond to a sudden invasion.”

“Umm.”

A low murmur flowed out from here and there.

Roan lightly clapped and nodded.

“It’s an excellent plan. But would someone leave such a large job to a newbie administrator who just graduated from the academy?”

“That’s.....”

When Justin tried to answer.

A young man suddenly stood up from his sit.

“We can start as a low rank administrator at the military supply storage. If we can simply fix the loans and lease in the ledger, we should be able to reduce the unnecessary leaks in the military supplies.”

Justin continued the later part.

“He’s right. If we can efficiently oversee the military supplies, wouldn’t we be recognized by the troop commander and receive more important missions?”

That was the start.

Soon, various suggestions poured out from here and there.

“You can’t move up simply by doing well in missions.”

“Yeah. It’s much more complicated in reality.”

“Rather, wouldn’t finding out the reasons why the Byron Kingdom is invading us be better?”

“That’s right. If we can resolve that reason, we could stop an unnecessary war.”

“What if there isn’t a reason? Then we’ll end up wasting an entire year.”

Now, there wasn’t any need for Roan to cut in.

By themselves, the students opened up a heated debate.

Students from the administration school, the education school, and the school of magic started first and later on, even the knight school and the military school students participated.

The debate went on and on without an end.

Roan only lightly stepped in from time to time to pause when the passionate discussion became too heated, and simply stood and

watched for the most part.

“This is quite a new sight.”

“You’re right. It’s the first time I’m seeing such a heated debate.”

“Anyhow, everyone is quite smart.”

“I never knew there were such diverse plans and thoughts.”

Even the Tron Academy professors seemed to be surprised at the students’ heated debate.

Principal Fred Brown, who had been watching from the side, made a faint smile.

“We should add this style of class into the main education course.”

Many professors nodded at those words.

All the while, the heated debate ran into a dead end.

Several hundreds of students shared their suggestions, but no clear answer appeared.

In the end, Justin raised his hand.

“Sir Baron. At this rate, this will never end. Please tell us what is the correct answer.”

“Yeah. Just what’s the correct answer?”

“What should we do?”

The students clamored with exasperated expressions.

Roan motionlessly watched them for a moment and then raised his hands to calm down the mood.

Smiling brightly, he looked at the students.

“The answer has already come out.”

At those words, the students looked at each other and clamored.

That was same for the principal and the professors.

“What? What was the answer?”

“Then as expected, is applying for the Northern troops like Baron Tale suggested the answer?”

“But that’s only possible for knight school graduates.”

The clamor slowly became bigger and bigger.

Roan raised his hand once again to calmed the mood.

“The answer to this topic is.....”

Gulp.

Everyone made a dry gulp.

Feeling their gazes pouring down, Roan calmly continued his words.

“Every suggestions that came out until now.”

Suddenly, the students and the professors made aghast expressions.

Soul-less expressions.

Roan continued to talk without minding them.

“There is no right answer to this topic. However, there are countless and diverse answers that exist.”

He pointed at the students.

“The methods that everyone suggested are those answers.”

The silence went on.

“No way.....”

Some students murmured with quiet voices.

Soon, shouts mixed with annoyance echoed.

“All the suggestions we put out are the answers?”

“Are you saying there’s no correct answer?”

“Then, why would we even have this debate?”

“Did we just waste our time?”

Roan shook his head at those words.

He slowly moved his foot and stood in front of the desk.

From this point on was the story that Roan wanted to tell.

“Everyone. If you knew the future, did you feel like you could do anything, and accomplish anything? But when we actually debated, you should have realized that there’s a lot less that you can do than you first thought. Instead, you would also be scared. Because if you can’t respond correctly, you or the people important to you could die.”

The clamoring students closed their mouths.

They carefully listened to Roan’s story.

“Knowing the future; it’s not as difficult as you think. What’s the reason that everyone is studying hard for four years in the academy? To earn wealth? For power? Honor? In the end, it’s for the future. Smart friends and those who studied diligently should know. What kind of crops and minerals would become valuable, or perhaps where the kingdom’s current political power is and where it’s going. You should be able to predict and judge those things.”

Several students nodded their head.

Roan’s words continued.

“In the end, the only difference is how much certainty you have, and is not very different from knowing the future. I’ll ask everyone again. A year from now, the price of wheat will skyrocket. What will you do?”



The students didn't quickly answer and raised countless plans again and again.

Looking at the twinkling light in their eyes, Roan faintly smiled.

“What everyone is thinking of right now are the answers to preparing for the future. But that's not the everything.”

With a finger, he pointed toward his head.

“The world isn't inside the head. The world is.....”

The finger pointing at the head pointed towards the sky.

“Outside.”

A strength set in his voice.

“Don't just think, but personally act. You already have plenty of answers. Now, it is time.....”

A smile hanged in Roan's mouth.

“To prove the answer.”

With this, the lecture was over.

The story Roan wanted to tell the students.

That is to say that they should personally move, act, face, and experience.

There were many smart people.

If we included the people who think they are smart, that number goes up even more.

But in reality, there were only a few people who left their names in history.

‘If you simply think of walking and don’t actually walk.....’

Roan’s eyes flashed with light.

‘No footsteps will remain.’

Even if one failed and despaired, the footsteps he left behind would become a sign.

‘If you walk on and on, you’ll arrive at your goal.’

Just like that, Roan was tirelessly walking forward right now.

He wasn't simply thinking and planning, but actually walking.

He wished that the Tron Academy's students too would become people who diligently walked forward.

'I'm not sure if they understood my message.'

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

He wasn't sure about the students, but there were many things he got from the special lecture.

'Among the many methods the students suggested, there were quite a lot worth using.'

The bold and radical methods that most nobles would likely avoid.

Roan planned on refining them.

"Then with this, I'll end the special lecture."

He walked to the side of the desk and bowed.

The students still looked to be deep in thought.

At that sight, Roan faintly smiled.

At that moment.

“Sir Baron Tale.”

Among the students, a powerfully built young man stood up.

He was quite a handsome young man, but his face was filled with a tired expression.

“I’m Tron Academy’s knight school fourth year Brian Miles.”

Suddenly, a shocked look appeared on Roan’s face.

‘Brian Miles?’

A name he had forgotten until now.

But it was a name that one would have heard of at least once if one was a kingdom’s knight or a soldier.

At least, it was like that in the last life.

Especially to Roan who was Pierce’s friend, he was someone that left a strong impression.

He looked straight into Brian’s eyes.

‘Brian Miles.’

His heart rapidly beated.

‘The unfortunate genius.’

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Boom!

From deep in the mountains, an explosion suddenly sounded.

Kugugugung.

Giant trees fell down and a mountainside collapsed.

Keuheoheoheong.

And following that, a monster’s scream echoed.

Bang!

Again, an explosion rang out.

The monster's scream, as if it was a lie, wasn't heard anymore.

Instead.

“Oi! I told you to control your strength. Your mana handling is still rough!”

An angry roar loudly echoed.

And then.

“Master. That's not as easy as it sounds.”

A moody voice rang out.

Soon, the fallen tree was moved aside and a middle-aged man and a young man showed up.

Both of their hairs and beards were long.

The young man sat down on the tree and sighed.

“Huu.”

At that sight, the middle-aged man frowned.

“Why a sigh all of a sudden?”

A voice that was somehow humorous.

Puk!

Instead of an answer, the young man planted the spear in his right hand by his foot.

The middle-aged man snickered and glanced.

“Why? You want to go down?”

At those words, the young man once again sighed.

“Huu. It’s already been a year since we entered the Grain Mountains. Isn’t it about time we go back down?”

“And you’re satisfied with your skill?”

The middle-aged man threw out a question instead of an answer.

The young man wasn’t able to say anything.

The middle-aged man's words continued.

“Even if you go down now, you'll still have your name flaunted as one of the top spearman in the kingdom. But that's all. If Roan is acting with the continent as his stage, then you'll only be a so-so friend.”

Roan. The name Roan came out of the middle-aged man's mouth.

“I heard you made a promise Roan. That you'll become the continent's best spearman.”

The final blow.

The young man, who had his head down, suddenly stood up.

Grabbing the spear by his foot, he looked at the middle-aged man.

“Master. Let's go somewhere deeper.”

At those words, the middle aged man brightly smiled.

“That's it. Now you're acting like Pierce.”

Pierce.



The young man's identity was Pierce.

And the middle-aged man that was harshly driving that Pierce was Reil Baker, the man known as a genius of the spear.

For their spear training, the two had entered the Grain Mountains.

Thanks to that, they had completely no idea what was happening to the Rinse Kingdom and Roan.

They simply focused again and again on training.

Reil put his arm around Pierce and made a wild face.

“Then. Shall we go somewhere deeper?”

Pierce smiled bitterly at those words.

But his footsteps were already heading deep into the Grain Mountains.

‘Sir Adjutant Roan. Just a little longer, please wait just a little longer.’

His loyalty was the same.

No, his loyalty became deeper as the time he spent away became longer.

Soon, Pierce and Reil disappeared.

Boom!

Once again, an explosion rang out.

And.

“Hey! I told you to control your strength!”

Reil’s voice followed.

# Chapter 111: Tron Academy (3)

---

The greatest spearman of the continent.

The greatest genius of the continent.

There were many nicknames attributed to Pierce.

But before Pierce, there was a swordsman that held the nickname as a genius.

His name was Brian Miles.

As the firstborn of Viscount Miles's house, Brian showed exceptional talent in swordsmanship and achieved the level of an elementary swordsman before he attended the academy.

For Brian, who may become the kingdom's first swordmaster, the Rinse royalty provided advanced swordsmanship and mana techniques, as well as various herbs known to increase the understanding of mana.

Possibly thanks to this total support, Brian achieved the pinnacle of swordsmanship within the first year of Tron Academy.

The expectations, that the Rinse Kingdom's first swordmaster may be born at this rate, bubbled.

But.

‘He stopped just there.’

Roan made a short sigh.

The reason Brian was called the unfortunate genius.

For some reason, Brian’s growth stopped in his second year at the academy.

Although achieving the pinnacle of swordsmanship at the age of seventeen was an amazing achievement, to Brian who looked towards a greater height, the inexplicable halt in his growth was a torment.

‘Little by little, he slowly crumbled and.....’

Ultimately with the appearance of Pierce, another genius, no, a genius on a different level, he completely collapsed.

In the end, the genius who received the Kingdom’s expectations to become the first swordmaster ended his own life at the young age of twenty eight.

‘Is it the second year after the halt?’

Roan looked at Brian.

A face full of fatigue.

‘It seems he’s already began to burn out.’

He needlessly felt pity for him.

Then.

“Thank you for the special lecture. It was an interesting topic. But doesn’t Sir Baron Tale’s real worth lie as a warrior who commands battlefields? I heard that your spearmanship is incredible.”

“The rumors tend to be exaggerated.”

Roan smiled.

Still with a weary look, Brian spoke.

“Please have a duel with me.”

He deeply bowed from his waist.

A very polite and respectful attitude.

And to Roan who knew his future, he felt some desperation from that sight.

‘He’s probably looking for a breakthrough.’

Roan deeply inhaled.

‘Perhaps, this duel could help him.’

An event that happened to neither Roan nor Brian in the last life.

“Sure. Let’s have a duel.”

Soon as he finished his words, Brian raised his head.

A crack appeared in his worn-out expression.

Although very slightly, his joy could be felt.

On the side, several students pumped their fists in delight.

They were the brats who ridiculed Roan when he had first entered the Tron Academy.

‘It’s the work of those brats.’

A bitter smile formed.

‘Most likely, they babbled something about possibly feeling something if he fought with a warrior who fought in real battles.’

And Brian likely agreed feeling like grabbing at straws.

But either way, it was true that he himself wanted to help Brian.

If this event went well, the Rinse Kingdom’s first swordmaster may be born.

‘He could be a good rival for Pierce too.’

For course, he would have like to keep him by his side and use him if there was a chance.

“Wow! This is big!”

“A duel between the expedition’s hero, Sir Baron Roan Tale, and our academy’s best swordsman, Brian!”

“Who do you think will win?”

“Even if Sir Baron Tale has incredible spearmanship, Brian’s mana control should be much better.”

“Eey. It’s a duel, a duel. Use of mana isn’t allowed in a duel. They will be fighting purely with swordsmanship and spearmanship.”

The students became greatly excited at the suddenly decided duel.

Without minding the reactions around him, Brian walked towards the stage.

“Brian! Brian!”

The students chanted Brian’s name.

“This is completely unexpected.”

Principle Fred Brown, who was watching the events from the side, made a difficult expression.

Soon, he turned his head toward Professor Rambel Valley from the knight school.

“Professor Valley. Please prepare the duel.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Rambel quickly nodded his head and stood up.



Quickly, he sent several students to training field's shed to bring the weapons and armors for training.

The table on top of the stage was moved aside and an arena was soon prepared.

The academy's professors, including Fred, made a peculiar expression.

'I should be able to see those rumored skills.'

'If Brian can take a complete victory, he could pull back the interests that were waning until now.'

All the while, Roan and Brian stared at each other on top of the stage.

"Thank you for accepting the duel."

Brian deeply lowered his head.

Roan faintly smiled as he shook his head.

"It will be a good lesson for me as well."

A meeting between the young geniuses that will lead the Rinse

Kingdom.

Just that made this duel worthy enough.

Amongst several wooden swords, Brian picked one up.

“Sir Baron Tale.”

“Yes. What is it?”

Roan, who likewise was choosing a wooden pole, looked at Brian.

“Since we will be having a duel, why don’t we have a real duel?”

“Hhm.”

Roan slightly frowned.

There was a big difference between a regular duel and a real duel.

If a regular duel was like training where the two compared their skills and matched their moves, a real duel was more like a fight that always ends with a clear winner and loser.

The only difference simply being the use of edgeless weapons, it was a duel where one’s life could be in danger with a small mistake.

“Is that truly necessary?”

Brian awkwardly smiled at those words and replied.

“I want to feel the true spearmanship as it is. The spearmanship.....”

A strength went into the light in his eyes.

“That Sir Baron Tale used on top of the battlefields.”

A polite yet desperate voice.

In truth, Brian had already dueled with countless knights.

But even so, his growth remained stalled, and he felt an unknown need.

A thirst like a burning throat.

‘If I fight against skills from real fights, wouldn’t something be different?’

There was such an expectation.

Because of that, he requested a duel to Roan despite knowing that his juniors' temptations were simply immature.

Brian stared straight into Roan's two eyes.

Feeling that stare, Roan exhaled a short sigh.

'It seems he is quite frustrated.'

He slowly nodded his head.

"Sure. Let's have a real duel."

"Thank you very much."

Brian lowered his head once again.

Swinging a wooden sword around, he stretched his body.

On the other hand, Roan, who had been choosing a wooden pole, walked up to the leather armors.

"Un? Armor?"

"Is he actually going to wear armor when they are having a duel?"

“Is he perhaps afraid of getting hit by a wooden sword?”

The students clamored.

That was the same for the professors.

Most of all, the knight school professors squinted their foreheads and criticized.

“Armor despite having a duel. This is a first.”

“Yes. Sir Baron Tale isn’t being manly at all. To wear armor in a duel with a student.”

“That’s not chivalry. As expected of someone from a common soldier background.”

Principle Fred Brown, who was quietly listening, shook his head.

“It’s a real duel. It isn’t a problem whether he wears armor or not.”

“But, but there’s no knight who actually does that.”

The knight school professor shouted in protest.

Fred shook his head.

Somehow, a sigh leaked out.

‘Huu. Those knights’ empty rituals..... cht. They’re people who’ll search for courtesy even when life is in danger.’

Fred, who originally was from a civil official background, became speechless at the knights’ stubbornness and useless courtesy.

All the while, the clamor slowly became louder.

But without minding it, Roan scrupulously put on the leather armor.

Not only that, Roan didn’t forget about leather gauntlets and helmet and put them on.

‘It’s looser than I thought.’

After swinging his wooden pole several times, Roan once again tied the armor’s strings.

Lightly jumping and bowing his back, he carefully checked if there was anything uncomfortable.

“Are you wearing leather armor in a duel?”

Roan smiled at Brian's words.

"Because it's a real duel."

Tapping his leather armor, he continued his words.

"In real fight, protection is a must."

"Hmm."

Brian quietly sighed.

For him who received the knight school's teachings, it was something hard to understand.

'Doesn't he feel that it's cowardly and dishonorable?'

The traditional thought pattern of knights.

At such Brian, Roan inwardly shook his head.

'This era's knights, especially the students, were focused on useless and empty rituals and looks.'

A real duel was the same as a real fight.

Not properly wearing protection in a situation where life could come and go was reckless.

‘Pierce and Brian’s difference. Perhaps that was the difference between experience in real fight and one’s mindset.’

Pierce began as a common soldier running on the battlefields and fought on the frontlines and raised merits even after becoming Reil Baker’s student.

On the other hand, Brian entered the academy and received training in swordsmanship and trained as a royal knight after graduating.

‘If my guess is right.....’

A faint smile hung on Roan’s mouth.

‘I should show exactly what a real fight is like.’

He planned to change that mindset immersed in empty rituals.

After a short bow, Roan and Brian took their distance.

The wooden pole and sword pointed at each other.



The preparation for the duel was finished.

“Ready!”

Rambel raised his right hand.

Suddenly, the light in Roan’s eyes changed.

Within the calm eyes, a fire sparked.

At the same time, a breathtaking pressure exuded from his entire body.

That was a chill and a killing intent that brought a razor-edged blade to mind.

‘Hph!’

Rambel, who was about to announce the duel’s start, nervously swallowed.

The hairs on his body stood up and a cold sweat ran down.

But comparably, his situation was better.

Brian, who was facing Roan, momentarily couldn’t breath.

‘Mana? No. This is aura.’

This kind of experience was a first.

‘Is this what a real warrior who walks the battlefields look like?’

His eyes sharply trembled.

On the other hand, the professors and the students away from the stage didn’t notice the change.

The ones who could feel Roan’s breathtaking killing intent and pressure were only Brian and Rambel.

Gulp.

Brian swallowed with his dry mouth.

Somehow, his heart thumped.

‘This. This is what I wanted.’

Strength went into the hand holding the wooden sword.

A strange silence continued.

But the students who didn't know what was happening on the stage tilted their heads and complained.

“What? Why aren't they starting?”

“What happened?”

“What's going on?”

The clamor slowly became louder.

Only then, Rambel took hold of himself a step late and roared.

“Begin!”

At the same time, he escaped to a corner of the stage.

Even he, who was the knight school's professor, had hard time taking on Roan's pressure.

‘He's like someone who has only been on battlefields for decades.’

It just wasn't a pressure that matched Roan's age.

At that moment, the students' cheers exploded.

“Waaaaa!”

They became feverishly excited when the duel began.

Feeling the heat from the students, Brian slightly bent his knees.

“‘I’ll attack fir…….’

He aimed for the first strike.

But the one who moved first was Roan.

Tat!

Roan kicked the floor and threw his body toward Brian.

The tip of the pole sharply shook and cut the space.

Brian quickly moved outside of the pole’s range.

‘Good.’

In that brief moment he relaxed.

The length of Roan's pole suddenly extended.

In that short moment, he had kicked the ground once again.

‘Hph!’

Swallowing empty air, Brian twisted his body.

Pat!

The tip of the pole scratched his side and passed.

‘Certainly, there's no waste.’

With a single strike, Brian realized that Roan's spearmanship was extremely efficient.

‘Is this the real spearmanship? Then I'lll.....’

Rubbing his foot against the ground, he turned his body.

The tip of the sword cut through the space and danced.

‘This is the royalty and nobles' advanced swordsmanship!’

It was the strongest swordsmanship made from the core and the quintessence of the kingdom's best swordsmanship.

To create this, the royal knights as well as all the powerful warriors and scholars gathered their strengths together.

Pat!

The sword dizzily moved and drew a complex path.

‘Hmm.’

At the sight of the sword that looked like it would immediately break his entire body, Roan clenched his teeth.

Zing.

Kalian's Tears activated.

Suddenly, the movement of Brian's sword as well as the entire world slowed down.

‘It's certainly a fancy swordsmanship.’

Looking at the sword's trajectory that seemed like there was nowhere to run from, Roan clicked his tongue.

Quickly, he swung his pole and stabbed into the node of the sword's trajectory.

Tung!

With a clean sound of impact, the sword bounced off.

‘Heavy.’

Roan was shocked at the heavy weight that was felt along with the impact.

Brian's sword wasn't simply fancy.

‘It seems he wasn't called a genius for nothing.’

Roan too would have had a hard time winning without the Kalian's Tears.

On the other hand, Brian was greatly surprised as well.

‘He cut the sword's movement with a single strike?’

He pushed exactly into the link between his sword movements.

This had never happened even once before.

‘The rumors were actually lacking.’

Biting his lips, Brian twisted his shoulder.

The sword that bounced off, twisted once and headed toward Roan once again.

Tang! Tudung! Tung! Tung!

Along with the sound of impact, a fierce battle ensued.

Actively using Kalian’s Tears, Roan easily blocked Brian’s ferocious attacks.

Perhaps because of that, Brian’s movement became more and more aggressive.

No, to be exact, he became more excited.

Even though he attacked from whichever direction, whatever technique, and with varying strength, Roan blocked them with unbelievable ease.

Thanks to that, he could bring out all the swordsmanship and techniques he knew as much as he wanted.



‘This is a first.’

Until now, all the duels couldn’t pass fifty bouts.

Within fifty bouts, either his opponent or he himself lost.

Thanks to that, he didn’t have any memory of swinging the sword as much as he wished.

But now, it was different.

‘If it’s now, I think I can bring out everything I know.’

He naturally became exhilarated.

Forgetting that this was a real duel, he purely focused his mind on the tip of his sword.

Ssk!

As his focus reached the peak, his mana unknowingly flew down the sword.

Pat!

A bluish mana faintly shined along the edge.

‘Hm!’

Roan, who had been easily bouncing off the sword, frowned at the sudden change.

He tried to step back and push away, but Brian furiously attacked instead.

‘Can’t be helped.’

Shaking his head inwardly, Roan used the Flamdor mana technique.

From the mana hole, a calm and powerful strength flew out.

Pat!

Along the pole, a clear light of mana took place.

Tang! Tadang! Tang!

Even the sounds of the impact changed.

A sharp sound hit his ears.

‘Kuuk!’

Roan clenched his teeth.

A stinging feeling on his hands.

As Brian began to actively use mana, it became hard to take him on.

Certainly, if they only compared their mastery of mana techniques, Brian was a step or two ahead.

‘But even so, I can’t simply back off like this.’

Roan poured mana into the Kalian’s Tears.

Suddenly.

Pat!

The entire world was colored in a golden light.

‘Hm. So that’s how he’s using the mana.’

Looking at the mana swirling in Brian’s body and the sword, Roan smiled.

Just by understanding the flow of mana, he could predict when and how Brian's attack will come.

‘Un?’

At that moment, Roan's eyes caught a strange flow.

The mana that was smoothly flowing in Brian's body momentarily twitched and bounced off everywhere as if it hit a wall.

The bounced off mana soon collected together as one, and followed the mana road down the sword.

‘What?’

An extremely short moment.

It suddenly and momentarily happened.

Without Kalian's Tears, he wouldn't have been able to notice.

Then.

Pat!

The sword passed by his ears.

But Roan, to whom the entire world's movement felt slow enough to yawn, easily dodged.

“Uak!”

“Did you see that?”

“I thought his head was going to break apart from the sword!”

The students, who were watching, shouted out in surprise.

This was the same for the professors.

“Did he use mana just now?”

“To use mana in a duel! It's too dangerous.”

The ruckus was loud.

But on the other hand, Fred was calm.

‘Did I ever see Brian be that passionate?’

He didn't.

Especially recently, Brian always looked tired.

‘For now, let’s wait and see.’

Fred shook his hand toward the professors to calm them down.

“If the situation becomes dangerous, let’s step in at that moment.”

At those words, the professors tried to mumble and say something, but soon nodded.

All the while, Roan and Brian’s fight become even more fierce.

And as it went on, Brian’s focus reached its height.

Now in his eyes, even Roan wasn’t seen.

The only thing that was seen was the end of his sword.

‘Just a bit more! Just a bit more!’

If this went on just a little bit more, he felt that he could break through his stagnation.

Below the extremely high concentration, a sweet expectation slowly arose.

That was the problem.

The desire took hold of Brian's concentration and shook it.

‘Just a bit more!!!!!!’

In that one moment, Brian's movement changed.

The fierce yet stable movement changed to a raw madness.

The one who realized this change first was Roan.

‘His emotion quivered!’

Blocking the attacks that fell like a storm, Roan stepped back.

The mana inside Brian's body jumped as if insane.

‘If this goes on, his mana will overflow!’

Becoming crippled was certain, and he could lose even his life if not careful.

Roan put strength into his hands holding the pole.

But he couldn't carelessly attack.

'Killing him would be much easier, but.....'

Suppressing him was a problem.

At that moment.

'Un? Again?'

The mana inside Brian once again bounced off everywhere as if it was blocked.

'It's an extremely short instance, but Brian's movements become unnatural whenever the mana bounced off.'

Bouncing off the attacks that rained down, Roan raised his focus.

Waiting for the moment the mana inside Brian bounced off.

Thankfully, once Brian lost his consciousness and rioted, that instance became more common.

Tung!



Once again, the mana inside Brian bounced out.

‘Now!’

Dizzily moving his two feet, Roan twisted his pole.

Pat!

Cutting through the space, the pole’s tip hit Brian’s chest.

Truly a lightning-like attack.

Brian, who was in middle of an attack, couldn’t dodge or block.

Puck!

“Kuuk!”

Lowering his left shoulder, Brian felt pain.

Roan turned his body just like that and swung his pole.

Puck!

The pole powerfully hit Brian's left side.

“Kuk!”

Grabbing his side, Brian stepped back.

But the light in his eyes was still ferocious, and the mana inside his body, as expected, was jumping as if insane.

‘Just a bit, just a bit more!!!!’

While exuding a mad aura, Brian charged towards Roan.

‘Poor kid.’

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

From Brian, he could feel the incredible pressure and weight a genius must carry.

‘He must've been desperate to live up to the others' expectations.’

That desperation must have led to this rampage.

Roan squinted his eyes at the sword that was cutting through the air and about to halve his face.

Ssk.

Brian's sword almost touched Roan's nose and closely passed by.

A perfect calculation of distance.

Ptt!

But even though it didn't touch, the nose was cut and the blood flew.

It was because of the mana.

“Uuhuk!”

“Uwah!”

Cries exploded amongst the students.

Roan slightly squinted his eyes, but didn't pause or hesitate.

Tat!

Stomping down on the sword that slid down, he jumped toward Brian's chest.

“Un?”

“Eh?”

“A spearman attempting close combat?”

The students as well as the professors had confused expressions.

On the other hand, Roan’s expression was clam.

He pushed his body below Brian’s right arm.

Spt!

As if swinging around a tree, Roan turned to Brian’s back.

At the same time, he wrapped Brian’s arm and neck with his right arm and grabbed his right shoulder with his left arm.

A perfect choke.

“Kuhuk.”

Suffocated, Brian made a painful gasp.

He struggled to push Roan off, but Roan moved closer instead.

‘This is the choke hold of the Reid battle technique.’

Roan poured mana into his two arms.

The muscles expanded tautly.

In the end, Brian couldn't take it despite struggling and fell on his back.

“Kuhuk. Kuk!”

Brian drooled as his eyes flipped.

Word for word the very moment before fainting.

All the strength in his body went out.

“Huu.”

Only then did Roan let go of his choke hold.

“Keek! Keek!”

Brian breathed roughly as he coughed.

Roan stood up from the stop and fixed the loose armor.

Of course, his eyes were on Brian.

‘For now, the mana is just about stable..... un?’

When he thought up to that point.

Brian’s mana that was calming down bounced off here and there within his body, and once again began to boil.

“Kuluk!”

Coughing deeply once more, Brian stood up.

His lips shined with a bloody light.

“It’s not over yet.”

He spoke with a common tone, but madness could be felt.

Brian was still on a rampage.

‘What a pain.’

Roan creased his forehead.

At that moment.

Ssun!

Brian gathered all of the mana inside his body.

Zzk.

The wooden sword couldn't hold on and cracks appeared here and there.

“Uuaaaahh!”

With a horrible shriek, Brian kicked the ground.

He planned to put his all into this final strike.

It certainly wasn't a good plan.

‘He'll be crippled if this goes on!’

Roan quickly took up his wooden pole.

He observed the stream of mana inside Brian running toward

him.

‘Just once more! Let the stream stop just once more!’

There was only one way to stop the rampage.

Stabbing in his own mana the very moment when Brian’s mana momentarily bounce out.

If not careful, Brian’s entire mana could be lost, but it was better than becoming crippled or dead.

‘Just once, just once.’

Holding the pole, Roan squinted at the stream of mana inside Brian’s body.

By then, Brian was already right in front of him.

If not careful, his head could be broken apart by a wooden sword full of mana.

Gulp.

Dry spit was swallowed naturally and a cold sweat ran down his forehead.



‘Should I dodge?’

A critical moment.

Then.

Tung.

The mana inside Brian bounced out in every direction.

Flinch.

Brian himself didn’t notice, but the tip of his sword faintly shook.

‘Now!’

Stepping forward with his left foot, Roan quickly lunged with his pole.

Boom!

Straight on.

With a blast, the left foot crashed into the stage.

The wooden pole cut and flew through space and hit the tip of Brian's wooden sword.

BOOM!

A blast rang out once again.

Brian's wooden sword exploded out everywhere.

Because the mana's stream was momentarily cut off, it couldn't take on Roan's attack.

Just like that, Roan pushed the pole forward.

Puk!

The tip of the pole stabbed Brian's stomach.

At the same time, a string of mana entered his body.

Paat!

Roan's mana tore through Brian's mana road.

Thanks to that, Brian's mana that momentarily blasted out couldn't clump again and returned to the mana hole.

“Kuhuk!”

Grabbing at his chest, Brian fell down just like that.

Kung.

A kneeling posture.

“Kuluk! Kuk.”

He threw up several dry coughs.

Putting away the pole, Roan looked inside of Brian’s body.

‘Huh. Thankfully, it seems to have calmed down.’

He leaked a sigh of relief.

Roan’s mana that tore through Brian’s body was also naturally dissipating.

Puk!

Roan planted the wooden pole next to his foot.

“Kuluk!”

Brian, who was continuing to cough, turned to Roan with a troubled face.

The madness that had filled his face was completely gone.

“I, I’m sorry.”

Brian knew well what he had done.

He quickly lowered his head.

Looking at that sight, Roan made a faint smile.

“Student Miles. I think.....”

A gentle voice.

“You shouldn’t use that mana technique.”

He couldn’t be sure, but Brian’s stagnation in his growth was probably due to that damned mana technique that the kingdom’s geniuses made.

‘The mana inside his body didn’t flow naturally and was bouncing off bit by bit. It definitely isn’t something natural.’

Because they inputted this and that and everything known to be good, it resulted in an unexpected problem.

“And.....”

Roan tapped his armor.

“Next time, please wear an armor. The basics are always important.”

Exhaling a long sigh, he stepped back.

Somehow, he didn't feel quite satisfied.

‘I feel like I helped him, but why do I feel iffy?’

He shook his head and looked toward the students.

The students were shocked half out of their minds at Roan's win.

That was the same for the professors.

The breathless silence continued.

In the end, Roan awkwardly smiled and open his mouth.

“The duel is over.”

Only then, quiet exclamations sounded here and there.

“Ah!”

“Woaaah.....”

The exclamations soon turned to cheers.

“Woaaaahh!”

“Amazing!”

“What, what was that last move?”

“What about that choke from before!”

The sound of claps poured down.

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

“Roan! Roan!”

Roan cheerfully smiled and waved his hand.

‘Is it finally over.....’

The day felt too long.

Roan lightly bowed toward Rambel, who was standing off at the edge of the stage, and moved his feet.

eet.

Then.

“Sir, Sir Baron Tale!”

He heard Brian’s voice.

Roan simply stood at the end of the stage and turned his head to look at him.

Brian was still kneeling.

His face somehow looked relieved yet empty.

“I have a request.”

A powerful voice.

At the same time, it was a desperate voice.

Brian planted his two hands on the floor.

He looked straight into Roan's two eyes and continued his words.

“Please take me with you!”



# Chapter 112: Tron Academy (4)

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Confusion.

That was the first thing Roan felt.

No, to be exact, that was the first thing everyone in the training field felt.

“Just now, what did you.....”

Before Roan could even finish his words.

“Please take me with you. I want to learn more by your side.”

Brian shouted at the top of his lungs.

He didn't care about the gazes from the academy's professors as well as his classmates and juniors.

‘I'm not embarrassed at all.’

Brian was sincere.

He was certain.

That he must follow Roan to escape the stagnation in his growth.

On the other hand, Roan was simply confused.

‘I do want to keep him by my side and use him, but.....’

He definitely didn’t expect that Brian would approach him like this.

Roan awkwardly smiled and shook his hand.

“Even if you say something like that right now.....”

When he spoke that far.

“Since he’s that desperate, why don’t you just take him?”

A sharp voice was heard.

Roan, as well as everyone else’s gazes, turned and searched for the owner of the voice.

‘Princess Katy Rinse.’

The owner of the voice was Katy.

With her arms crossed, she had on a strange smile.

“You might not know much about things in the capital, but Brian is a genius amongst geniuses that the entire kingdom is paying attention to.”

“Yes, I know.”

Roan lightly answered back.

With an expression that seemed to ask what the problem was, Katy continued to talk.

“Then what’s the worry? The kingdom’s best genius is even kneeling and asking you to take him. Just take him with you.”

At those words, Roan replied in a calm and composed voice.

“Brian Miles is still a student. For now, he must graduate from the academy first. Then.....’

His line of sight turned toward Brian.

“As princess said, the student Brian Miles is a genius that the entire kingdom is looking at. From the standpoint of the royal family, they wouldn’t look kindly upon such a genius going to a rural barony instead of the royal knight order.”

Several students and the professors nodded.

Particularly, some knight school professors strongly concurred.

‘A mere barony is absolutely out of the question!’

The amount of resources and interest that the royal family has poured into Brian was colossal.

And it was difficult to imagine him going to the Tale Barony, where its owner had just become a noble, instead of the royal knight order.

At that moment.

“Sir Baron Tale!”

He heard Brian’s voice.

He spoke with a desperate voice.

“If you leave me here just like this, I may just die.”

A threat.

No, the voice was too desperate to call it a threat.

Brian thought that this was the last chance.

With blood-boiling feeling in his heart, he continued to speak.

“It has been two years since I stopped growing for an inexplicable reason. I trained and trained while even cutting down on sleep, but there wasn’t a single bit of growth. I’m slowly falling apart. If this went on for just a bit longer, I may even take my own life. But.....’

He stared straight into Roan’s two eyes.

“In today’s real duel with Sir Baron Tale, I saw some unknown possibility.”

The light in his eyes was blazingly hot.

Roan calmly looked back at that gaze.

As if throwing up a ball of fire, Brian desperately shouted.

“Please consider it as saving a person’s life and take me with you!”

A strange silence fell down.

‘I knew Brian was worried, but to think he was this worried.’

‘Right. He did become more and more lifeless as his seniority went up.’

‘Certainly, he was bright and full of confidence in his first year.’

The students imagined Brian’s former self.

Everyone’s faces became dark.

In truth, Brian who was the kingdom’s pride, the capital’s pride, and the academy’s pride, was in fact on the edge between life and death.

Everyone’s eyes turned toward Roan.

Roan gently stared at Brian.

‘If I don’t grab his hand here.....’

Most likely, he will feel even greater despair and disappointment.

Unlike in the last life where he lived until twenty-eight, he might choose the terrible choice even earlier than before.

‘I guess..... I can’t say something like wait until graduation first.’

It became hard to ignore the sincere and desperate look in his eyes any longer.

At that moment.

“Sir Baron! Please take Brian with you!”

“If you take Brian with you, we will definitely pay back your kindness.”

“Please!”

Several students suddenly stood up and shouted.

“You guys.....”

Brian’s expression was a bit surprised.

The ones lowering their heads toward Roan were Brian’s classmates in the knight school.

They were the friends he was close with in his first year when everything was well, but slowly became far apart as his stagnation began.

The students’ faces were just as sincere as Brian.

‘Brian is our pride.’

‘I have watched and know how hard he worked.’

‘Brian always swung his sword without missing a single day.’

For Brian, their classmate and friend, they lowered their heads.

At the same time, Roan, who had completely dominated and won against Brian who was called the kingdom’s greatest genius, felt an unknown awe.

“We beg you as well.”

“Please take Brian with you!”

Soon, voices that sympathized with Brian sounded off from here and there.

Instantaneously, the training field was in an uproar.

With a curious look, Katy looked at Roan.

‘Baron Roan Tale. Now what will you do?’

Her large eyes were saying this.



Feeling that gaze, Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘Is this also fate.....’

His heart beated at the shouts that poured down.

‘Pierce and Brian, and Harrison and Chris too.....’

Somehow, he managed to have the kingdom’s greatest geniuses as his subordinates.

Roan moved his feet towards Brian.

“We beg.....”

“Please take.....’

Instantly, the students who had been loudly shouting all closed their mouth.

“Student Brian Miles. No, Brian.”

Roan extended his right hand.

“The moment you grab this hand, we will go together.”

Instantly, Brian's expression brightened.

But on the other hand, Roan's voice became composed.

"It won't be an easy path. Think about it thoroughly before....."

When he spoke up to that point.

Brian immediately grabbed Roan's hand.

Smiling brightly, he stood up.

"I don't need to think about it. I am already your subject."

Brian trusted his judgment and decision.

There wasn't a speck of doubt in his eyes.

Seeing that sight, Roan made a faint smile. (t/n: seriously, what's up with all these bitter and faint smiles?)

Then.

"Waaaah!"

“Thank you very much! Sir Baron Tale!”

Cheers poured out.

“Brian. You definitely have to become a sword master!”

“I’ll cheer for you!”

The students’ cheers continued.

Katy, who had been watching from the side, also clapped and came up onto the stage.

“Congratulations.”

He wasn’t sure who she was congratulating.

A strange light glowed in her eyes.

That light was a mix of curiosity, goodwill, childishness, and playfulness.

“I want to prepare a place as a congratulation, so..... what do you think?”

A treat to a meal out of the blue.

Roan replied with a difficult expression.

“I already have an appointment with Principal Fred Brown.”

At those words, Katy immediately looked at Fred.

“Principal! You can come with us too. Would that be fine?”

A childish look.

Fred cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

“If Baron Tale is fine with that, then I’m content.”

At those words, Katy looked again at Roan.

‘Just like the prince said, she’s a complete tomboy.’

Inwardly making a bitter smile, Roan lowered his head.

“I will follow princess’ words.”

“Good!”

Katy clenched her fist and was delighted.

“There’s a restaurant on Sears Street that makes unbelievable steaks. Let’s go there.”

She looked rather elated.

Roan and Brian glanced at each other and then followed Katy down the stage.

The students were still cheering.

‘Brian’s popularity is quite amazing.’

Roan marveled as he looked around the training field.

Of course, there were those among the students who complained with dissatisfied and displeased expressions.

Roan didn’t want to especially pay them any attention.

‘They will fall on their own.’

The era that was coming was a one when people’s true colors and abilities were important.

The ones who discriminated and flattered people based on

standing, money, and political power will die out by themselves.

‘Of course, there will be those who persistently hold on, but.....’

He planned on personally cutting them down.

At that moment, Ian walked up from between the students.

“Princess. May I come as well?”

A bold request.

While Roan looked with a surprised expression, Katy brightly smiled instead and pinched Ian’s left cheek.

“Sure. Since our cute Ian wants to go, of course we’ll take you along.”

A shocking sight.

Roan’s two eyes became round.

‘The genius strategist and administrator of the future, Ian Phillips, is getting his cheek pinched!’

It was a sight that was simply impossible to imagine.

‘Were Ian and Princess Katy originally close friends?’

He thoroughly searched his memories from last life, but nothing that was related came up.

‘Princess Katy only had Pierce.’

Also, Ian didn’t marry and lived alone until he died.

“Princess. I’m now a student of the academy too. Please don’t treat me like a kid so much.”

Ian complained with a slightly annoyed but cute expression.

That sight was also a shock.

‘But he always showed a sharp and serious face even though he is young.’

Without a doubt, he now looked like an ordinary kid.

Furthermore, the difference between Katy and Ian’s age was merely two years.

It was not like there was a big difference in their age.

Katy spoke as she brushed Ian's head.

“Ian. You'll always be a little kid to me. From that moment ten years ago when you got lost in the palace library and cried.”

“I was only six at that time. And I wasn't the only one crying back then. Back then, princess definitely.....”

“Sshhh! Stop right there.”

Katy's eyes wandered off as she shook her head.

Swallowing the words on the tip of his tongue, Ian smacked his lip as if disappointed.

Roan, who had been watching all along, chuckled.

‘So they knew each other ever since they were really young. Now that I see them like this, they look like siblings.’

This kind of experience was fascinating to Roan too.

Since these were things he couldn't possibly have, see, or hear about in the last life.

At that moment.



‘Hm?’

Roan’s gaze that was staring at Katy and Ian trembled a little.

‘Princess Aily.’

He could see Aily, who quietly stood up amongst the group of students and was walking away.

Roan unconsciously became frantic.

“Princess Katy.”

“Un?”

Katy, who was playfully frolicking with Ian, looked at Roan.

Roan made a short bow.

“May I invite another person?”

“Who? I’m fine. I like it when things are loud.”

“Then. Just a moment.....”

Roan faintly smiled and moved his feet.

Katy and several people's eyes chased Roan's back.

With slightly hurried steps, Roan walked toward Aily.

“Princess Aily.”

A softly calling voice.

Aily, who was just about to leave the training field, hesitated and then turned around.

“Sir Baron Tale.”

Smiling shyly, Aily slightly lowered her head.

Certainly, the way she interacted with people was different than Katy.

“Thank you very much for the lecture.”

Aily's cheeks blushed red.

Roan brightly smiled and nodded.

“I'm glad you liked my lecture. By the way, um, princess.....”

“Yes?”

“If you perhaps have time, would you please come eat with us?”

A sudden request.

‘What am I doing?’

Roan himself was surprised at what he did.

He awkwardly smiled and looked behind him.

Aily’s gaze naturally followed behind.

Wearing a peculiar expressions, Katy, Fred, and Ian stood there.

‘The person he wanted to invite to the meal is Aily-sis?’

Katy’s expression was slightly surprised.

But she soon shook her head.

‘If it’s Aily-sis’s personality, she’ll immediately reject.....’

When she had thought up to that point.

Aily, who everyone was watching, faintly smiled and nodded.

“Sure. Let’s go.”

At those words, everyone’s expressions besides Roan’s was surprised.

It was completely unexpected to think that Aily, whose rumor as a shadow princess was well know, would accept a sudden invitation to a meal.

On the other hand, Roan was simply happy and satisfied with this situation.

He quietly stared into Aily’s two eyes and smiled.

‘Thank you very much.’

Such words hung at the tip of his tongue.

For some reason, he wanted to save his words.

It was difficult to say even a single word.

But he was sure of at least one thing.

‘Princess is also happy.’

Aily’s two eyes conveyed those words.

‘I’m glad I did the special lecture.’

Between his last life and the current life, he felt that this was the best decision he made amongst many.

‘The weather is really nice today.’

Roan stared up at the sky for no reason.

\*\*\*\*\*

A windowless office lit by a single candle.

“Those guys again?”

An enraged voice echoed through the space.

The owner of the voice was a middle-aged man with neat brown hair and round glasses.

Behind the glasses, his eyes shone with a sharp light.

“Yes. It seems they’re now putting their hands on the palace as well.”

The young man on the other side of the middle-aged man lowered his head.

His face was filled with restlessness.

It was because he only reported bad news these days.

As expected, the glasses man slammed down on the desk.

Boom!

“Since they are hillbilly bumpkins, they just don’t seem to know about the situation in Miller at all. Even we are simply taking a lick.”

“They are definitely insane brats.”

The young man immediately chimed in.

Suddenly, the light in the glasses man’s eyes turned cold.

Every time the candle’s flame quivered, his shadow repeatedly expanded and shrank.

Gulp.

The young man quickly closed his mouth and nervously gulped.

It felt as if his breath was smothered.

With the tip of his finger, the glasses man tapped on the desk.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The steady sound thoroughly filled the office.

Taap!

The finger finally stopped.

The glasses man scratched the desk with the tip of his finger as he stared sharply at the young man.

“Baba.”

“Yes, yes!”

The young man, Baba, stood up straight and loudly answered.

The glasses man squinted an eye and continued his words.

“Are you just going to watch and let those insane bastards continue to run around?”

“N, no sir.”

Baba quickly shook his head.

The glasses man’s face slowly turned hard.

“The capital region around Miller Castle is our, Janis information agency’s, turf. It’s not where some country bumpkins from the kingdom’s East can run around. You got that?”

“Yes, yes sir. Understood. I’ll send the kids and teach them a lesson.”

The glasses man’s face twisted at Baba’s words.

“You idiot! Do you want to start a war with a noble?”

“The, then?”

Baba asked back with a helpless expression.

The glasses man exhaled a short sigh.



“Huu. There are a lot of powerful guests who received our help. There are guests who are still receiving our help too. Just why do you think we’ve been providing those guests information and looking after them? It’s all to receive some help in times like this. Ok? Understood?”

“Yes, yes sir. Understood.”

Only then did Baba finally understood the glasses man’s words and plan.

The glasses man’s rage calmed down a bit only after seeing Baba’s expression.

“Good. Then I’ll leave the work to you this time, Baba. Carefully clean it up.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Baba replied with a seriously nervous face.

Within his head, many people’s faces passed by.

The glasses man waved his hand at that Baba.

Telling him to now leave.

Baba said a short goodbye and soon exited the office.

The glasses man, who was left alone in the dark and small office, licked his dried lips and made a strange smile.

“Was the name Baron Roan Tale.....”

The tip of his mouth and eyes slightly trembled.

“The one who just became a noble shouldn’t act too greedy.”

A murderous light reflected in his eyes.

“Even on this floor, there’s something called pecking order.”

\*\*\*\*\*

A strange mood settled on the dinner table that Katy prepared.

Roan, who could be called the main character of the dinner, was busy talking with Ian, Fred, and Brian.

“Are you really going to build an academy and a library?”

“Yes. If there’s room in the funds, I also wish to make several

smaller educational structures as well.”

“That’s quite an amazing plan.”

“But it won’t be easy.”

Katy attempted to enter the conversation several times but didn’t feel like it.

‘Boring. It’s not fun either.’

Things like academies, libraries, or administering branches weren’t fun and were hard to understand.

In the end, she turned her gaze toward Aily, who was on the other side of the table and was quietly focusing on her food.

‘Why did that sis agree to the invitation if she wasn’t even going to say a word?’

In the first place, it was a mystery as to why she decided to come and eat together.

Aily, who was about to put a piece of meat into her mouth, realized Katy’s gaze a bit late.

Looking at the sister a year younger than her, she made a faint

smile.

“What are you smiling at?”

Katy was straightforward.

There was no decorum or twist.

She asked about whatever she was curious of and said whatever she wanted to say.

Aily put down the knife and the fork she was holding.

“I smiled because I’m happy.”

“At what?”

Katy asked again.

There was no bad intent.

As the pair’s conversation started, Roan, Fred, Ian, and Brian also stopped their conversation and looked at the girls.

Still with her smile on, Aily replied.

“At everything. The food is good, the mood is good, the company is good.”

The voice was really clear and gentle.

Katy slightly squinted her forehead and tilted her head.

“That famous shadow princess likes these things?”

She even mentioned that unpleasant nickname, shadow princess, as if it was nothing.

At those words, Aily whispered with a quiet voice.

“It seems that the shadow became long enough to touch here and there.”

“It... became longer?”

Katy didn't understood and asked again.

Aily slowly nodded her head.

‘Un. A light came close by.’

She didn't let out those last words and rolled them inside of her mouth.

The smile that hung on her mouth became slightly deeper.

Seeing Aily wordlessly smile, Katy as well as Roan and the others tilted their heads.

They still didn't know much about the shadow princess.

Much more than others, she had many secrets.

# Chapter 113: Tron Academy (5)

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“Huhuhu. The more I listen, the more I want to go live in the Tale Barony.”

Principle Fred Brown made a hearty laugh.

‘Is it because he was born and raised as a commoner? Or because he hasn’t been a noble for too long? Or perhaps is it because he is originally a rationalist with a kind heart?’

Whatever it was, Roan was a very good person. No, rather than simply a good person, he was a genius of geniuses with an excellent mind and heart.

‘It will only be empty words if a talentless man were to say them, but.....’

If it was Roan, who was currently receiving the hottest attention, Roan may at least partially achieve his own dream and beyond.  
(t/n: here, “he” refers to Principal Fred)

‘It will be good if I can help with that.’

That was his honest thought.

As he held the role of Tron Academy’s principal for twenty years, Fred felt a strange thirst and a limit.

‘An education not only for the rich and the nobles, but an education that anyone can receive as long as one is the kingdom’s citizen.’

He wanted to attempt that.

And the young man in front of him, Roan, was personally trying to achieve what he had only imagined within his head until the age of sixty.

“Baron Tale.”

“Yes. Please speak.”

Roan lowered the teacup and smiled.

Fred thought that the smile looked so gentle yet full of confidence.

“As you know, Tron Academy is where the kingdom’s geniuses gather.”

Roan quietly nodded his head.

Fred’s words continued.



“But it’s not as if every graduate of the Tron Academy gets promoted and succeeds. Some of the students, due to this and that reasons, can’t put their talents to use and are wasting away their lives.”

A crestfallen light twinkled in his eyes.

“I know several of such students. Perhaps, if Baron Tale is willing.....”

Fred and Roan’s gazes met in the air.

“I would like to introduce them.....’

Fred exhaled a short sigh.

“Huu. Of course, they are kids with lots of problems, so they could be rather hard to control and be a headache. You may even earn contempt from those who don’t look kindly upon them as well. But at least, the talent of each and every one of them is exceptional.”

After those words, he looked at Roan.

Now, there was nothing else he could do.

The choices now rested upon Roan.

Gulp.

He nervously swallowed for no reason.

Katy and Aily, and Ian and Brian too, lowered their teacups and looked at Roan.

Feeling everyone's gazes, Roan faintly smiled.

"Hard to control and could earn other people's contempt....."

The words rolled inside of his mouth.

Soon enough, he brightly smiled and shook his head.

"That won't be a problem at all. There are plenty of guys like that among my subordinates. And if it's Principal Fred Brown's recommendation, there is no need to even think about it."

Roan slightly lowered his head.

"Rather, I wanted to ask you of that. Please introduce me to those talented geniuses who haven't spread their wings yet."

A polite and courteous manner.

Thanks to that, Fred's nervousness disappeared like the melting

snow in the spring.

He let out a hearty laugh.

“Huhuhu. Thank you. Truly, thank you. Now those guys will finally meet a good owner.”

The laughter continued without stopping.

Fred truly felt happy.

‘It would truly be a good opportunity.’

Ian and Fred, who were watching from the sides, also brightly smiled and nodded.

On the other hand, Katy’s expression wasn’t too good.

A rather annoyed but cute look.

‘Cht. Somehow, only they look cool by themselves.’

Although she couldn’t participate due to the academies, libraries, educational facilities and other complicated talks, she wanted to show off a cool look as a princess of a nation.

“Baron Tale.”

A softly calling voice.

“Yes. Princess Katy.”

Roan faintly smiled and turned his head.

Katy slightly raising her head and continued her words with a confident face.

“Baron Tale saved my brother’s life. But now that I think of it, I don’t think I’ve expressed my thanks as his sister. So.....”

The tip of her mouth sharply went up.

A look as if she was forcefully holding on but was completely excited.

“If you need anything, say it. I’ll listen.”

Katy carelessly threw out incredible words that not even Simon could say.

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘It seems the tomboy girl wants to feel big.’

From one perspective, it was immature, and from another perspective, it was exceedingly innocent.

It was so transparent, he could easily see her thoughts.

‘There is really no need to refuse. But.....’

Realistically, there wasn’t much that Katy could do for him.

Things like financial support or sending talented individuals over wasn’t something the young princess who was still attending the academy could do.

Administration wasn’t something that simple and easy.

‘Even that willful Prince Simon took a step back and is waiting for an opportunity despite being one step short of victory.....’

But that didn’t mean there was nothing to earn from Katy.

Roan slightly lowered his head and asked.

“Then, would you please listen to my one request?”

“Is that so? You have something to request of me? Say it. I’ll listen.”

Katy looked even more elated.

Inwardly smiling, Roan answered in a polite manner.

“I would like to use the palace library.”

“The palace library?”

Named Norman Library after the founding king, Norman Rinse, the palace library of the Rinse Kingdom was only accessible by the royalty and members of the most powerful nobilities.

Because precious books from the entire kingdom as well as from the entire continent were stored inside, it wasn't easy to receive permission to enter.

For Roan, who just became a baron, it wasn't easy to even receive the test for the entrance pass.

Katy and Roan, as well as all others there, knew this truth.

‘Oho! The palace library.....’

Katy's expression turned strange.

That was part joy and part delight.

‘I can give something like a pass to the palace library as much as I want!’

That was the special privilege her father, King Deni Von Rinse, gave her, who was a student in the academy, for her study.

It was prepared just in case Katy visited the library with her classmates who studied with her.

Of course, Roan knew that Katy had such a privilege thanks to Agens and the information troop’s work.

‘If I didn’t, it wouldn’t be a topic that I could easily bring up.’

If not careful, only Roan’s thought and plan would be exposed.

Then, he heard Katy’s sharp voice.

“Okay! I’ll have the pass to the palace library issued for you.”

“Thank you. Princess.”

Roan brightly smiled as he lowered his head.

‘Yeah. It’s this very feeling.’

Seeing Roan lower his head, Katy felt a small ecstasy.

The fact that she could do something for someone else made her really happy.

She started a rampage that wasn't quite a rampage.

“Anything else? Is there anything else? Say it. I told you I'll hear it all, right?”

She was that sort of tomboy.

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“The pass to the palace library is plenty enough.”

“Hmm. That so?”

Katy smacked her lips as if she was disappointed.

Her pouting lips stuck out about as thick as a finger.

The others who were watching from the side inwardly awed at the sight.

But only one person among them, Aily, didn't look at Katy and looked instead at Roan.



‘A large scale development is starting in the Tale Barony?’

The construction of academies, libraries, and small scale educational facilities too were parts of that development.

Aily took a sip of her tea and lightly closed her eyes.

Within her head, lines extended and drew complicated and solid plans.

‘Should I invest in the Tale region?’

A question she asked to herself.

The answer?

The ends of Aily’s mouth slowly went up.

With that, the answer was as good as decided.

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A hill well-shaded by trees deep within the mountains.

The wooden mansion situated in the middle of the hill had quite a view.

In front of the mansion, there was a garden that didn't fit in with the mountain.

The garden looked as if a skilled gardener had maintained it without skipping a day.

In the middle of the garden, there was a table carved out of a high quality marble.

On that table, a beautiful young man sat there, enjoying a warm cup of tea while reading a book.

“Hmm. Hm.”

As if he was happy, he was even humming a tune.

At that moment.

On the sloping road below, a young man showed up.

Unlike the beautiful young man, he was a rather manly and large young man.

Fluttering his brown and crude-looking travel wear, he walked with bold steps.

The beautiful young man stared at the manly young man, then closed the book he was reading and stood up.

“You came faster than expected. Viscount Raymond.”

A beautiful voice that tickled one’s ears as much as his face.

The manly looking young man, Viscount Guy Raymond, extended his right hand.

“Glad to meet you. Baron Kyword.”

As expected, it was a voice as rough as he looked.

The beautiful young man, Baron Noel Kyword, shook Guy’s large hand and smiled.

“For now, let’s sit down and talk. Would you like a cup of tea?”

Guy shook his head at the polite question.

“I’m fine. Let us cut right to the chase.”

Noel cheerfully smiled and nodded.

“Sure. Let’s do so.”

A relaxed expression.

Even against Guy's rough reply, he didn't lose his calm.

Guy squinted his two eyes and the light in his eyes shone.

'Byron Kingdom's rising hero, Noel Keyword.'

Noel was originally the firstborn of an ordinary and rural baron house.

Because even the household was ordinary as well, not much was known within the Byron Kingdom as well as in the nearby regions.

In other words, there was nothing special about them.

But when the Byron Kingdom allied with the Istel Kingdom and retreated after it attacked and suffered enormous damage, this presence-less young man revealed his true talent that he had hidden until now.

Within a short amount of time, Noel executed exceptional strategies and tactics, and cleaned up the Orc tribes that had been terrorizing the Byron Kingdom's north according to Roan's plan.

Not only that, he brought together and reorganized the Kingdom's army that received serious damage and perfectly

executed the border's defense with an efficient use of troops.

In other words, he was the kingdom's hero that raised the falling Byron Kingdom back up.

The Byron royalty paraded Noel as a hero and granted the title of Baron Keyword along with the entire southeast region upon him.

And after that, Noel achieved amazing feats in the central administration.

‘He is similar to our kingdom's Viscount Peid Neil.’

Peid Neil.

Originally from a commoner background, he was a senior adjutant of the Port troop,

the second corp of the Istel Kingdom's western troops.

When the Istel Kingdom's troops lost in the war against Rinse Kingdom, he orchestrated uncanny tactics and strategies while the troops retreated back to the kingdom.

‘Thanks to that, the main troops retreated without harm and Rinse Kingdom's eastern troops received enormous damage.’

In fact, Gale and the Rose troops were completely wiped out in that chase, and the seventh troop as well as various other troops received heavy damage.

As a result, Roan even went on a rampage.

All that was the work of Peid Neil, the fox of the battlefield.

‘Viscount Neil used the feats from that time as a step, and diligently raised deeds to achieve the title of Viscount.’

Peid and Noel.

For some reason, they were somehow similar.

“Viscount Raymond?”

At that moment, he heard Noel’s voice.

‘Ah, no.’

Only then did Guy get ahold of himself one step late.

‘Now isn’t the time to think of something else. I must finish the work as Viscount Neil instructed and achieve the desired result.’

He coughed several times, and looked straight at Noel.

“I’ll say it straight. Our kingdom needs food.”

“Hmm.”

Noel gulped with a difficult expression.

“As you know, our Byron Kingdom is mostly mountains and wastelands besides the south. We import wheat and various other grains from Estia Empire. But to give food to Istel Kingdom in this situation is quite..... hmm.”

He left his sentence open.

Guy glared at Noel with a sharp light in his eyes.

‘As expected, he’s coming like this.’

This much was certainly expected.

Guy held up the card that Peid handed to him.

“If you provide us with food, we’ll help you when you attack the Pershion Kingdom.”

Immediately, Noel, who had been wearing a repulsive expression, slightly creased his brows.

‘Hmm. They know we are preparing for war.’

One person showed up in his head.

‘Peid Neil. The fox of the battlefield must have smelt it.’

As Guy had said, Byron Kingdom was preparing to attack the Pershion Kingdom in the east.

‘There’s no better opportunity than now.’

There were four kingdoms that shared borders with the Byron Kingdom.

Estia Empire in the west, Rinse Kingdom in the southwest, Istel Kingdom in the southeast, Pershion Kingdom in the east.

Amongst these, there was no cause for invasion from Estia Empire due to the kingdom’s good relation with the empire, and the Istel Kingdom was in a dangerous situation due to repeated poor harvests and the losses from wars.

‘Rinse Kingdom was a bit worrying, but that place is in middle of a sibling fight over the throne.’

As long as no one went out of his way to touch them and made them unite, they too won’t have the time to pay attention to Byron



Kingdom.

‘Right now is the perfect time to conquer the Pershion Kingdom.’

And so, the Byron Kingdom was very quietly preparing for a war.

‘The Istel Kingdom will send additional troops in this situation?’

Noel bitterly smiled and shook his head.

“I know the Istel Kingdom’s situation clearly. You’ll wage a war when it’s hard to even eat a single meal per day? It’s honestly hard to believe.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Guy spoke with a great strength in his voice.

“A hungry tiger is, in fact, much more violent.”

From his chest, he took out a half-broken wooden medal.

On the medal, the word Istel were engraved.

“This is the one of the halved seal of our Istel Kingdom’s Northern troop.”

It was a medal that wasn’t quite a medal.

“Viscount Peid Neil holds the other half.”

Guy extended the medal toward Noel.

“We will entrust to you the entire Northern troops, including Viscount Peid Neil and myself Viscount Guy Raymond.”

An extraordinary deal.

With a red face as if about to spit out a ball of fire, Guy continued his words.

“Please buy us.”

A desperate voice.

The Istel Kingdom’s situation was that bad.

‘I did hear that the negotiation with Iimas Union fell down.....’

Noel exhaled a short sigh.

He stared at the medal and considered for a moment.

No, he merely pretended to think and took time.

‘It’s a deal that we have no reason to refuse.’

Again, Noel exhaled a long sigh.

“Hu. It’s a really difficult choice. A situation where I can’t do this, or do that.....”

He acted serious for a moment, then clenched his teeth as if he had come to a decision.

Noel looked at Guy and nodded.

“Okay. Originally, our Byron Kingdom and Istel Kingdom are old friends. How could I ignore a friend’s hardship?”

He extended his hand and took the medal.

“The medal of Istel Kingdom’s northern troops, I, Noel Keyword, will receive it.”

An act as if receiving a big responsibility.

‘Kuk.’

A hot flame poured out to Guy’s throat, but he clenched his teeth and endured.

‘Just a little longer, I’ll endure just a little longer. Once the Kingdom’s situation improves, then.....’

A fierce and cold glare was pointed at Noel.

‘I’ll have all of Byron Kingdom kneel down.’

A hellfire burned inside, but Guy forced a smile.

At that moment, Noel made a strange expression.

“Anyhow, this is that, and.....”

An eyebrow greatly twitched

“Have you perhaps heard of Rinse Kingdom’s Roan?”

Immediately, Guy creased his forehead.

Because at the completely unexpected place, and at a completely unexpected moment, he heard a name he didn’t want to hear.

He looked at Noel and replied with a quiet voice.

“Within our Istel Kingdom’s troops, there is no one who doesn’t

know the crimson ghost.”

# Chapter 114: A Good Person (1)

---

“Brian. I told you, there’s no need to go that far.”

As he let out a long sigh, Roan was flabbergasted.

His eyes turned to Brian, who was following behind him.

“No. I’m really okay.”

Brian vigorously smiled as he replied.

From head to toe, he was covered in armor.

The problem was.

“Even if the basics are important, I didn’t mean that you should wear heavy armor like that even on regular days.”

The armor Brian was wearing was an extremely heavy armor that wasn’t usually worn even for battles.

Brian shook his hand.

“No no. As Sir Baron said, the basics are important. Also, I have also stopped my mana training since yesterday too.”

“Hm.”

Roan tried to say few more words but soon closed his mouth.

It was because Brian’s face was too serious.

‘He’ll probably stop after a few days.’

Roan shook his head and once again moved his feet.

Austin, who was walking along at the side, stuck close and quietly whispered.

“That guy. Is he really a genius? From what I see, he looks a bit lacking somewhere.”

Roan chortled at those words.

At that moment, Brian’s voice rang out.

“Sir Hundred-man Commander Austin! I really am a genius!”

As the firstborn of the Viscount Miles’ house, Brian’s standing was a noble, but now that he had become Roan’s subordinate, the hierarchy was set according to the military rank.

Therefore, Brian, who was a common soldier, held Austin, a

hundred-man commander, as his superior and spoke politely.

Of course, Austin, and the ten-man commanders below him, felt awkward at first trying to talk down on Brian, who was the son of a noble. But because Brian lowered his head and came in first, the ups and downs were organized without a problem.

Looking at Brian who was tottering on, Austin shook his head.

“I’m not sure about being a genius, but at least his strength is really good.”

With a snicker, a skeptical laugh leaked out.

All the while, Roan busily moved his feet and carefully inspected the inside of Miller Castle.

Before Simon’s orders and Katy’s pass to the Palace Library were issued, he planned to meticulously look around the entirety of Miller Castle, the largest and most developed place in the kingdom.

‘Perhaps because it’s the capital, it’s well organized.’

Most of the roads were wide and clean and the placements of houses and shops were highly efficient.

‘I need to make the Tale barony as good as, no, better than Miller Castle.’



But even if he said that, Roan couldn't do everything by himself.

Also, he was a soldier who spent most of his life on the battlefield.

Within his head, there were several extraordinary plans that Roan saw and experienced, but he slightly lacked the ability to actually realize them.

'I need various geniuses from multiple fields.'

It wasn't possible to develop the barony with only strong warriors.

At least, it was good that Principal Fred Brown had recommended Tron Academy's graduates to him.

'Once they come, there should be a little more room to breath.'

Of course, if they were people hard to control like Fred said, he should be resolved for some trouble.

While he thought about various things, Roan's feet arrived at the slums located on the edge of Miller Castle.

"Hhm."

Austin, who was walking by his side, creased his forehead and pinched his nose.

A headache ensued from the incredible stench.

Ten steps.

From the glamorous and wide road that crossed the Castle, they had walked merely ten steps.

But the sight that unfolded in front of their eyes was completely different compared to the brilliant Miller Castle from just before.

A road that two people could barely walk past each other.

A small creek crossed that road.

The source of the stench was that creek.

In the murky waters where not even the bottom could be seen, various trash and bugs filled the creek.

“Cough! Cough!”

“Uaaah! Mommy!”

“Uuhuhuhugh.”

“Sh\*t! Dammit! Who is crying and being all gloomy and noisy?!”

The coughs of the sick, cries of a woman and a child, cursing of a drunkard.

All kinds of cruel sounds filled the alley and echoed out here and there.

“Sir Baron. This looks like the slums however I look at it, so let us stop here and go back.”

Austin was still plugging his nose.

On the other hand, Roan looked at the decrepit and dirty alley with a serious expression.

Thin and haggard people looked at Roan and his companions with caution in their eyes.

‘I too was like that once.’

A memory he temporarily forgot.

Miserable scenes brushed through his head.

Slightly shaking his head, Roan looked at Brian.

“Brian. Where is this?”

“This is the Aran Alley. It’s the poorest place in Miller Castle. I have also only heard rumors of this place and this is the first time I have actually come here.”

Even for Brian, who attended Tron Academy, it was his first time in Aran Alley.

“Does the administration of Miller Castle or the palace not know about the situation here?”

Brian bitterly smiled at Roan’s question.

“Of course not. They know everything. They are simply keeping their hands away as such.”

“Why?”

Roan soon regretted after he asked the question.

‘There wouldn’t be any reason why. The people high above wouldn’t be able to see places this low.’

As expected.

“Who knows. I’m also not sure about that.”

Brian shook his head with an empty expression.

“Hu.”

Roan let out a long sigh and looked at Austin.

“What are the Amaranth troops doing at this moment?”

The number of the Amaranth troops who accompanied Roan to the capital, Miller, totaled 200 people.

“Several soldiers are on a mission with the information squad and the rest of the soldiers are carrying out individual training and squad tactics training.”

Even though it wouldn’t be weird to momentarily hesitate or be moved by the brilliant Miller Castle, the Amaranth troops were going about the same daily routine as always.

They didn’t make light of their mission and their duty.

Of course, it was same for Roan.

As expected, he decreased his hours of sleep and focused on

training the Flamdor mana technique and the Reid fighting style.

In addition, these days he was combining various spear styles from real battles into one fighting style.

This work would've been impossible for the past Roan, but using the techniques of the Reid fighting style, he was able to at least look the part.

Although, he would have to see if it will be useful.

Roan nodded his head and waved his hand.

“Excluding the troops moving with the information squad, call all the troops here to Aran Alley.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Austin didn't ask why.

It was because Roan didn't gave out pointless orders.

Soon, Austin exited Aran Alley.

Brian, who was standing behind, asked with a careful tone.

“What, what are you planning to do?”

At those words, Roan stared at Aran Alley and gave a short reply.

“I plan to shine the light of glory upon this alley.”

“Yes?”

Brian didn't understand and asked again.

But instead of answering, Roan faintly smiled.

Soon, the Amaranth troop showed up with a loud noise.

Brian unconsciously stared at them, then stopped and widely opened his eyes.

His gaze stopped on the left side of their breastplates.

On the left side of the breastplate, there was a coat of arms depicting a flower petal, two spears, and one shield.

And a short sentence written around them.

<Let our path be accompanied by the light of glory.>

Roan's words were that of the sentence written on the crest of

Tale Barony.

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“Did you hear that story?”

“Which story?”

“The one about Sir Baron Tale.”

“Ah! The Amaranth troop?”

“Yeah. That.”

Next to a beautiful road, people gathered.

Grouping together here and there, they were all busy talking about one story.

“It’s already the eighth day, right?”

“Right. The day they started cleaning Rott Creek in Aran Alley and looking after the people in the slums was exactly eight days ago.”

With slightly surprised faces, the people were flabbergasted.



That was because anyone who was a resident of Miller was quite aware of just how dirty and disgusting Aran Alley and Rott Creek was.

It was to the point where one would throw up his breakfast just by coming near.

“What a strange person.”

“You said it. Is he perhaps like that because it hasn’t been long since he became a noble?”

“Maybe.”

The very protagonists of the hottest rumor in Miller Castle were Roan and the Amaranth troop.

“If he just became a noble, shouldn’t he be greeting powerful nobles or holding a dance hall?”

“Exactly. That’s the politics of nobles and their society.”

It was a statement fitting for a resident of Miller.

But even so, they were of course commoners.

“But I wouldn’t mind if there were more nobles like him.”

“Of course. If other nobles were like Sir Baron Tale..... huu.”

At that moment, all the people who were gossiping by the road looked towards one place and exclaimed.

“Oh! It’s Sir Baron Tale.”

“It’s the Amaranth troop.”

Half unnerved voices.

That was no wonder, as the sight and look of Roan and the Amaranth troop simply couldn’t be seen as that of a regal noble and his followers.

Shabby work clothes greatly covered in filth.

In their two hands were brooms and rags instead of swords and spears.

‘It, it’s more extreme than the rumors.’

‘I, I never saw a noble like this.’

The residents were astounded.

But that shock definitely wasn't something repulsive.

Somehow, it felt joyous and fulfilling.

Clap!

At Roan and the Amaranth troop that walked by in front of them, someone clapped.

Clap! Clap!

The sound of clapping slowly spread.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

Soon, the entire street was filled with the sound of claps.

As if shy, the Amaranth troop awkwardly smiled and hurried their feet.

But at the very least, their two eyes were full of unconcealable pride and respect.

‘As expected, it's good that we did as Sir Baron said.’

The members of the troop all tightly clenched their fist as one.

‘We’ll absolutely trust Sir Baron and follow him until the end.’

With this event as a catalyst, the troop’s loyalty became even deeper.

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Roan wasn’t the type to simply give out orders and sit back.

He always moved before his troops.

Austin tried to stop Roan on multiple occasions, but each time, Roan replied with the same words and clearly expressed his will.

“When I have all my limbs cut off and my body beaten so that only my mouth is alive, I’ll only order with my mouth.”

Roan wasn’t a leader who simply talked with his mouth.

Even now, he was cleaning the Rott Creek, where the dirtiest and most repulsive smells originated.

Rott Creek was a small streamlet that flowed across Aran Alley, but was currently polluted with various filth.

‘The poor of the Aran alley are using this water as drinking water.’

A truthfully horrible state.

Because of that, Roan first ordered the Amaranth troop to clean Rott Creek.

Furthermore, he bought clean water and bread in bulk and handed them out plentifully to the people of Aran Alley.

It had costed much more money than expected, but he didn’t feel any regret.

‘If it’s money, I can just earn it again.’

In the first place, it was money gathered to use like this.

Walking along Rott Creek, Roan continued to clean out the trash.

“He’s really incredible.”

“Even though he became a noble, he didn’t change at all.”

“What are you talking about? He’s looking after people below him even more now compared to before.”

“Yeah. Right. Maybe the words true noble refers to Sir Baron Tale.”

Staring at Roan completely focused on cleaning, several members of the troop were amazed.

At that moment, a man with his face full of grime dragged his two feet and appeared.

The clothes he had over him was more of a rag than a cloth.

Because his hair grew out without restraint and covered his eyes, and because he was simply too dirty, it was hard to even estimate his age.

The man wobbled towards Roan.

When the members of the troop who were watching from the side tried to intervene just in case something happened, Roan shook his head and signalled them with his eyes.

Sending the troops back, Roan smiled towards the man staring at him.

“May I help you?”

Even after becoming a noble, Roan used polite speech to everyone except his subordinates and in special cases.

The man wordlessly stood and stared at Roan, then took out a piece of bread.

It was a rather dirty piece of bread with black spots speckled around.

“I thought you might be hungry, so I brought this.”

An unexpectedly clear and young voice.

Roan brightly smiled and nodded.

“Thank you very much.”

He received the dirty bread as if it was nothing, and took a large bite.

Seeing this, the man roughly sat down on the side of the Rott Creek without a word.

Scratching his neck with the tip of his finger, he looked at Roan.

“Sir Baron Tale. Why are you helping us poor of Aran Alley when we don’t have any connections or relations?”

A sudden question.

Brushing off the bread crumbs on his mouth, Roan answered.

“Is there any need for a reason to help someone else? I simply wish that the life in this place becomes better even by a little bit.”

“Hhm.”

The man let out a short sigh.

Picking his nose this time, he asked.

“This year, I turned exactly twenty nine. I want to do something big before turning thirty, so may I perhaps work in the Tale Barony?”

At those words, Roan stared at the man with calm eyes.

There were certainly hairs covering his two eyes, but even his eyes were small too, so it was hard to look at his eyes.

Roan soon smiled brightly and nodded his head.

“You can do anything as long as you have the determination. Sure. Let’s work together.”

The man’s eyes slightly trembled at those words.



Scratching the back of his head, he asked again.

“Can I enter the Amaranth troop?”

“If your scores in the newbie training camp is good, sure.”

“Can I be a ten-man commander and a hundred-man commander?”

“If you have merits that are fitting, then of course.”

There was no hesitation in Roan’s answers.

The man hesitated for a moment, then asked again.

“If I keep on raising merits, can I go even higher?”

At those words, Roan brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“If you raise really great merits, I can give you my place.”

“Hhm.”

The man let out a short sigh once again.

His expression was slightly shocked.

But soon, he greatly yawned and lowered his head.

Roan quietly watched that sight and soon returned to cleaning up the trash.

After an unknown amount of time.

“Hu.”

Roan breathed out a short sigh.

A satisfied expression.

The clean up of the entire creek was finished.

At that moment, the man, who was quietly sitting until now, stood up and lowered his head.

“Thank you very much for cleaning so well. Sir Baron Tale.”

Roan simply smiled at those words.

When Roan once again began to walk, the man abruptly walked in close and whispered with a quiet voice.

“As a thanks for cleaning our Rott Creek so well, I’ll give you a simple prediction.” (t/n: prophecy? It’s basically what those people with tarot cards do for a living)

The man suddenly grabbed Roan’s hand and murmured unrecognizable words.

Then he soon squinted his eyes and made a strange smile.

“When the owl brings a branch, there will be great danger to your body, so please be careful.”

Simply hard to understand words.

Roan creased his forehead and looked at the man in front of his eyes.

‘This man..... who is he?’

When he thought so.

The man once again deeply lowered his head.

“My name is Clay.”

He slowly raised his head and looked straight into Roan’s eyes.

The glaringly wide eyes were already back to before.

Eyes so small that one wonders if he could even see what was in front of him.

Clay faintly smiled and finished his words.

“Please do remember.”

It was unknown whether he meant remember his name, or the prophecy.

## Chapter 115: A Good Person (2)

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In two years at the earliest, and in five years at the latest, the world started to drastically change.

Emperors and kings as well as nobles, big-time merchants, and other such powerful people began to competitively focus on gathering talented people.

There wasn't any special reason.

It was merely one of the methods to live a better life than others.

But the Great Warring Era began to sprout at that moment.

'As the time passed, factions with overwhelming strength and financial power appeared.'

Whether those factions were emperors, kings, or nobles wasn't important.

That was because the appearance of powerful factions always led to competition and war.

Of course, there were several big events and accidents besides that.

As the various circumstances tangled and became complicated,

the world finally entered the Great Warring Era.

‘I need to find the hidden geniuses who weren’t found in the last life.’

The reason Roan came to this thought.

It was because of Clay, the small-eyed young man he met in Aran Alley.

‘He definitely wasn’t an ordinary man.’

The inexplicable prediction he left.

< When the owl brings a branch, there will be great danger to your body, so please be careful. >

Two days had already passed since he met Clay, but forget an owl, he didn’t even see a common sparrow.

‘Is an owl not the owl?’

If he could, he wanted to meet Clay again once more, but Clay simply couldn’t be found anymore for some reason.

‘Since I left the work to the guys in the information squad for now, the news will arrive soon.’

Roan forced the small thoughts out of his head and moved his feet.

As always, he was going to Aran Alley today.

At that moment, he heard a familiar voice from behind.

‘Sir Baron.’

When Roan stopped and turned around, he saw Keep approaching from far away.

‘Did they find him already?’

However excellent Keep and the information squad was, this was much faster than what he thought.

“Sir Baron. There is an important report.”

Keep, who arrived in front of Roan by that time, glanced around the surroundings once and whispered in a quiet voice.

“Miller Castle is moving as we wished.”

“Hm?”

Because it wasn't the report he was expecting, Roan looked slightly surprised.

But he soon erased his expression.

Keep took out a small paper from his chest.

Roan took it and placed it in his chest, and then slightly nodded his head.

“Then. I will go now.”

Keep executed a short salute and then walked into a crowd.

Soon, his back disappeared from sight.

A meeting finished in a literal instant.

Roan sharply heightened his five senses and slowly moved his steps.

The destination was no longer Aran Alley.

He hid naturally into a crowd.

As much as he was good at exuding his presence, Roan was just as good at hiding it.



And when he actively used Brent's ring on top of it, his presence turned hazy even if he was right in front of another person's nose.

Roan, who was flitting through the crowd and following the busy road, entered a small alley formed between two stores that almost touched.

The alley, where not even the sunlight touched, was extremely dark, but it posed no problem for Roan.

He moved his feet without pause and after turning multiple times in the complicated alleyways, he stopped at a rather dark and remote location.

Sssk.

When he took out and unfolded the paper from his chest, he saw small words tightly written on the paper.

< The movement of the Janis information agency, an information group working around Miller Castle, is unusual. >

The small paper was a type of report.

Although Keep diligently learned words after taking charge the information squad, incorrect words could be seen here and there.

But it wasn't at a level where the content couldn't be understood.

< They finally took the bait. >

Words that brimmed with confidence.

A smile also formed on Roan's mouth.

'It didn't take as long as I had expected.'

Composed eyes and face.

In truth, Keep and the members of the Amaranth information squad operating loudly was all a planned move.

'Since I need to place groundwork in Miller Castle.'

Roan planned on gathering the information agencies that moved around Miller Castle.

And a part of that plan was provoking the Janis information agency.

'So, they are plan on attacking me and my information squad?'

Keep and the information squad had a complete grasp of the Janis information agency's moves.

But.

< What sort of plan they are preparing is currently being investigated. >

They have yet to find out just how the Janis information agency planned on attacking.

But Roan trusted Keep and the information squad.

‘Find out at your own pace.’

For now, he had to focus on something else.

‘By now, I probably have spies on me.’

It was certainly possible.

Roan folded the paper and put it in his chest and then made a peculiar expression.

‘Now, should I go and check?’

He exited the alleyway and once again headed to Aran Alley.

At the entrance of Aran Alley, a countless number of people stood there.

If he was a normal person it would be almost impossible to find the spies amongst the large number of people.

But Roan had Kalian's Tears.

Pat!

When he focused his eyes, the movements of the people, who completely crowded the alley, moved slowly as if they were standing still.

'Hmm.'

Within that small instant, an incredible amount of visual information poured in.

The eyes heated up as if they would explode and a headache approached.

Roan clenched his teeth and carefully observed every part of the alley.

At the same time, he moved his feet not toward Aran Alley, but to the right.

A slow and tedious movement that makes one feel like yawning.

Even during that time, Roan didn't miss a single line of sight of every person that filled the alley.

Then.

'There they are!'

The tips of Roan's mouth slowly went up.

There were exactly four people whose eyes turned following the tip of his foot that suddenly changed directions.

From a glance, they looked like completely ordinary middle-aged men.

Pretending to be complete strangers from one another, each of them was concentrating on their own work.

'Four people.....'

The smile on his mouth became deeper.

Pleasant plans passed through his head.

'It's the perfect number to play around with.'

Roan then shook his head and blinked his eyes.

Immediately, the people, who were moving slowly as if they were standing still, moved in their original speeds.

The murmuring noises turned back to clear voices in conversation.

Roan stretched for no reason and switched his direction once again toward Aran Alley.

As expected, the four spies subtly glanced at Roan several times.

Tragically, they hadn't realized the fact that their identities were compromised.

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“Nanny.”

“Yes. Princess. Please speak.”

Margaret brightly smiled and stopped the work she was doing.

At that sight, Aily made a faint smile.

A look as if she had completely finished the thought she had for the last few days.

“I have decided. I plan on investing in the Tale Barony.”

“Princess.”

Margaret put down the cleaning supplies she was holding and moved towards Aily.

“Certainly, Baron Tale is the most famous person these days, but he is someone who just became a noble. I don’t think he is such a good target to invest in.”

Aily nodded at those words.

“If we only consider the current situation, you’re right.”

Soon as she finished her words, Margaret made a strange expression.

“But you’re going to invest in him? It’s not perhaps because there’s a different feeling, no?”

Until now, Aily’s investments were extremely cold and calculated.

Thanks to that, there was not a single failure.

“What do you mean a different feeling?”

Aily shyly smiled as she asked back.

“That, that is.....”

Margaret panicked and stuttered her words.

Aily cheerfully smiled and shook her head.

“I”m investing while looking at the future value of Sir Baron Tale.”

“Future value?”

“Yes.”

Aily slowly nodded her head and continued speaking.

“Sir Baron Tale will definitely become a great person. The Tale Barony too would become much larger and a brilliant land. That is definite.”

Her gaze turned to Margaret’s eyes.



“If I invest then, it will be too late. If I’m going to invest, this is the perfect time. While no one has invested, I’ll invest faster than anyone else.”

The expression that was always gentle and shy became confident and assured.

“Hhm. If princess says so, it should be right.”

Until now, Aily’s eyes for people were never wrong.

But, there was one thing that Margaret was worried about.

‘She didn’t perhaps become completely smitten during that time, right?’

Margaret was worried that Aily’s eyes for people may have been blinded by the unfamiliar feeling she felt for the first time in her life.

But Aily had even noticed Margaret’s doubt already.

‘Nanny. Don’t worry too much.’

She inwardly made a smile.

‘My eyes are clearer and more precise than ever before.’

Such a strong certainty was a first.

Aily’s two cheeks blushed red.

‘That person is special.’

She wasn’t sure exactly what it was, but she felt so.

As if.

‘Like that person.’

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Aran Alley was receiving unexpected attention.

It was all thanks to Roan.

It was because a few nobles envied Roan and also went on poverty-relief projects when Roan received passionate cheers from the residents of Miller as he emptied his personal funds to clean the entirety of Aran Alley and Rott Creek and provided water and food.

Thanks to that, the people of Aran Alley experienced goodwill

and good food that they had never experienced before.

When the situation progressed to this point, Roan left only a few information squad members in the Aran Alley and pull out the Amaranth troop.

It was a judgment that their jobs were now finished.

When they cleaned up their temporary lodgings and were preparing to leave, the people of Aran Alley gathered one by one.

The people, who were greatly guarded when Roan and Amaranth troop first visited, now had a close enough relationship where they boldly walked up and shook hands.

“Sir Baron Tale. And everyone of the Amaranth troop. Truly, thank you very much.”

“Thank you very much.”

“Really, thank you very much.”

Toward Roan and Amaranth troop, the people bowed.

“I’m glad we could be of help.”

Roan and the Amaranth troop quickly saluted.

An awe-inspiring sight.

The people of Aran Alley even came out to the main street to see Roan and Amaranth troop off.

Several residents of Miller also came out to the street to clapped and cheered.

‘How reliable.’

The support of the people of Aran Alley and the residents of the surroundings.

It may look like a seemingly meaningless relation, but this would become a great asset to him in the future.

‘This is the scene I want. A scene where everyone comes and lives together.’

Roan smiled at the sound of claps that poured down.

A feeling of confirmation that his actions until now weren’t wrong.

When he looked back, the members of the Amaranth troop also wore proud expressions.

‘Even if it takes a little bit longer, we’ll go on our own way.’

He believed that the means were just as important as the final result.

Roan deeply inhaled.

His steps became slightly faster.

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It took longer than expected for Katy to issue the pass to the palace library.

Simon too, from meeting various nobles and solidifying his bases, was too busy.

Thanks to that, Roan was able to focus on the training he had been slightly neglecting.

Of course, he didn’t only train.

‘They peeked again.’

Roan noticed that the small bag he left below a tree was slightly disheveled.

But with no sign of caring, he turned his shoulder and sat down on the ground.

‘Those guys from the Janis information agency. They didn’t even realize that what they’ve been peeking at are all false informations.....’

A laughter came out again and again.

So far, Roan acted as if he didn’t notice the Janis information agency’s spies.

That wasn’t all.

With Keep, he falsified information and intentionally exposed it or barely guarded it.

And each time, the spies secretly checked the false information and reported to the Janis information agency’s headquarters.

To make checkable false information look real, there were times when Keep and the information squad members played an act.

Thanks to that, the spies of the Janis information agency believe that the information that Roan was poorly guarded was all true.

‘Then should I start training again?’

Various plans were progressing calmly and well.

With a light heart, Roan stood up and grabbed the Travias Spear.

At that moment.

“Sir Baron!”

Austin’s voice was heard.

He hurriedly ran over and gave a short salute.

“What is it?”

At the lightly asked question, Austin calmed his breath and answered.

“Someone from Viscount Holten’s house came.”

“Holten?”

Roan creased his forehead.

It was a place he had no relation with and even the name of the house was unfamiliar.

Austin nodded his head.

“Yes. They brought an invitation.”

“An invitation? An invitation for what?”

Roan tilted his head.

“It seems you’ll have to personally check it.”

At Austin’s words, Roan placed the Traviass Spear at his waist and moved his feet.

‘Viscount Holten.....’

Even if he searched his memories, nothing really came up.

In the end, he had to personally meet them.

Roan widely shook his head and hastened his steps.

After exiting the training hall and going through two buildings, a young man in a clean suit was seen.

“It is an honor to meet you.”



The young man greeted very politely.

A noble's etiquette.

From his chest, he took out a stiff invitation.

“Sir Viscount Anthony Holten plans on hosting a hunting competition. He wishes for Sir Baron Tale to participate.”

“Hhm.”

A hunting competition.

It was something completely unexpected.

But Roan didn't show his emotion and received the invitation while smiling faintly.

The crisp invitation was sealed in wax.

At that moment.

‘Un?’

Roan's eyes slightly trembled.

His eyes stopped on the wax seal's design.

Usually, the wax seal represented the seal or the symbol of the house sending an invitation.

Roan looked at the young man that handed him the invitation and asked with a soft voice.

“This symbol on the wax seal is rather unique.”

The young man cheerfully smiled at those words.

“Yes. It seems Sir Viscount Holten likes to use as an addition to the house's seal.”

“I see.”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

His gaze once again turned towards the wax seal.

The light in his eyes slowly became composed.

‘The symbol of the wax seal is.....’

His heart sped up.

‘A tree branch.....’

Was it a simple coincidence?

Clay’s face appeared in his head.

# Chapter 116: A Good Person (3)

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“By now, he should have received the branch.....”

The young man happily making a strange smile was in fact Clay.

Unlike when he met Roan, his looks were completely different.

The hair was neatly organized and his suit looked neat and clean despite being old and humble.

But the thin eyes that seemed doubtful whether it could see in front were the same.

Standing on the summit of a rather tall mountain, he looked down at the wide open field that spread out below.

“Whenever I see it, it’s quite the beautiful sight.”

But the smile on his mouth was instead bitter.

“Although it’s probably hell when up close.”

Just how many people live in pain down below.

Clay’s mouth felt bitter.

“There’s just no good person. A good person.....”

No, just a good person isn’t good enough.

He also had to have the strength and ability to change the world.

And at the same time.

‘Someone who could recognize my talent.’

Such a person was needed.

Clay wasn’t a philanthropist and neither was he a saint.

He was the type that was only satisfied when he received treatment that was on par with his abilities.

‘It would be good if Sir Baron Tale is such a person, but.....’

He let out a long sigh.

‘If he isn’t worth serving then I should go into the mountains and spend the rest of my life reading books.’

It would be a waste to not use the vast knowledge within his head, but he had no desire to carelessly use them.

‘I’m sorry since it feels like I’m going against master’s tenants, but.....’

< Make the world a better place. >

That was the master’s teaching.

But he didn’t want to do good for the world without any rewards.

Clay inhaled deeply as he looked down at the field.

“Should I go down about now?”

It had already been four days since he entered the mountain.

Clay slowly moved his feet.

‘Come to think of it, I wonder how the elder brothers are doing.’

The sorely missed faces suddenly appeared in his mind.

But he soon shook his head.

‘The elder brothers should have already accomplished more than just settling down.’

That's just how talented they were.

'I should just worry about my own future.'

It would be fine to be nosy after that.

Clay's footsteps slowly became faster.

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"Is that so?"

Roan checked once again.

Keep nodded his head.

"Yes. We checked through multiple routes. The symbol of Viscount Holten House is....."

The two's eyes met in the air.

"Definitely an owl."

"Hhm."

Roan let out a low sigh.

‘Is this owl the owl Clay was talking about?’

There wasn’t any way to be certain.

But the invitation the owl sent was stamped with the symbol of a tree branch.

A combination too perfect to be called a coincidence.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Roan tapped on the table with the tip of his finger.

His thoughts became deeper.

‘He said that there would be great danger to me when the owl brings a branch. If so.....’

If he saw the Viscount Anthony Holten as the owl and the invitation as the branch, then there was a great possibility that this hunting competition wasn’t ordinary.

Tap.

Roan stopped the finger that was tapping on the table and looked



at Keep.

“Keep. Thoroughly investigate the hunting competition Viscount Holten and his house is hosting.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Keep slightly lowered his head and answered.

With a cold expression, Roan spoke one more time.

“You cannot miss even a single, small detail.”

“Yes. I’ll keep it in mind.”

With a resolute expression, Keep once again lowered his head.

‘This is the first time he emphasized something twice.’

Roan was usually the type to trust and let other be after he gave out a command once.

Until now, there had never been a time when he would emphasize or give out the same order multiple times.

‘This mission, it’s exceptionally important.’

Keep clenched his fist.

With a short salute, he exited the office.

“Huu.”

Roan, who was left alone, let out a short sigh and grabbed a pen.

He needed to organize the chaotic thoughts within his head.

‘I must have really become a noble.’

A sensation of truly being in the center of a behind-the-scenes fight.

‘But either way, I don’t plan on being taken down without a fight.’

It would be wrong to think of him as a mere amateur noble that just became a baron.

He was a veteran soldier that walked the battlefield for twenty years.

‘Then, should I start the fight?’

A fight without a sword or a spear.

The battlefield was the capital, Miller.

The first to attack may be Viscount Anthony Holten, but Roan was already preparing a counterattack.

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“Sir Duke. However you think, it can’t be helped to be disappointed.”

Viscount Lary Borg, who turned exactly forty this year, shook his head with a disappointed look.

The white haired elder sitting across from him creased his forehead.

“There’s no need to be disappointed. Because what’s important now is who will be the next king.”

The elder, who was letting off a strong pressure despite being old, was Edwin Voisa, one of the four dukes of the Rinse Kingdom and the one with the strongest faction.

Lary smacked his lips.

“But if he stayed a bit longer, he would have even received a title of nobility from Estia Empire.....”

“Quiet! Don’t say unnecessary things.”

Edwin loudly shouted and glared with his two eyes.

‘Oops!’

Suddenly shocked, Larry closed his mouth.

“Mills is the firstborn of our Duke House and the next duke of the Rinse Kingdom. He must be known only as that to the people. Do you understand?”

Lary quickly lowered his head at Edwin’s words.

“Yes. I, I understand.”

“Hmm.”

Edwin didn’t look very convinced.

No, he looked completely annoyed.

Truthfully, he didn’t really like summoning Mills Voisa, the firstborn who was studying abroad in Estia Empire, back to Rinse

Kingdom.

‘Even though the results of purposely sending him abroad to the unfriendly Estia Kingdom were just starting to come out. Tch.’

If he stayed a bit longer, he would have been able to receive a title of nobility from Estia Empire.

‘Dammit.’

He grinded his teeth.

‘The rest of the damned dukes are calling back all the kids sent out to other kingdoms.’

With the monster expedition as the trigger, the competition for the next king had truly began.

In this situation, Edwin simply couldn’t just stand by and do nothing while the other dukes moved.

‘I don’t want to admit it, but the other damned dukes’ children, as expected, have been outstanding talents since they were young.’

If they returned, he may be left behind in the competition for the throne.

Because of that, Edwin also quickly summoned his firstborn, Mills, back to the kingdom.

‘If Mills comes back, those brats wouldn’t be able to do anything even if they come as a group.’

He trusted Mills.

To Edwin, Mills was the pride and treasure of the house.

‘Once Mills comes back, we can flip this situation where the first prince is in the lead.’

His eyes were cold and a smile hung from his mouth.

The return of the duke houses’ successors.

Rinse Kingdom’s competition for the throne had now entered a new stage.

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Tak.

Roan put down the thick stack of paper with a satisfied look.

“Good. It’s good enough with this.”

“Thank you.”

The person lowering his head on the opposite side was Keep.

For some reason, his face looked haggard and rough.

Roan stood up from his seat and grabbed Keep’s hand.

“Keep. You’ve really done a lot of work.”

“No sir. I simply did what I had to do.”

Keep lowered his head.

Because he had been meticulously investigating the hunting competition that Anthony and Viscount Holten’s house prepared, he hadn’t had an ounce of sleep in the last three days.

It was a tiring and hard mission, but his heart skipped a bit every time a hidden information was revealed.

‘If we passed it without knowing, Sir Baron would have been in great danger.’

He once again felt how powerful information was.

At that moment, he heard Roan's voice.

“Now, should we put together a plan of our own based on this information?”

A face full of playfulness.

Keep brightly smiled without knowing and nodded.

“An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And we should return a trap for a trap.”

Roan nodded instead of answering at those words.

Soon, Austin and Harrison, the two hundred-man commanders, and the ten-man commanders below them were called.

Putting his head together with them, Roan began a heated debate.

Each's words hit against one another and a plan was slowly formed.

At the same time, words poured down onto an empty white paper.

Meticulously and perfectly, the plan was constructed.



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“Hhm. This is quite troublesome.”

The young man’s expression was extremely serious.

He was looking at three cards on top of a table.

The middle-aged man, who was staring at that scene from the side, cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

“Please don’t lie. You have already made your decision.”

At those words, the young man scratched his nose and brightly smiled.

“Does it show?”

“Of course. It has already been thirty years since I supported Master Clyde. I can tell with just a glance.”

“Thirty years? Even though I’m thirty years old right now?”

The young man, Clyde, asked back with a playful expression.

Copying that playful look, the middle-aged man shrugged.

“Since I’ve been at your side ever since you were born, I have served you for thirty years.”

“Yeah. You are right.”

Nodding his head, Clyde looked at the three cards again.

“Goden.”

At Clyde’s call, the middle-aged man, Goden, came closer.

“Yes. Master Clyde.”

“I believe.....”

Hesitating the end of his words, Clyde picked up a card amongst the three cards.

“The next king will be this person.”

“I’m not sure. I simply trust and follow Master Clyde’s decision.”

He was honest.

Even until now, Goden didn't doubt Clyde's decision even once.

Looking at Goden, Clyde made a smile.

A confident and satisfied expression.

He shook the card in his hand.

“So I'm planning to invest in this person's faction, but.....”

He hesitated his words.

He put down the card he was holding up.

The smile disappeared and the expression once again turned serious.

“A variable appeared.”

Goden made a bitter smile at those words.

“Do you mean Baron Tale?”

Clyde nodded his head instead of answering.

His gaze turned back to the three cards on the table.

On the three cards, the names Simon, Tommy, and Kallum were each written.

“Is Baron Tale an influential enough person to change the throne’s successor? No, can he become such a person?”

It wasn’t a question directed at anyone.

Muttering to himself, Clyde fell deep into contemplation.

With the tip of his finger, he touched Simon’s card.

Goden simply stared at that scene without a word.

After an unknown amount of time.

“Huu.”

Clyde let out a long sigh.

With the tip of his finger, he pushed Simon’s card away.

“As expected, I should go with my original decision.”

Clyde picked up a card amongst the other two.

“However I think about it, the person who will become the next king is this person.”

“I simply trust and follow Master Clyde’s decision.”

Goden repeated the words he said before.

Clyde intensely stared at the card he picked up.

“Goden.”

“Yes.”

“Please collect all the spare funds in the company. I’m personally going to the palace.”

“Understood.”

Goden exited the office as he answered.

Clyde, who was left alone, was still staring at the card he was holding.

‘It should be a good decision, right?’

It certainly wasn't a decision based on instinct.

Based on all the information he had gathered, he selected the card with the highest possibility.

But there was one thing that continued to bother him.

“Baron Roan Tale.”

One of his eyes thinly closed.

“Just where did you pop out from?”

A humorous voice.

But his face, at least, was humorless.

“Running about any more than this is no good. Because the merchants like me.....”

A cold air hung from the tip of his eyes.

“Really don't like losing.”

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“Oh! Baron Tale. Welcome.”

The middle-aged man who handsomely grew out a moustache brightly smiled and opened his two arms.

Roan quickly dismounted from the horse and lowered his head.

“It is an honor to meet you. Sir Viscount Holten.”

The middle-aged man was Viscount Anthony Holten, the very man who sent Roan the invitation to the hunting competition.

“An honor..... hahaha. I’m the one honored to meet the hero of the expedition.”

The two shook hands and exchanged simple greetings.

Looking at the nobles and the knights behind Anthony, Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘If you all openly let out hostility like that, that dark plan of yours would be recognized.’

It was a point where the Amaranth Information Squad’s report wasn’t needed.

The nobles’ gaze toward Roan was that sharp and cold.

“Now, let me introduce the guests who will be enjoying the hunt with us today.”

One by one, Anthony introduced the nobles who wordlessly stood and were completely unaware of Roan’s thought.

“It is an honor to meet you.”

For each and every time, Roan greeted in a very polite and courteous manner.

At least, it seemed like that to Anthony and the other nobles.

“Should we then go to the hunting field?”

Anthony, who finished the introductions, asked with a subtle expression.

“Let us go, then.”

“Let us depart quickly.”

Several nobles hurried others and got on the horses’ saddles.

Roan also nodded instead of answering and grabbed the horse’s reins.



“Uurat!”

Anthony led the House’s knights and departed first.

The nobles who were glancing at Roan immediately followed behind Anthony, and as expected, they were each accompanied by three or four knights.

‘The knights are..... at amateur levels.’

Since he checked with Kalian’s Tears, it was certain.

Roan snickered and kicked the horse.

Unlike the other nobles, he brought just one subordinate.

And even then, he was a subordinate who was quite unlike a knight.

“Sir Baron. Isn’t the number too big for trappers?”

The one who asked him with a worried expression was Harrison.

Looking at Viscount Holten House’s soldiers following behind, he creased his forehead.

Roan faintly smiled at those words and shook his head.

“Don’t worry.”

A confident voice.

A self-assured attitude.

“Because our preparations are perfect.”

# Chapter 117: A Good Person (4)

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“Hunting competition?”

“Yes. They say it’s a contest hosted by Viscount Holten.”

Simon, who was reviewing the future plans with his faction, made a surprised expression at the unexpected report.

“Holten? By Holten, you mean.....?”

The expression turned sour.

Viscount Tio Ruin, who made the report, nodded as he bitterly smiled.

“Yes. He is Viscount Anthony Holten, who is supporting Prince Tommy.”

“Hmm.”

Simon let out a quiet sigh.

Carefully checking Simon’s expression, Tio cautiously spoke.

“It seems that Baron Tale participated without knowing.”

Simon made a strange expression at those words.

Glancing at the papers in his hand, he shook his head.

“I don’t know. Baron Tale shouldn’t be such a neglectful person.....’

Simon murmured in a quiet voice.

During the Poskein Monster Expedition, Roan didn’t miss a single location or path of the monsters and completely comprehended everything.

There was no way that he wouldn’t find out which prince the noble was supporting and what kind of personality the noble had while accepting that noble’s invitation.

‘There’s no reason for Baron Tale to side with Tommy in this situation.....’

In the end, it meant that he participated in Anthony’s hunting competition for a different reason.

‘He’ll do fine on his own.’

Simon trusted Roan.

No, instead, he wanted to give him power.

“Viscount Ruin.”

“Yes. Prince.”

Tio slightly lowered his head.

Reviewing the contents of the papers, Simon spat out an order.

“Give Roan a good bow. Since it’s a nobles’ hunting competition, he can’t just use a cheap infantry bow.”

“Yes. I shall do so.”

Tio brightly smiled and moved his feet toward the exit.

‘Thankfully, it seems he doesn’t doubt Baron Tale.’

His heart felt lighter than before.

At that moment, he heard Simon’s voice once again.

“Ah! ” Isn’t there an excellent archer amongst the guys that Roan has?

“Yes. He probably has a rank called the hundred-man commander.”

Because the words hundred-man commander didn't flow from his mouth very well, Tio made an awkward smile.

Truthfully, the peculiar troop organization of the Amaranth troop was already a big topic amongst many nobles.

Some young nobles copied Roan and imitated him, but most nobles thought of it as useless work and disliked it.

“Give him one as well.”

“Yes. I shall do so.”

Tio once again bowed his head.

The reason he served Simon.

It was because of this point.

The manner in which he doesn't ask about one's status as long as that person was talented.

‘If his personality becomes a little softer, he will become a magnificent king.’

Tio grabbed the door's handle.

‘The God’s Drug. We just need to obtain the God’s Drug.’

If so, Simon could eliminate the evil energy of the mana technique that Simon was training in.

If he could do that, he wouldn’t have to lose his rationality and go on a rampage even if he became angry.

‘Sir Duke Webster. Please.’

The one getting the God’s Drug was Simon’s grandfather on his mother’s side, Bradley Webster’s mission.

Tio exhaled a short sigh and exited the conference hall.

Simon glanced at Tio’s back and faintly smiled.

‘Viscount Ruin. I can see you worrying about me all over your face. Huhuhu.’

Somehow, he felt proud.

A loyal subordinate who worried about him day and night.

‘If only there were more people like Viscount Ruin, there wouldn’t be any need to get angry.’

A bitter smile formed on his mouth.

Instead of within himself, Simon was still searching for the root of all the faults elsewhere.

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‘Roan Tale.’

Glancing at Roan, who was following behind, Anthony gritted his teeth.

‘You will die here today.’

The friendly looking face was gone as if it were a lie.

A cold animosity floated in his eyes and mouth.

‘Those Janis guys. They’re so praiseworthy.’

Anthony and the Janis information agency’s relationship.

It started when he suspected his wife’s affairs.



For Anthony, who was a noble of the kingdom and a wealthy man, the Janis information agency wholeheartedly gathered evidence.

In the end, Anthony's suspicion was found to be a misunderstanding, and his love and trust in his wife became much stronger from his guilt.

With that event as the catalyst, Anthony came to really like the Janis information agency and didn't hold back in giving monetary support.

Especially once the three princes of the Rinse Kingdom began competing for the succession of the throne, Anthony and the Janis information agency's relationship became even closer.

It was because Anthony needed the information on the other princes once he entered Tommy Rinse's faction.

‘Each and every bit of information they provided was helpful.’

Thanks to that, he was able to rise to a position where he could converse privately with Tommy despite being a mere viscount.

If Tommy became the next king just like that.

‘I can become a count, no, at least a marquis.’

It was a situation where only the opportunities to ascend existed.

But Anthony's path was blocked by a dark cloud.

The cause was the Poskein Monster Expedition.

Simon, the first prince, managed to raise overwhelming results in this expedition.

Thanks to that, the competition for the throne, which was proceeding tightly until now, had slightly leaned towards Simon.

And on top of this, the fact that the second prince, Tommy, tried to kill Simon was revealed and his position became highly volatile.

Anthony became desperate.

A scheme, an event, or an accident that could turn the situation around was needed.

A chance for Tommy to stop Simon's rampage and rebound back.

But sadly, he couldn't easily find such a chance nor did it come to him easily.

And at that time, Baba of the Janis information agency discreetly

came to him at a late hour.

‘Baron Tale, they asked me to get rid of him.’

Baba said that Roan was gaining control of the Miller Castle’s information.

If the situation continued to proceed, Anthony couldn’t be provided with valuable information and Simon, who was on a winning streak, would monopolize the information of the entire region around the capital.

‘I can’t let that happen.’

Also.

‘If we look at the facts, the reason Prince Simon was able to raise the overwhelming results were all because of this guy, Roan.’

And the one who saved Simon’s life was him too.

If only there wasn’t Roan, Simon would have lost his life in the expedition’s battlefield and the throne would have been Tommy’s to take.

At least, that’s what Anthony thought.

In the end, Anthony decided to take Baba's proposal after some contemplation.

Putting his head together with Baba, he came up with a plan.

The so-called Roan assassination plan using a hunting competition.

'It is in fact a hunt, but a hunt for Roan rather than animals.'

A vile and foul smile hung on his mouth.

When they were planning the hunting competition conspiracy, Baba boasted with the Janis information agency's name on the line.

'Once I kill that bastard Roan, the Janis information agency promised to disguise it as an accident.'

In preparation for that, they had already set up traps in the hunting grounds.

They weren't just simple deep holes.

The traps were made so that the earth will fall down from the left and the right once he stepped on the weeds covering the hole, and sharp swords and spears were planted upside down inside.

In name, they were traps to catch the bears that appeared around the region.

Roan would step on the bear trap during the hunting competition and suffer an untimely death.

And if he didn't die even after falling into the trap?

'Then we'll have to personally use our hands.'

Because of that, the knights and the territory's soldiers, as well as nobles who were close to him, all accompanied him.

Of course, the nobles that came along were all those who supported Tommy.

'It certainly is a dangerous plan.'

But the reward for success was just as incredible as the danger.

'If we can at least catch Roan, Prince Simon's faction will fall into total chaos.'

At that time, Tommy simply had to calm the faction's internal strife and prepare to fly once again.

Anthony thinly closed his eyes.

‘Once this job goes well, I too will fly.’

His heart thumped.

It felt as if a brilliant future was spreading out in front of his eyes.

Then.

Jing! Jing! Jing! Ddung! Ddung! Ddung!

The sounds of cymbals and drums loudly echoed.

“Waaaah!”

Soon after, the soldiers, who had the role of trappers, yelled and sprinted out.

Paat!

Through the tall weeds, a nimble deer showed itself.

Dodging the trappers, it frantically moved back and forth.

The hunting competition had finally begun.

“Who has the courage to go and catch that deer?”

When Anthony loudly shouted, a knight that was nearby, went up.

“I, Ted Weiss, will attempt to hit it once.”

As a knight of Viscount Holten’s house, Ted was famous for his exceptional archery skills.

‘Good. Then should I discourage Baron Tale a bit here? Huhuhu.’

Anthony wanted to boast about his subordinate’s skill.

At the same time, he wanted to show the bumpkin from the Kingdom’s eastern countryside that the capital wasn’t an easy place.

“Oh! Good. Ted. You go and take a shot.”

“Yes sir!”

Once Anthony’s permission was granted, Ted quickly pulled his bowstring.

Piing!

Soon, an arrow flew across the air with a sharp sound.

A beautiful curve.

Puuck!

A frightening sound echoed.

The deer that was running away from the trappers immediately fell down.

The arrow was stuck precisely in the deer's neck.

“It's a bulls-eye!”

A soldier loudly shouted.

“Hahaha! As expected, you live up to your reputation!”

“If it's Ted Weiss of Viscount Holten's house, he is quite the well-known archer in the capital.”

“Sir Viscount Holten must feel quite confident.”

With surprised expressions, many nobles clapped.



Slapping Ted's shoulder, Anthony nodded his head.

“Hahaha. Certainly, I do feel confident.”

Ted slightly lowered his head at those words.

Then, a noble looked at Roan and spoke in a quiet voice.

“Rather than just doing this, Sir Baron Tale too, please show us your skills. I would like to see the skills of the expedition's hero.”

“Yes. Let us see.”

“I want to see too.”

Insistence as if staged.

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘They probably plan on ridiculing me if I make a mistake here.’

But he had no plans to go along with the play.

With a cheerful smile, he answered in a leisurely manner.

“I’m a spearman, so I simply don’t have confidence with a bow.”

Of course, it was a lie.

His archery skills were certainly lacking compared to his spearmanship, but he held archery skill that was definitely above that of an ordinary soldier.

But to break off the noses of these arrogant nobles and knights, an overwhelming skill that was incredible even if one were to see it was needed.

‘Rather than an ordinary archer, this is when a godly one is needed.’

If it was a godly archer, incidentally, there was one nearby.

Roan moved to the side.

“He is the Hundred-man Commander, Harrison of the Amaranth troop.”

His right hand pointed at Harrison.

Harrison, who was quickly watching the situation unfold, instantly understood Roan’s intentions.

He quietly held the bow and took out an arrow.

A relaxed look and manner

Seeing that sight, Roan faintly smiled.

“He is our troop’s best archer.”

As soon as he spoke, he heard someone snort.

“Hmph.”

When he looked back at the sound, the knight, Ted, was making a haughty expression.

He looked at Harrison’s bow and shook his head.

“I’m worried that the bow would break from old age.”

A clearly mocking tone.

“Yes. It’s simply too old.”

“And the bowstring is much too coarse.”

“I wonder if the arrow would fall down in front of our feet

instead. Hahaha.”

Many nobles chimed in and delighted themselves.

Roan creased his forehead.

He could take ridicule as much as possible if they were directed at him.

But he couldn't take ridicule towards his subordinate.

There was already a case in the past when a similar event happened and he beat up Jack, his senior officer, to a pulp.

Roan was about to shout something back.

“Sir.”

Harrison softly smiled and shook his head.

A sign that he was okay.

At that moment.

“A deer!”

The trappers shouted.

Pabaat!

A deer showed up crossing through the weeds.

As expected, it moved frantically.

Harrison calmly held his breath and drew the bowstring.

Kigigigik. Ping!

As quick as the bow had been drawn, the string was released.

A rapid fire.

It was an archery as if aiming was unnecessary.

Sswaeaeaeaeag!

A sharp sound rocked the ears.

Roan as well as everyone else's eyes chased the arrow.

Puuk!

The arrow perfectly planted itself into the deer's body.

“It's a bulls-eye!”

The soldiers loudly shouted.

Immediately, Anthony and many other nobles' faces turned strange.

That was a look as if forcefully holding back a laughter.

“An excellent skill. It did hit the deer.”

“Ted Weiss here hit the deer's neck, but that soldier over there hit the wide body.”

At the nobles' praises, Ted's shoulder went up a palm higher.

With an arrogant face, he looked back at Roan and Harrison.

“As expected, the difference between the capital and the countryside can't be.....”

When he spoke up to that point.

Ping! Ping! Piing!

Like when he shot the first arrow, Harrison consecutively fired several more arrows without aiming.

“Wha, what?”

The nobles and the knights looked at the arrow with a surprised expression.

Puk! Puk! Pupuk!

Four arrows planted themselves into the deer’s body in a blink.

Immediately, a heavy silence spread out.

The soldiers acting as trappers, Anthony and the nobles, and Ted with the rest of the knights all opened their eyes widely in shock and made faces that seemed to doubt what had happened.

Only two people.

Only Roan and Harrison looked at each other and smiled.

“They, they’re all bulls-eyes!”

A soldier shouted a moment late.

Only then did the suffocating silence break.

“Just, just how does, that, that skill.....”

“Is that really possible?”

The nobles who were ridiculing Harrison were blown away.

In particular, Anthony received an incredible shock.

“To think that the four arrows fired later would hit the first arrow.....”

He couldn't even finish his sentence.

His sight was still on the deer's fallen body that was far away.

There were total of five arrows planted in the deer's body.

The shocking thing was that all five arrows were planted in an area smaller than a thumb's nail.

In fact, one arrow had exactly pierced through an arrow that was shot before it.



“I feel rather envious of Baron Tale.”

“You said it. To have such an incredible archer as a subordinate.....”

A few nobles couldn't hide their envy inside and praised Harrison.

That was a kind of instinct.

At that moment.

“Impossible!”

Knight Ted thunderously shouted.

Glaring straight into Harrison's eyes, he gritted his teeth.

“This is your real skill?”

At those words, Harrison glanced at Roan and then looked back at Ted.

Harrison slowly shook his head.

“It is not.”

As soon as he said so, Ted cynically smiled.

“Hmph! As expected. This can’t be your skill.”

“Yes. You’re right.”

Harrison nodded his head and held up his old bow.

“If only the bow was intact, I would have pierced through all the arrows.”

A sincerely disappointed look and voice.

“Wha, what?”

Immediately, Ted’s face burned red.

As if he were to immediately jump at Harrison, his entire body trembled.

“You bastard, you dare to make fun of me? For a worthless country bumpkin, you.....”

When he spoke up to that point.

Paat!

A heavy sound rang through his ears.

At the same time, a black iron pole appeared.

Tuk!

The end of the iron pole touched Ted's neck.

“Stop right there.”

A cold voice.

The one holding the iron pole was in fact Roan.

“From this point on, it would be best if you shut your mouth.”

The identity of the iron pole was the Traviass Spear.

“Just, just what is.....?”

Ted turned his head with a shocked expression.

Ssk.

The Traviar Spear pressed down on the tip of his jaw.

“I told you that you should shut your mouth. If you flap that mouth one more time, I will break your jawbone.”

A even colder voice than before.

“Hhmp!”

Unknowingly, Ted instinctively closed his mouth with his two hands.

It was because he understood that Roan wasn't joking.

“Ba, Baron Tale. Why are you suddenly doing this?”

At the unexpected situation, Anthony awkwardly smiled and shook his hand.

While glaring at Ted, Roan briefly answered.

“Ted Weiss looked down upon and ridiculed my subordinate.”

Strength went into his voice.

“An insult to my subordinate is in turn, an insult to me.”

Gigik.

Travias Spear became a little longer.

Roan turned his head and looked at Anthony.

“The only ones who stay quiet after being insulted are cowards.”

# Chapter 118: A Good Person (5)

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“Hm. So he is currently hunting with Viscount Holten?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

With a slightly nervous expression, Baba answered.

“It’s not bad, but...”

The glasses man on the chair rubbed his chin.

Baba unconsciously took a dry gulp.

A timid look that didn’t match his big size.

He was that afraid of the glasses man, Hooke, the master of the Janis Information Agency and the best information agent in Miller Castle, who was in front of him.

“Hm.”

With a sharp light shining in his eyes, Hooke fiddled with his glasses’ frame.

It was one of his habits that came out whenever he was contemplating or was deep in thought.

A moment later.

“And if the plan goes wrong and Viscount Holten fails?”

Did he perhaps expect the question?

Baba immediately answered.

“We will cut off our tail.”

“Cut off our tail?”

“Yes. We have already cleaned up the articles and records related to the plan. If the plan goes wrong, we will immediately dispose of them.”

An immediate answer.

A confident face.

Only then did Hooke show a look that was slightly relieved.

But there were still many other things that needed to be checked.

“There are a significant number of nobles that hold a close

relationship with us. Among them are counts as well as marquises and dukes.”

Baba nodded instead of answering.

He too had clearly memorized the Janis Information Agency’s list of customers.

The big shot nobles whose names he wouldn’t dare to mention lightly.

“What’s your reason for leaving them alone and choosing Viscount Holten instead?”

With an expression that seemed to emphasize how obvious the answer was, Baba replied.

“There is the advantage of him being easier to control than other big nobles, but most of all, Viscount Holten’s ambition is big. He is.....”

His expression turned strange.

It was a certain type of sneer?

“A man who wouldn’t even refuse a poisoned apple for success.”



It was true.

In the case of higher nobles who had already achieved much and had much to lose, there was no need for them to risk danger for a greater success.

But those like Anthony, whose ambitions were grand despite being in an ambiguous standing, wanted to accomplish big achievements even if they had to overextend themselves.

And because Baba recognized that and threw out the bait, Anthony had immediately bitten it.

Making a foul smile, Hooker nodded his head.

“Well, that’s probably why he’s thoughtlessly jumping at a shabby plan like this. Kuk.”

A sneer leaked out.

“And the reactions from the princes?”

It was a fact that most nobles, no, almost all residents of Miller knew that Roan was on Prince Simon’s side and Anthony was on Prince Tommy’s side.

It was highly possible that the princes would take some kind of action.

Baba answered with a slightly nervous look.

“Surprisingly, there is no reaction. It seems that all three princes are watching the situation.”

“Really? I wasn’t sure about the other princes, but I thought that there would some reaction from Prince Simon’s faction.....”

Hooke made a surprised expression.

However much the Janis Information Agency held and controlled Miller Castle’s information, it obviously didn’t know very much about the situation inside the palace.

“Anyhow, I quite like how you handled the work this time.”

Hooke looked at Baba and nodded his head.

Only then did a look of relief appear on Baba’s face.

‘He’s doing it again.’

Hooke didn’t miss that change in Baba’s face.

Frowning his nose, he asked in a small voice.

“The spies on Baron Tale are still properly attached, right?”

“Yes. They have continued to bring various information until now.”

Baba nodded his head with a confident face.

“This time, if the plan goes wrong, they must spy on him more thoroughly. If he shows even a small suspicious movement, tell them to report immediately.”

“Yes. I understand.”

Baba answered with a slightly nervous look.

It was a brief movement, but his expressions changed too often.

Hooke tried to say something, but soon afterwards waved his hand instead.

A sign telling him to now leave.

Lowering his head, Baba bowed and exited the office.

Hooke, who was left alone, bit down on his lower lip.

‘Baba. I was planning on making him the agency’s next master

since he received quite a lot of the members' support and had good talent, but.....'

It seems he had to change his thought.

'He is too young and soft. His vicious side is lacking.'

The heart was too weak to carry the group.

At his single expression and word, Baba repeated being delighted, nervous, and afraid.

'It seems that I have to look for a new guy.'

Hooke planned to slowly increase the Janis Information Agency's size.

His ambition was certainly great.

But whether his talent was enough to follow that ambition was unknown.

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'Dammit.'

Viscount Anthony gritted his teeth.

‘Even though we haven’t even gotten to where the traps are.’

He didn’t expect Roan to possibly take out a spear in front of nobles.

Of course, the nobles of that era weren’t the type to look away from insolence.

An era when honor was highly held up.

However, Anthony thought that Roan, who only recently became a noble, would remain docile.

And just like that, he hadn’t understood Roan properly.

If he was someone who had watched Roan until now, he absolutely wouldn’t have ridiculed or mocked Roan’s subordinates.

“Baron Tale.”

Forcing a smile, Anthony shook his hands.

“Ted simply made a mistake because his personality is a bit rash, so please kindly forgive him.”

For now, he had to calm Roan down.

‘Only then could I drop him into the trap, kill him, and cover it up as an accident or whatnot.’

But Roan’s expression was still cold.

“I’ll have to get an apology.”

“Yes. Of course he’ll have to apologize.”

Anthony immediately nodded his head and signaled towards Ted with his eyes.

Ted deeply bowed towards Roan.

“I’m sorry. I have shown you a bad side of.....”

When he spoke up to that point.

“Stop.”

Roan shook his head and stopped him.

He pointed at Harrison with his chin.

“You should be apologizing to Harrison instead of me.”

“Hmm.”

Ted gritted his teeth.

To Roan, who was a noble, he could lower his head as many times as needed.

But that was different for Harrison.

‘I have to lower my head to the commoner bastard?’

He was a knight.

And even though it was only an honorary title that couldn’t be passed down, he had the title of a baronet.

He couldn’t lower his head to Harrison.

But.

Baron/Baroness is above Baronet/Baronetess, and Baronet cannot be passed down to descendants

‘Damn it. If it only wasn’t for the planned trap.....’

For now, appeasing Roan came first.

Most of all, Anthony kept on sending him signs with his eyes right in front of him.

An urgently pressing look.

‘Dammit. Kuuk.’

Inevitably, Ted lowered his head slightly toward Harrison.

His face had blushed and was contorted.

“I, I’m sorry. I became excited and said too much.”

Harrison looked at Ted with a calm face, who was lowering his head at him.

But truthfully, he was greatly anxious inside.

And at the same time, he felt a thrilling exhilaration.

‘That prideful and arrogant knight bowed his head.’

And to him, who was a commoner.



It was a sight he wouldn't had even dared to imagine.

Of course.

'It's probably to calm down my lord for now.'

Harrison, too, had a complete grasp of their scheme.

With a cough, he slightly raised his hand.

"It's okay."

As soon as he said so, Ted immediately raised his head up high.

His face was still brightly blushing.

Glancing at Roan and Anthony once, he returned to his original place.

His entire body trembled from the humiliation.

If he could, he wanted to immediately draw his sword.

'I'll wait just a bit, just a bit more.'

Once Roan and Harrison fell into the traps, he planned to stab the sword into their bodies.

Then, he heard Anthony's voice.

“Really, that rash personality is quite troublesome. Hahaha.”

Anthony deliberately laughed aloud and changed the mood.

“Shall we continue the hunt?”

He signaled with his eyes to the nobles that came along.

The nobles, who became scared at Roan's pressure and were reading the mood, soon noticed and nodded their heads.

“Yeah. That should be good.”

“There are only deer here, so why don't we go a bit more towards the east?”

A conversation that naturally flowed.

There wasn't a single part that was strange.

But inwardly, Roan was making a bitter smile.

‘So they’re suggesting to go towards the traps.’

He too had no need to specifically refuse.

That place was already Roan’s, not Anthony’s, territory.

Roan looked at Anthony and the nobles and nodded.

“Then, let us go east.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Paat!

An extremely crumpled piece of paper hit a wall and bounced off.

“So he is going to come at me like that.....”

The man panting and raging was Baron Elton Coat.

“I betrayed Prince Simon because I trusted Prince Kallum, but..... he’s saying that I’m no longer needed now that the job is done? Hmph!”

Idiom 토사구팽, meaning “once the rabbit is caught, the hunting dog is no longer needed and will be eaten”, can be translated as “the hunting dog is no longer needed once the hunt is done”,

interpreted as “thrown away like an old shoe”

The ball of paper Elton threw was a letter from Kallum.

After betraying Simon and placing himself in danger, Elton’s position became extremely dangerous.

He ran away from Simon for now and returned to his land in the north, but not knowing when he might be subjugated, he passed the days in fear.

With a sense of grasping at straws, he kept sending letters to Kallum, but Kallum didn’t even reply back once.

Also during that time, Baron Gary Renard, who betrayed Simon together with Elton, liquified his assets and his territory, and ran away to the Byron Kingdom.

As the situation turned for the worst, Elton sent a final letter to Kallum.

No, it was more blackmail than a letter.

Was it thanks to that? Finally, Kallum’s reply came.

“Kuk. We have never talked and have never met before?”

Coldly and cruelly, Kallum cut Elton off.

Elton loudly grinded his teeth.

‘If I knew this was going to happen, I should’ve just followed Prince Simon.’

Regret poured in much too late.

At that moment, Tony the vice captain of the territory’s army, who was standing by at a corner, spoke up in a cautious manner.

“My lord?”

“What!”

Elton reacted in a fit of anger.

Tony was slightly startled, but didn’t back down.

He too was in a corner as expected.

“Since it has come to this, why don’t we try to scheme up something big?”

“Something big?”

Elton creased his forehead.

He looked straight into Tony's two eyes.

‘For someone with such a large stature, his head is quite exceptional and quick at understanding the situation.’

Because of that, Tony became his close aide despite not even being the captain of the territory's army, but a mere vice captain.

Back in the Poskein Monster Expedition, he also made the achievement of convincing Simon to go out on his own.

Seeing Elton's expression slowly soften, Tony inwardly cheered in success.

Quickly, he laid out his plan.

“Right now, there is nowhere in Rinse Kingdom that we can lean towards. Prince Simon won't forgive us and Prince Kallum has abandoned us.”

“Don't say what we already know.”

With an awkward look, Elton shook his head.

Tony nodded and quickly continued to talk.

“And even if we were to seek asylum with the Byron Kingdom, there is already Sir Baron Gary Renard who went first, so there is no chance for us to receive a good reception.”

“Get to the point, the point.”

At the continued explanation of the situation, Elton creased his brows.

With a quiet voice, Tony spoke as if to whisper.

“My suggestion is to go over to the Byron Kingdom while bringing a big present.”

“A big present?”

When Elton asked back, Tony pointed with his finger towards the ground.

“If it’s Coat Baronnie and Renard Baronnie, wouldn’t that be an amazingly big present?”

Suddenly, Elton’s eyes turned wide.

A strange silence fell in the office.

“Khm.”

Tony shrugged and let out a cough.

Only then did Elton gather himself and nodded.

“Do continue. I’ll hear it for now and then decide.”

He pretended to be calm, but his voice shook.

The tip of his mouth kept on twitching.

\*\*\*\*\*

At the eastern edge of the hunting ground, the grass had grown waist-high and a dense forest spread out.

Anthony rode a step ahead of the others and checked the inside of the hunting grounds.

‘Hm. It’s properly marked.’

A symbol only he himself, the knights, and the soldiers who took on the role of trappers, could recognize.



There, the traps were set.

With a faint smile on his mouth, Anthony turned to Roan and the nobles.

“This place is famous for La’bear to appear.”

“Oh! La’bear.”

“Finally, I feel like doing some hunting.”

Many nobles cheered and were delighted.

La’bear was a type of a special species of bear that only lived in Rinse Kingdom.

Although it was smaller than a normal bear, it was much faster and more agile, and had extremely hard skin.

And because there was a limit to hunting it with a regular arrow, one must use spears, swords, axes and such to fight in close quarters.

‘And because of it, it’s much more dangerous than other types of hunting.’

But it was a hunt where one could feel an equally sharp

exhilaration.

Roan looked at the hunting ground and smiled.

‘We’ll have to run around over there if we want to hunt La’bear, but.....’

In there, unseen traps had been set all over.

Of course.

‘We already changed all their locations.’

The smile that hung his mouth became deeper.

Anthony, who wouldn’t know of this situation at all, was excited on his own.

‘For now, we’ll free a La’bear that we had tied in the forest, and.....’

For this trap, he had even prepared a La’bear.

And just in case the La’bear could step on the traps, they had spread the Vetto flower, a flower that the bear seriously hated, on top of the traps in bunches .

‘And if Baron Tale stepped on the trap while chasing the La’bear.....’

If so, it would be a complete success.

But there still was the most important problem.

‘Baron Tale must be the first to hunt.’

Although they had marked the spots, Anthony, as well as the other nobles, could easily fall into the traps and get hurt while frantically running around.

‘How should I do it?’

When he was contemplating just how to naturally make him hunt.

At that moment.

Kueong!

With a loud cry, a La’bear ran out from the forest.

‘Those idiotic bastards! What are you trying to do releasing it already when there wasn’t a signal?!’

Anthony panicked and creased his brows.

Even though he hadn't even passed the first hunt to Roan, the La'bear had shown itself first.

'Uug! If something goes wrong, the plan will be ruined! Idiots!'

When Anthony was cursing the soldiers in charge of the La'bear.

"Sir Viscount Holten."

He heard Roan's voice.

Forcefully hiding his annoyed expression, Anthony looked at him.

Roan cheerfully smiled and lifted the Travias Spear.

"I haven't had much to show off during the deer hunt, so may I take the first hunt for the La'bear?"

"Oh!"

Anthony exclaimed.

That was not a false exclamation.

‘What luck!’

The twisted situation untwisted itself on its own.

‘I have a good feeling this time!’

It felt as if lady luck was following him.

Anthony immediately nodded his head.

“To be able to see the skills of Sir Baron Tale, the hero of the expedition..... I wish to ask of you instead.”

“Then, I’ll take it as your permission.”

Roan brightly smiled and lowered his head.

Soon afterwards, he pulled the reins and kicked his horse.

Hihhiing!

The war horse wildly cried out and kicked the ground.

The place he was heading to was the field that the La’bear was running around.

Anthony's face became greatly flushed looking at that scene.

'He's going. Go!'

Things were really going great.

The war horse carrying Roan ran toward the trap he had dug.

'Just a bit, just a bit more.'

Anthony's face turned serious.

The knights and the many nobles who knew of the situation all gazed at Roan and made dry gulps.

Finally.

Teodeog!

The war horse carrying Roan stepped on top of the trap.

"Good! We....."

Anthony unknowingly clenched his fist and shouted but soon shut his mouth.

Dududududu!

That was because the war horse that landed on top of the trap was still running toward the La'bear as if nothing had happened.

Anthony widely opened his eyes and looked at the people around him.

A look that showed complete confusion.

But that was the same for the other people.

Looks of panic were clear on their faces.

Meanwhile.

Dududududu!

Roan's war horse stepped back and forth over the places where the traps were and where they weren't, and ran on.

And the people who hoped each time for Roan to get hurt fell into great confusion.

Anthony wanted to shout out in frustration, but he couldn't due to Harrison.

‘Damn it! Just what is happening?! What is happening!’

The two eyes widely opened to the point of being ripped open.

He clenched his teeth and sharply trembled with his entire body.

‘Were the traps incorrectly marked?’

Anthony grilled the knights and nobles with his eyes.

But sadly, the ones who knew the answer weren’t them.

‘How foolish.’

Harrison, who was watching the scene, inwardly smiled.

Looking at Anthony, who was laboriously making a smile at him, Harrison twitched his nose.

‘Welcome.’

His heart calmed down.

‘To the battlefield we have prepared.’



## Chapter 119: A Good Person (6)

---

“Certainly, we should bring him in, right?”

“Of course. There is no one like him that fits us so perfectly.”

Ten young men and two young women.

The twelve young people sat around a large round table and chatted pleasantly.

Their expressions were soft and the voices were quiet, but the mood was feverish.

“Alright. Then who should be the good person to persuade him?”

As soon as his words finished, everyone turned to one young woman.

“The eloquent Elva Dionell is perfect for this job.”

“If it’s Elva, I can trust and leave her the work.”

“Certainly, Elva has to do it.”

Gazes and praises poured down.

The young women, Elva, faintly smiled and nodded her head.

“Sure. I’ll have a go at it.”

A bold voice and manner that didn’t fit her innocent look.

She was merely twenty five years old, but was the head of the Dionell House and a viscount of Rinse Kingdom.

Including the Rinse Kingdom, several nations on the continent granted and allowed the inheritance of nobility to women. Of course, it wasn’t an easy job.

In the case of women, their talent must be more exceptional and there couldn’t be even a small fault.

Because of that, a female noble represented a great talent just by being a noble.

And amongst those female nobles, Elva was a talent amongst the talented who became a noble at the youngest age.

She looked around at the young men and women sitting around the round table.

Including her, every one of the twelve young people were between their twenties and early thirties.

All similar to each other, each one of them was the head of a household and were part of the kingdom's nobility.

These twelve people represented the meeting of the young nobles that represented the Rinse Kingdom.

“Okay. Then we'll leave the work of persuading Baron Tale to Elva.”

Sith Wiggins, the head of the group and a viscount of the Rinse Kingdom, concluded the decision.

Turning to everyone, he continued to speak.

“As you all know, we 12 Hatchlings act as the youth party in the world of Rinse's nobles. Although the princes we each support are different, regardless of who becomes the next king, we have to stay together and pledge our loyalty to the kingdom. Got it?”

Everyone nodded at those words.

“Of course. In the first place, that's why we made this group.”

“That is obvious.”

“ We will do our best for the Rinse Kingdom and its people.”

A slightly excited voice.

Sith brightly smiled and nodded his head.

His heart felt proud.

‘It was quite hard to arrive at this point.’

When he first made the youth party called the Hatchling, their numbers were merely three.

Feeling disgust from the sight of traditional nobles’ arrogant, cliqued, indecisive and useless looks, Sith gathered young nobles with progressive and revolutionary minds and created the youth party.

Expanding the number of members while carefully checking each person’s personality and ability, their numbers had now reached twelve.

‘Would the thirteenth member be Baron Roan Tale?’

The man who was currently receiving the greatest attention.

If he joined the group, he would be a great strength to the group.

Sith’s gaze turned to Elva.

‘If it’s Elva, she should do well.’

Elva was one of the founding members of the Hatchling party along with him.

To the point where most members had joined due to her persuasion, she was a great persuasive speaker.

At that moment, Sith and Elva’s gazes met.

Staring at each other, the two faintly smiled.

‘Elva. I trust you.’

That was the meaning of Sith’s gaze.

However.

‘Ah..... my love, Sith.’

Elva’s gaze had a different meaning.

\*\*\*\*\*

Keueong!

A cry that shook the forest.

Twisting its neck, the La'bear cried aloud and soon fell down.

In its neck was a long and thick black spear.

The Traviias Spear.

The black spear was definitely Roan's favorite weapon, the Traviias Spear.

"Huu."

Roan let out a short sigh and pulled on the end of the spear.

The speartip that was buried deeply in the La'bear's body showed itself.

'To hunt a La'bear alone.....'

Roan was once again surprised and shocked at himself.

There was also a time in his last life when he hunted a La'bear.

He was acting as a trapper for the generals' pleasure hunting,

when he was dragged in to personally hunt for their amusement.

‘Even though twenty common soldiers had to jump in and were barely able to catch one at that time.’

Literally a sense of being in a new world.

Roan bitterly smiled and shook the spearhead.

The La’bear’s blood on the spear’s tip sprayed out to the side.

“Wow.....”

The common soldiers who were watching the sight from the side exclaimed with shocked faces.

They had also heard that Roan, the expedition’s hero, had amazing skills.

‘Even though he was merely a common soldier not too long ago.’

I thought that rumors tend to be exaggerated.’

‘I thought he merely caught Prince Simon’s eyes by luck and achieved baseless success.’

But the skills they saw from Roan in the flesh exceeded the

rumors.

A slightly rough but fearless horse riding skills and flawless spearmanship.

Especially, even in the common soldiers' eyes, Roan's spearmanship was an exception amongst exceptions.

A feeling like looking at a whirlwind with neither a start nor an end.

The sight of Roan leading the war horse across the field chasing and killing the La'bear was the very definition of perfection.

The common soldiers, who had the role of trappers, stared at Roan in awe.

‘There was a time when I was like them too.’

Reminiscing of his past self, he pulled the reins.

‘You can't simply stare and be awed. Work hard. If you try hard, you can be anything.’

In fact, Roan had been working himself to death throughout his entire second life.



He couldn't really call his last life a success, thanks to the efforts made in that life, he could reach the light in the second life.

'A nation where anything is possible with hard work. I will make that nation.'

Roan took in a deep breath.

His spirit soared.

Meanwhile, the horse had turned toward Viscount Holten and the various nobles.

Clop. Clop.

While everyone remained silent, only the sound of the horse's steps rang out.

"My lord. That was quite an amazing skill."

When Roan came close, Harrison raised his thumb as if he had been waiting.

Roan cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

"This much skill is nothing."

His gaze headed naturally toward Anthony.

“I heard that Sir Viscount Holten’s swordsmanship was incredible. This time, please show us your awesome skills, sir viscount.”

“U, un?”

Anthony blanked out at the sudden request.

“M, me?”

At the repeated question, Roan lightly nodded his head.

Anthony awkwardly smiled and turned to the other nobles, but they too couldn’t do anything.

‘Damn it. Just what is happening?’

The markings for the traps were definitely done properly.

But in fact, there were no traps there.

No, there was no certain way to tell if they were there or not.

The number of traps Roan stepped on weren’t many.

It was unknown whether the traps in other places were properly set.

‘Damn it.’

In the end, there was only one method.

‘For now, I’ll avoid every single place marked as a trap.’

If so, he could at least avoid being completely humiliated.

While Anthony was turning his head and organizing his chaotic thoughts, he heard Roan’s voice.

“Then should I go and chase a La’bear here?”

Anthony was suddenly shocked and took ahold of himself at those words and shook his hand.

“No need. Let’s leave that to the trappers.”

If Roan went into the forest here, then the La’bears he had prepared in advance would be revealed.

Anthony hurriedly took out his sword and pulled his reins.

“Please don’t laugh even if it’s lacking.”

Relaxing while pretending to be humble, he kicked his horse.

Dudududu.

The war horse that showed off a smooth body crossed the field.

As if it had waited, a La’bear ran out from the forest.

‘For now, avoid everywhere marked as a trap.’

Anthony freely controlled the war horse.

As someone who was a noble from birth, his horse riding skills were quite exceptional.

Paat!

The war horse freely ran between the trap marks as if it was dancing.

Soon, the La’bear that was running wild came close enough to possibly touch.

‘I’ll cut this guy’s neck insta.....’

When he had thought up to that point.

Psck!

With an unpleasant sound, his sight leaned to the right.

The horse's body dangerously shook as if it would fall.

“Eh?”

Shocked, Anthony pulled hard at the reins.

But the horse couldn't maintain its balance.

It was because the ground it was firmly stepping on had suddenly collapsed.

Kugung!

With a loud crash, the war horse carrying Anthony fell into the ground.

“Uuaaack!”

Anthony screamed at the sudden event.

Hihhing!

The war horse also cried out violently.

Kwajik!

From losing its balance and falling deep into the earth, the war horse's leg was mercilessly broken.

Anthony also wasn't looking so good.

His ankle and wrist were broken and he had received heavy bruising all over his body.

'A, a trap? Why is a trap in this place!'

He had instinctively realized that he had fallen into a trap.

Anthony looked around the hole and shook his head.

'This isn't a trap we made.'

In the traps he made, sharp weapons like swords and spears were planted upside down.

But the place he had fallen in was simply a deep hole.

‘Why is this kind of trap.....?’

Within his head, questions appeared one after the other.

But this was not the time to leisurely contemplate.

“Uhuph!”

Clumps of earth continuously fell down on his head.

Towards the entrance of the hole, he loudly yelled out.

“Save me! Hurry and get me out of here! Now!”

Anthony’s shout was clearly heard by the knights and the many nobles who were watching from the outside.

“My lord!”

Ted and the knights like him kicked their horses with hurried expressions.

The territory’s soldiers, who were working as trappers, quickly ran from the opposite field and the forest.

“It, it’s dangerous if you carelessly.....”

Many nobles tried to shout with a worried look, but closed their mouths due to Roan’s presence.

Pretending to be oblivious, Roan made a serious face.

“It seems he fell into a bear trap. Let us all go and rescue Sir Viscount Holten.”

The nobles nodded their heads at those words and pulled on their reins with reluctant faces.

‘Damn it. There definitely wasn’t the trap mark, so why?’

‘What? Just where are the traps and where is safe?’

While heading toward Anthony, the nobles sharply focused their senses.

It was because they too couldn’t tell just where the traps were.

But to simply stand still, they couldn’t stand Roan’s gaze.

At that moment.



“U-ugh!”

“Uagh!”

“Ack!”

The knights and the territory’s soldiers fell into the hole with screams.

“Hph!”

“No way!”

The nobles who were further back nervously swallowed and stopped where they stood.

With expressions of complete fear, they couldn’t carelessly move.

‘Damn it. There are bear traps everywhere.’

‘Did Viscount Holten not even check for bear traps while setting this up?’

The nobles absolutely couldn’t imagine that the places Anthony, the knights, and the territory’s soldiers fell down into were traps that Roan prepared.

Looking at the nobles frozen like stone, Roan inwardly smiled.

‘You guys stay still just like that. From here on, this place is.....’

When his thoughts proceeded to that point.

Ppuuuuu!

Sound of a horn echoed.

“Un?”

“What the?”

The nobles, who were already really tense, were startled in surprise and turned towards the source of the sound.

“Ah.....”

Immediately, a quiet exclaim leaked out of everyone’s mouth.

< Amaranth. >

The ones who appeared with the horn from the edge of the field were the Amaranth troops.

Holding up their troop flag in front, they ran toward the nobles in a grand manner.

Roan smiled as he looked towards the Amaranth troops.

‘From here on, we the Amaranth troop control this place.’

\*\*\*\*\*

Austin was leading the Amaranth troop and was doing troop tactics training while circling Miller Castle’s outer wall.

It was an official training that got permission from the palace beforehand.

But the true purpose of the training was elsewhere.

‘ Obliterate Viscount Holten and his group’s scheme.’

The order from Roan.

< Amaranth troop will be on standby at the eastern edge of the hunting ground. Once Viscount Anthony Holten and the subordinates under him fall into the trap, sound the horn and show yourselves. We..... >

Austin’s eyes flashed with light.

‘We will rescue those worthless bastards and find out all who are related to this event, so he said.’

Roan had no plan to immediately put down Anthony and the nobles.

‘However much he wanted to attract the prince’s attention, he couldn’t have planned such an idiotic and bold work alone.’

That was Roan’s thought.

There should definitely be someone who supported him from the shadows or helped architect the scheme.

Using this chance, Roan planned to pull out the factions that aimed against him from the root.

Austin led the troops around the hunting ground and headed towards Roan.

“My lord! Are you okay?”

A rather good acting.

Roan inwardly smiled and nodded.

“I’m fine. Why are you here?”

When he asked the question they planned in advance, Austin immediately answered.

“We got here while returning from our troop tactics training.”

“How fortunate. The situation here isn’t very good.”

Roan and Austin.

The two’s acting continued on.

At the Amaranth troop that suddenly appeared, the nobles, who couldn’t do anything in fear of falling into the traps, no, into the bear traps, were half out of their minds.

‘Thi, this is going badly in too many ways.’

‘One wrong move and we’ll be the ones that fall.’

Anthony and his subordinates had already fallen into the traps and they too couldn’t carelessly do anything.

If their scheme to somehow take down Roan was revealed, they would be caught helplessly by Roan and his Amaranth troop or die a dog’s death.

At that moment, Roan's voice rang out.

"The noble sirs, please stay still over there just in case. Our Amaranth troop will search this field for the bear traps."

"Do, do go ahead."

The nobles merely nodded their heads.

Bitterly smiling on the inside, Roan looked at Austin.

"For now, the Amaranth troop should....."

When he spoke up to that point.

"No, there's really no need for you to do that."

He heard a familiar voice from behind the troop.

'Hm?'

Tilting his head, Roan moved his gaze.

Instantly, a look of surprise appeared in his eyes.

“You are.....”

The young man who pushed the troops to the sides and appeared was in fact, Clay.

Smiling cheerfully, Clay walked towards Roan.

“Do you remember me?”

A clean look unlike when he met Roan.

It was a look that simply couldn't be recognized with a casual glance.

But Roan clearly remembered Clay's thin eyes and his peculiar atmosphere.

“Of course. Mr. Clay.”

“Ah! So you do remember me. And.....”

Clay brightly smiled and turned towards the traps and the nobles who were frozen stiff.

“You clearly remembered my prediction too.”

A satisfied expression.

But soon, he slightly creased his forehead.

“But just what are you doing right now?”

Roan answered with a composed voice.

“I’m trying to rescue Sir Viscount Holten and his subordinates.”

Clay shook his head at those words.

“Sir Baron. If you want to pull out the root, you have to pull out the root, so why are you trying to pluck off the leaves and the stems?”

“Hmm.”

With a slightly surprised look, Roan swallowed back his exclamation.

‘He completely saw through my thoughts and plans.’

Clay was certainly not an ordinary young man.

Rubbing his right earlobe, Clay continued to speak.



“Let us go pull out some roots. I will.....”

His thin eyes bent in a peculiar way.

“Guide you there.”

A confident voice spread with the wind.

# Chapter 120: A Good Person (7)

---

Clay was confident.

He wanted Roan to be shocked by the abilities he had shown.

‘Only then would he treat me precious.’

Clay looked at Roan.

‘Sir Baron Tale’s faction needs a genius like me.’

Around Roan, there were many skilled warriors as well as geniuses who could become skillful warriors.

However, he lacked civil officials who would help with administration or design military strategies and read the big picture.

No, he didn’t have anyone at all.

‘I shall fill that missing spot.’

That was Clay’s plan.

But sadly, he was making a big miscalculation.

Because he was overconfident about his abilities, he misjudged Roan's situation.

Roan and his subordinates.

They were geniuses who were much more outstanding than what Clay had believed.

At that moment.

“Sure. Where will you take me?”

He heard Roan's voice.

Roan was calm.

He didn't show any doubt from Clay's words.

With a slightly surprised face, Clay looked at Roan.

‘Does he believe my words?’

At most, this was their second meeting.

Although he did show an unusual talent, it wasn't an easy thing to suddenly trust someone he had only met once before.

Because of that, he had prepared all sorts of things to say to persuade Roan beforehand.

‘It seems I won’t need them.’

Roan’s decision was extraordinary to a such degree.

‘He’s either bold or reckless.’

Clay stared straight into Roan’s eyes.

There wasn’t a bit of hesitation and only a look of complete trust in his decision.

‘I simply can’t grasp his thoughts.’

In his mind, Clay shook his head.

Truthfully, Roan’s decision this time was quite bold and reckless even for him.

However, he trusted his eyes that had grown from meeting Pierce, Chris, Harrison, Austin, Semi, Brian, and so on.

‘He had already predicted the current situation several days ago.’

Roan wasn't sure just how much of the current situation Clay knew, but it was clear that he had at least completely grasped the big picture.

‘I can't be embarrassed about accepting other people's help.’

To accomplish even greater things, he needed help from a lot more people.

Roan wasn't a genius and he was just a human who was lacking in many areas.

And so, he needed an ability to be able to judge talented people and put them in the right place.

‘Mr. Clay is someone who can be of great help to me.’

He felt certain of it.

Of course, being excessively confident and being overly prideful of his ability was something that needed to be changed.

‘If he learns of his shortcomings, he should become humble on his own.’

Roan was confident that he could change Clay.

There were various kinds of geniuses around Roan, and they had increased their abilities by several levels with his help.

‘It will be a good opportunity for all of them.’

Seemingly unaware of Roan’s feeling, Clay whispered in a quiet voice.

“The place I will guide you to is the Janis information agency’s headquarters in Miller Castle.”

Watching Roan’s complexion, he continued to speak.

“They are the perpetrators who incited Viscount Holten and schemed this event. They are.....”

For quite some time, Clay explained in detail about the scheme that the Janis information agency and Anthony Holten had planned.

It was a complete explanation without a single error as if he was an insider.

‘As expected, it was the Janis information agency.....’

Roan mentally nodding his head as he listened to Clay’s explanation.

From the start, the Janis information agency was judged as one of the most likely masterminds of the event.

He had even ordered the Amarinth information agency to extensively spy on them due to their unusual movements.

‘But the fact that we couldn’t catch them must mean that their abilities are quite extraordinary.’

He didn’t particularly wish to blame Keep or the information squad.

‘But how did Mister Clay know of all this information?’

He momentarily felt suspicious.

All the while, Clay continued to talk.

“Most likely, they have mobilized their agents to watch the entire hunting grounds. By now, they must have realized that the plan went wrong and should be returning to the information agency’s headquarters to make their report.”

Clay’s voice became urgent.

“If we waste time here, the Janis information agency will run and disappear like a reptile cutting off its own tail. Therefore, we must attack their headquarters as soon as possible.”

Austin tilted his head at Clay's words.

“Could a mere information agency really be the root of this event?”

He squinted his eyes.

Clay shook his head.

“They are merely rootlets. The true root is within the information they hold.”

The greatest information agency in the capital.

Inside, the information on Tommy Rinse, Kallum Rinse, and the nobles who followed them was meticulously stored.

Of course, the letters and the conversations that Anthony and the Janis information agency had shared were included amongst them.

Roan nodded his head.

Clay's words were true.

‘Information is power.’



With his eyes, he signaled towards Austin.

Soon, Austin brought out a war horse.

“Can you ride a horse?”

Roan stared at Clay.

For an ordinary commoner, it was an impossible feat.

But Clay nodded his head with a calm face.

“Of course.”

A voice full of confidence.

And with a graceful movement, he got on the saddle.

It wasn't the skills of a person who had only ridden once or twice before.

“Sir Baron Tale.”

Grabbing the reins, Clay called out to Roan.

“Before we attack their headquarters, there is something that we

must do.”

“What is it?”

Roan was still composed.

That slightly agitated Clay.

‘Why is he so calm? Is he not satisfied with the abilities that I’ve shown?’

He thought that Roan would be extremely shocked and awed by now.

But throughout everything, Roan was composed and maintained a calm look.

‘He must be forcefully hiding his shock.’

Clay scrunched his nose and shook his head.

He didn’t believe that there could be anyone who wouldn’t be shocked at his talent.

Of course, there were a lot of other abilities that he still hadn’t shown.

Staring straight at Roan, he continued his words.

“First, we must meet with Prince Simon and receive the permit to move the troops and use force within the capital.”

Because Miller Castle was the kingdom’s capital and where the palace was located, they couldn’t move troops and use force without permission.

“Prince Simon and his faction is holding a meeting in the eastern wing of the palace. We should head over there.”

With this much, even Roan should be shocked.

Clay believed so.

But instead, Roan only faintly smiled and shook his head.

“There’s really no need to do that.”

A soft voice.

Behind him, the Amaranth troop lined up.

With a look asking just what he meant, Clay stared at Roan.

Looking straight into Clay’s eyes, Roan continued to talk.

“We have already received the permission to move our troops and use force within Miller Castle.”

Boom.

Suddenly, Clay felt as if a stone hit the back of his head.

“Eh?”

A questioning sound as if it was hard to believe.

His face contorted.

Roan cheerfully smiled.

“Last night, I visited Sir Duke Bradley Webster and received the permit beforehand.”

At those words, Clay shook his head with a big frown on his face.

“How, how did you think of getting permission ahead of time?”

Roan answered as he looked straight into Clay’s eyes.

“Who knows. Should I say that I expected such a situation? Of

course, Mister Clay appearing here was something completely unexpected.”

Of course, it wasn't a heedless prediction.

The permit for battle inside the capital wasn't something that could be earned with such pitiful evidence and reasons.

Originally, Roan planned to rescue Anthony Holten from the trap and interrogate him based upon the information that Keep and the information squad had gathered.

Because he planned to catch or hunt down the mastermind once he was revealed, he had received the permit to move his troops and use force within the capital beforehand.

‘Always plan while considering various situations.’

And while carrying out that plan, Clay had appeared and reported that the Janis information agency, one of the groups that Roan had predicted to be the mastermind, as the source of the event.

Thanks to that, he could skip the needless rescue work and interrogation.

Paat!

At that moment, Austin tied a blue flag bearing the symbol of Rinse Royalty and the house of Duke Webster below the Amaranth troop flag.

That was a type of badge that allowed the use of force within Miller Castle.

Smiling softly, Roan looked at Clay.

Clay looked somewhat stunned.

With a stutter, he asked once again.

“Di, did Sir Duke Webster really give the permit so easily?”

Roan simply smiled instead of answering.

Roan and Bradley.

Only the two knew what kind of condition and trade passed between them.

‘Did, did I misread Sir Baron Tale?’

Clay swallowed nervously.

He felt as if he had looked down on Roan and his subordinates

more than he thought.

Seeing Clay like this, Roan inwardly let out a short sigh.

‘I hope he learned something from this event.’

He hoped that even if Clay’s pride was hurt, it would be an opportunity for him to be humble.

Roan pulled on the reins.

Hihihing!

The horse cried out aloud.

“We shall head towards the capital!”

“Yes sir!””

The entire Amaranth troop saluted.

Slightly nodding his head at Clay, Roan quickly kicked his horse.

Dududududu!

Soon, the Amaranth troop, with Roan at the head, ran towards

the capital, Miller.

‘Eh, eh?’

Clay, who was half stunned, also kicked his horse soon afterwards and leaned down on the horse.

A well-practiced horse riding skill.

Staring at Roan’s back, who was going ahead, he gritted his teeth.

‘I have to prove my worth one more time.’

He didn’t wish to remain as a mediocre person.

Like so, he was a man who was full of pride and loved all of himself.

Dududududu!

The sound that shook the ground slowly went away.

Once Roan and the Amaranth troop went away, a weird silence fell throughout the hunting ground.

“Did, did they really leave?”



“Whi, while leaving us just like this?”

The nobles, who couldn't do anything and were standing still on the hunting ground, panicked.

“They babbled about something by themselves and suddenly went toward Miller Castle.”

“Is it possible that our plan had been revealed?”

“Nah, no way. Even we don't know where the Janis information agency's headquarters is.”

They forced smiles on their faces and looked at each other.

But their eyes were full of fear and unease.

One of them muttered in a spiritless voice.

“What should we do now?”

At those words, the strange silence pervaded once again.

But the silence this time didn't last so long.

“Get me out of here! Just get me out of here!”

Anthony’s shout echoed through the hunting grounds.

And following that.

“Save me!”

“Please help us!”

The knights and the soldiers who fell into traps shouted from here and there.

Only after that did the nobles take hold of their dazed minds.

“For now, let’s rescue Viscount Holten.”

“That should be good.”

Stabbing the ground with a long spear or a sword step by step, they headed toward the trap Anthony fell in.

Soon, a shoddy and lousy rescue operation began.

On the other hand, the Amaranth troop that headed toward Miller Castle was soon in front of the castle’s east gate.

“Un?”

Roan, who was riding ahead of the others, frowned as he pulled his reins.

The speed of the war horse that had been sprinting gradually slowed down.

“What is it, sir?”

When Austin came up to ask, Roan pointed at Miller Castle.

There, tens of horses were rapidly running toward them.

‘Who are they?’

Everyone tilted their head.

When the distance between the two closed, the troop flag raised up high in the lead position was seen clearly.

< Bloodstorm. >

‘If it’s Bloodstorm, then that’s the troop led by Sir Viscount Ruin.’

Viscount Tio Ruin, who should be aiding Simon in the palace, led several soldiers and appeared.

‘Is it perhaps because of Viscount Holten and his lackeys?’

It was already well known that Viscount Anthony Holten and many nobles followed Tommy Rinse, the second prince.

Because he knew that, Roan had made meticulous preparations of his own and before he joined the hunting competition.

‘Did Prince Simon send Sir Viscount Ruin because he was worried about me?’

If it wasn’t that, there was no reason for Tio to appear here.

But Roan soon shook his head.

The appearance of Tio, who was riding in the front, wasn’t that of a general prepared for a fight.

A light attire and a bright face.

And the number of soldiers was merely ten high level knights.

Kicking his horse, Tio rode toward Roan.

“Baron Tale.”

With a fancy horse riding skill, Tio halted his horse.

Still sitting on top of the horse, Roan bowed.

“Sir Viscount Tio Ruin.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be at the hunting grounds?”

Tio tilted his head.

“That is.....”

Roan didn’t hide the situation.

A short explanation ensued.

Tio soon made a bitter smile as he shook his head.

‘What idiots.’

In the first place, there was no way that they, who only knew how to sit in front of desks and flap their mouths, could face Roan.

Roan raised his head slightly and looked at Tio.

“But where is Sir Viscount Ruin going in such a hurry?”

“Ah! I was on my way to find you. There are some things I have for you.”

Smiling brightly, Tio gestured at his aides behind him.

Two of his aides approached while each holding a bow.

“These are the bows Prince Simon is presenting you. One is for Baron Tale, and the other is for the Hundred-man Commander Harrison.”

“Ah.....”

Quiet exclamations leaked out from Roan and Harrison’s mouths.

They carefully received the bows the aides passed to them.

‘To think he would present not only me, but also Harrison with a bow.’

It was a completely unexpected event.

Harrison was especially moved.

‘The prince has remembered even a common soldier like me.’

He couldn’t have even imagined that he would one day receive a present from a prince.

Roan and Harrison deeply lowered their heads.

Tio smiled as he watched that sight.

“I would like to ask you to take a shot right now, but it seems that it isn’t the time for such leisure.”

Every second was precious.

It was possible that the Janis information agency would cut their tail and successfully run away if things go wrong.

Tio moved to the side and turned the horse toward the capital.

“We shall join in as well.”

“Are you sure, sir?”

Tio nodded at Roan’s question.

“Of course. We can’t just sit still when they aimed for your life.”

They were truly reliable words.

Roan slightly lowered his head and then grabbed his reins.

Once again, they were ready to charge straight on.

At that moment, Tio's eyes, which were surveying the Amaranth troop, noticeably creased.

“You are.....”

The one he directed his words at was Clay.

Smiling faintly, Clay lowered his head.

“It has been a while. Sir Viscount Ruin.”

Surprisingly, Clay and Tio were acquainted.

“Do you two know each other?”

Roan looked at Tio and asked.

With a strained complexion, Tio nodded his head.



“I once took him in as a subordinate.”

“I once served him in the past.”

Clay added on those words.

Tio shook his head as he looked at Clay and his composed face.

“I trusted him with a few jobs since he seemed quite capable, but because he was arrogant and insincere, I chased him out.”

A very direct critique.

But Clay was composed.

“I went out on my own.”

He didn't shrink back even in front of a noble.

Tio creased his forehead.

‘That unpleasant attitude is still the same.’

The sight of him trusting his abilities too much and butting in over confidently had ruined the evaluation of Clay.

Tio turned his head and looked towards Roan.

“For now, let’s leave this story for later since now is time to pull out the roots.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Roan forcefully threw away his curiosity and once again kicked his horse.

Dududududu!

With Roan at the head, the troops once again began to move.

The Amaranth troop and the Bloodstorm troop swiftly passed through the east gate and ran down the linear street.

“Ahh!”

“Woah!”

The people, who had been leisurely moving about, dodged left and right as they screamed.

Thankfully, no one was injured.

After they had ran for a while.

The Amaranth troop charged into the commerce district located at the very western edge within the castle.

“That wooden warehouse at the end is the Janis information agency!”

Clay loudly shouted.

Roan gritted his teeth and nodded.

‘It’s the same place that Keep investigated.’

The two people’s judgments aligned.

From a glance, it was merely an ordinary warehouse.

However, this was the headquarters of the Janis information agency that was the mastermind of the event this time.

The warehouse’s doors were secured with a solid lock.

Roan waved his hand and called out to Harrison.

“Harrison! Use the present the prince has given you and show off your skills.”

“Yes! Understood.”

Wrapping his two legs tightly around his horse, Harrison spun the bow once and flicked the empty string several times.

“Hmmpf.”

A sound of controlling one’s breath.

Piing! Ping! Ping!

Three arrows flew out consecutively.

Roan, Tio, and the Amaranth troops soldiers turned their heads and chased the arrow.

Puuk! Puk!

The arrows precisely hit the lock that secured the great doors.

Psuk!

The lock couldn’t handle the impact and broke apart.

“Waah!”

Some of the soldiers exclaimed.

On the other hand, Harrison flicked the empty string a few more times with a composed face and glanced at Tio.

“It’s an excellent bow.”

Tio shook his head at those words.

“Your skills are even more excellent.”

He was truly impressed.

Even if the bow was good, it was something that wasn’t even familiar in his hand.

But with only swinging the bow once and flicking the empty bowstring several times, Harrison handled the bow as if he had used it for a long time.

‘If he were to learn how to use mana.....’

He may become one of the best archers in the history of Rinse Kingdom, no, in the entire continent.

‘How envious.’

Tio was tempted by Harrison's talent.

But he couldn't possibly show his personal greed.

'Since he is Baron Tale's subordinate and his loyalty is also quite excellent.'

He tried to forget it, but the regret couldn't be helped.

At that moment, Roan held the Traviass Spear up high and charged towards the wooden warehouse.

"We're piercing straight through!"

And following him, the Amaranth troop shouted aloud.

"Charge!"

A truly fierce and unstoppable charge.

Finally, the head of the charge touched the warehouse's doors.

Bang!

With a crash, the once solid door broke and flew off.

Within the capital, Miller Castle, an unexpected battle began.

No, the long expected battle began.

# Chapter 121: A Good Person (8)

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“Even so, isn’t this too dangerous?”

“Wouldn’t it have been better to send a letter and negotiate our stance instead?”

“They look like a group that we could negotiate with.”

Complaints, the only thing that came out of their mouths were complaints

Looking at the executives of the Janis information agency, Hooke exhaled a short sigh.

‘Cowardly bastards.’

They were satisfied with the current size of the Janis information agency.

However, Hooke was different.

‘It must not only control Miller Castle’s information, but also the entire Rinse Kingdom, no, the entirety of the continent beyond this kingdom.

Expanding the Janis information agency to be the greatest information group in the continent was his goal and his dream.



Truly a grand ambition.

‘And they’re telling me to back off simply because they’re scared of a countryside baron, moreover a guy who just became a noble?’

He shook his head.

If the agency becomes too protective of itself and backs off, it won’t be able to progress onto wider roads and higher places.

Now that he saw them like this, Baba once again looked much better.

‘Even though he was soft and weak, he never questioned any of my orders.’

On the other hand, the other executives of the Janis information agency wanted to hold hands with Roan and reconcile with him, saying that it wasn’t too late.

‘Cowardly bas.....’

When he was about to curse again from his rage.

Boom!

Suddenly, the meeting room's door abruptly opened.

A distressed looking young man pushed his face into the room and shouted aloud.

“We failed! We failed!”

They were abrupt words, but Hooke as well as everyone in the room was well aware of the meaning behind the man's words.

Viscount Anthony Holten's hunting competition scheme had failed.

“Damn it. I knew this would happen!”

“In the end, we made an enemy out of a kingdom's noble!”

“Cht! If only we moved more carefully.”

Once again, complaints, and only complains came pouring out of their mouths.

Boom!

Hooke couldn't hold back and slammed his fist down on the table.

“Khmm.”

Flinching, the executives backed down.

While they echoed each other's words and heated up the room, they had completely forgotten about Hooke's existence.

With a cold look in his eyes, Hooke glared at the executives.

“Let's stop here.”

“Ye, yes. Understood.”

The executives quickly nodded their heads.

Hooke stood up and cleaned up the papers on top of the table.

‘As expected, Viscount Holten wasn't good enough.’

He let out a short sigh.

‘If Baron Tale interrogates Viscount Holten.....’

As the ones who schemed together from the backlines, their identity would be revealed.

‘Just to be safe, we should move our base.’

Of course, there was something that needed to be done before that.

“Baba.”

“Yes. Master.”

Baba quickly stood up from his chair and lowered his head.

“Destroy all the documents related to Viscount Holten.”

“Yes. Understood.”

In the first place, all the documents were already organized.

Although Anthony’s scheme had failed, there was no reason to hurry.

‘Viscount Holten doesn’t know the location of our headquarters.’

If Roan tries to locate the base, it would take a significant amount of time.

In that time, they simply needed to organize all the documents and goods and move the headquarters in a casual manner.

But that leisure didn't last as long as he believed it would.

Boom!

Once again, the meeting room's door violently opened.

Hooke, who was already forcefully holding back his aggravated mood, couldn't restrain himself and yelled.

"What is it this time?!"

A cold voice.

The young man who pushed his head into the meeting room urgently shouted.

"It, it's the enemy! The Amaranth troop is attacking our headquarters."

Immediately, Hooker and the executives' eyes enlarged.

"What?!"

"What did you just say?!"

Looks of disbelief.

The young man once again shouted his report out loud.

“The Amaranth troop is attacking our headquarters! Baron Roan Tale has invaded!”

Hooke frowned.

‘Impossible!’

It was impossible.

It had been slightly over an year since they had set up their headquarters in the wooden warehouse.

And during that time, they had worked extra hard to conceal its location.

Thanks to that, there was not a single information agency located in the same Miller Castle that knew of the Janis information agency’s headquarters.

‘But just how did Baron Tale find out?’

Hooke’s head was spinning.

Several possibilities immediately passed through his head.

‘Perhaps?’

Hooke’s gaze turned towards Baba.

‘Did he learn the identities of the spies we attached to him?’

If it wasn’t that they didn’t know but merely pretended and attached their own spies in turn, not only the identity of the spies, even the location of the headquarters would have been revealed.

‘Damn it.’

Hooke finally spat out a curse.

“Everyone take only the most special and highest level documents and escape.

“Yes! Understood!”

The executives answered as one and rapidly moved.

Hooke also did the same.

Quickly exiting the meeting room, he gritted his teeth.

‘Roan Tale.....’

Feelings of regret surged up, but it was too late at this point.

‘Did I underestimate him too much?’

It felt as if he had pulled a sleeping lion’s whiskers.

But the deed was already done.

‘For now, I have to safely escape from the base.’

Hooke’s footsteps moved towards a different direction than that of the other executives.

A strange light shined in his eyes.

‘It doesn’t matter even if the headquarters falls down and all the agents die.’

He gritted his teeth.

‘I. If only I can survive, it’s possible to rebuild the Janis information agency whenever I want.’



It was a cold and heartless thought.

Hooke inhaled deeply.

He quickly navigated through a complicated maze and stopped in front of a solid wall.

Glancing around his vicinity and after seeing that the coast was clear, he tapped on the wall with a peculiar hand movement.

Kugung.

Slightly, the wall moved inwards.

Hooke quickly stepped into the inner space.

Kugung.

The wall returned to its original position once again.

And just like that, Hooke disappeared.

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“Don’t let a single one escape!”

“Maintain the formation!”

A tall troop flag.

Below, the members of the Amaranth troop moved systematically.

After piercing through the warehouse’s door, the Amaranth troop positioned themselves in a giant circle with a ten-man group as the base.

A sight as if they were surrounding the wooden warehouse and slowly closing in on it.

“Stop them!”

“Buy as much time as possible.”

With the warehouse behind them, agents of the Janis information agency desperately resisted.

At first, they pretended to be innocent warehouse workers, but when the Amaranth troop attempted to forcefully enter the warehouse without being fooled, they revealed their true colors.

“They are the ones who attempted to harm our lord! Do not hesitate your hands!”

Austin ordered the men as he dashed around on his horse.

“Yes sir!”

Hundreds of Amaranth troop members answered together at the same time and boosted their morale.

Looking at that sight, Viscount Tio Ruin and his knights quietly exclaimed.

‘I think it whenever I see it, but the Amaranth troop truly is a strange group.’

Each individual’s strength were definitely far below that of a knight, but together, they displayed an incredible might and spirit.

Ping! Piing! Ping!

With sharp sounds, tens of arrows cut through the air.

The archers, with Harrison at the lead, had begun to attack with their arrows.

Pbuk! Pbuk! Pbububuk!

“Kuaak!”

“Kuk!”

The agents who were resisting had been riddled with arrows and started falling down one by one.

Instantly, their defensive line was torn apart.

And towards that gap, Roan and the cavalry charged in.

Ssskuk! Sssukuk!

“Kkrrg”.

Every time the tip of the spear danced, multiple agents lost their necks and fell down.

Although the agents of the Janis information agency were agile and had quick hands, their overall might wasn't very great.

They were no match for Roan, no the Amaranth troop.

“Forwards!”

When Roan pointed at the warehouse's entrance, two horsemen ran up and slammed on the door with hooves.

Boom!

The tightly closed door splintered into pieces and flew open.

Now, the door was wide open.

The inside of the large warehouse appeared before their eyes.

Dududududu!

The sound of horse hooves shaking the ground echoed.

The cavalry entered the warehouse.

“S, stop!”

“Stop them!”

Agents of the Janis information agency, who were spread out all over the place, tried to slow them down but weren't enough to stop the Amaranth troop.

Sskuk! Sssukuk! Boom! Kugung!

Swords and spears cut through the air and the war horses violently ran amok.

And in each and every time, the agents fell with cries of death.

“Find the entrance!”

At Roan’s shout, the cavalry, which had infiltrated the warehouse like a long string, jumped off their saddles and into the air.

Running through the lumber blocks stacked high and the white wood shavings that carpeted the floor, each one of them began to search for the secret entrance into the headquarters.

The hands and feet moved around tirelessly.

At that moment.

“We found it!”

They found the door skillfully hidden between two highly stacked lumbers blocks.

‘Mister Clay’s words were true.’

The reason the Amaranth troop could quickly find the secret door was thanks to Clay’s advice.

Because he had told them the approximate location, they could

find the entrance without much trouble even within the similar looking layouts.

“Infiltrate and capture the agents!”

“Sir yes sir!”

As soon as he gave the order, the troop members each raised their weapons and entered into the passage.

“Keep!”

Roan then called Keep, who was in charge of the information squad.

“Yes!”

Keep quickly ran up and gave a short salute.

“You will lead the information squad and secure the documents and papers that the Janis information agency has stored.”

“Yes! Understood.”

Keep immediately answered and gestured toward the back with his hand.

Soon, tens of agile and quick-footed soldiers entered the door with Keep.

Following that, Roan ordered the rest of the troops to capture the enemies that were left and to restrict access in and out of the warehouse and the surrounding area.

‘Then, should I move as well?’

Roan, who had given out all the necessary orders, kicked off the ground and entered the secret passage behind everyone else.

The lanterns lining the walls were pushing away the pitch-black darkness.

The view wasn’t very bright, but Roan was able to clearly see even a point far away thanks to Kalian’s Tears.

Cutting down the agents running towards him, Roan stepped deep into the base.

‘Incredible.’

Roan inwardly exclaimed.

The size of the Janis information agency’s underground headquarters was truly colossal.



Furthermore, the twisting and turning maze-like space posed a likely danger of getting lost and being trapped within the maze.

At that moment.

‘Un?’

He saw a man hurriedly running at the end of the maze.

‘A simple looking face that doesn’t fit his large build.’

Roan was mentally going through Keep’s reports.

‘He’s Baba, the executive of the Janis information agency.’

He was different than the small fries that Roan had cut down until now.

‘I have to catch him.’

Roan kicked off the ground right away and threw his body forward.

A wisp of mana flew out of the mana hole and into his feet.

Paat!

Suddenly, Roan's movement sped up like a flying tiger.

Even when he came to the end of the maze, he didn't reduce his speed.

Tat!

Instead, he kicked off the floor and placed his two feet on the opposite wall, letting him turn his body.

It was a smooth and rapid movement.

The movement was chaotic enough to make it look like the world was spinning, but Roan was able to focus on Baba and chase him thanks to Kalian's Tears.

“Get out of my way!”

Puuk! Sskuk!

The spear and his fist danced towards the agents that blocked his way.

“Kuk!”

“Kuuk!”

And each and every time, the agents couldn't even offer proper resistance and were blown away to the sides.

“Uuhuk!”

Baba, who was running ahead, screamed when he saw Roan chasing him.

His face turned utterly white as his eyes opened wide.

Baba was completely horrified.

‘I, I don't want to die!’

To Roan, who was now directly behind him, Baba waved his hand.

Paat!

Suddenly, the stacks of paper in his hand scattered all over the place.

Roan frowned as he looked at the bundles of paper that densely covered up what was in front of him.

Ssssssk!

Once he focused his eyes, Kalian's Tears activated.

Immediately, the bundles of paper that were flying all over the place began to move slowly.

He could even read each and every word within the chaotically scattering papers.

At that moment.

'Hm? This is?'

Reading the contents of the paper that blocked his sight, Roan made unique kind of smile.

'It's a document recording the secret deal with Viscount Holten.'

To save his one and only life, Baba had thrown away the most important documents in the Janis information agency and ran.

Roan stopped his feet and extended his hands toward the papers.

The hands looked frustratingly slow due to Kalian's Tears.

But their movements were much faster than that of the papers that flew all around him.

If others had seen that sight, their jaws would have fallen off from their stupefied faces.

To anyone else that was watching him, it would have looked as if Roan was rapidly catching the scattering papers one by one while standing in the passageway

“Huu.”

After he caught all of the papers, Roan exhaled deeply.

When he blinked once, the movements around him returned to normal.

Although Baba had escaped while he organized the papers, he didn't chase after him.

‘However much those fools run, they'll still be within my grasp.’

The tip of his mouth slightly went up.

At that moment, he heard Austin's voice from behind him.

“Sir! We have killed and or captured most of the average agents. But we cannot find the executive level agents. It seems that they have escaped through a secret passageway.’

Although the content of the report was urgent, his voice and appearance were in fact relaxed.

Austin slowly walked up to Roan's side.

“About that man named Clay.”

His voice was slightly mixed with wonder.

Looking around at the maze's complicated and twisted paths, he continued to speak.

“Just how do you think he knew that there were secret exits? And not only one or two, but four of them.”

At those words, Roan pocketed the papers he was holding and shrugged.

“Who knows. We cannot be sure of it yet. But one thing is for sure.....”

Roan looked at Austin and made a faint smile.

“It's that mister Clay isn't an ordinary person.”

Austin nodded his head.

Somehow, his expression turned dark.

“Is he someone who can help us?”

Roan nodded immediately when Austin asked.

“Of course. But.....”

His words drifted off.

With a quiet voice, Roan whispered.

“We’ll have to wait and see if he’s a good person.”

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“Damn it. Master’s ambition is just too grand.”

“You said it. Even though there’s no problem with eating and living even with the current size of the organization.”

“I knew something like this would happen.”

In the pitch-black passage without a single light, complaints pouring out of their mouths.

The owners of the voices were the executives of the Janis information agency, who had used the common agents as shields and were attempting to escape through one of the secret exits.

“What about the other guys?”

“They probably chose a different escape route.”

“And master?”

“Let’s not worry about master. He probably escaped even earlier than we did.”

Talking in a quiet voice, they rapidly moved their feet.

At that moment, the one who was walking in the lead stopped and groped around with his hands.

“We’re here. Everyone be quiet.”

As soon as he finished his words, the complaint-filled passage fell into silence.

Druk. Druk.

The sound of a lock turning echoed.



Kkiiiig.

When he put strength into his shoulder and pushed, the tightly closed exit slowly opened up.

Immediately, an incredible stench pierced their noses.

“Damn it. Even if being secretive was important, just why did they have to build the exit in the feces dump?”

“Don’t complain about it. It’s because that it’s built here that no one would ever come here to find us.”

“Right. Just what insane bastard would even think that this place would be connected to the secret exit?”

Giggling amongst themselves, the executives exited through the doorway one by one.

Around the door, a ridiculously amount of feces was piled around.

“Uck. The smell.”

“For now let’s get out of here.”

Plugging up their nose, the executives quickly moved their feet.

No, they were about to move their feet.

“Uh?!”

But with eyes like that of a surprised rabbit, they were soon petrified like stones.

Common soldiers stood in a long line along the feces dump.

A familiar insignia was carved on their breastplates.

“Ju, just how did the Amaranth troop.....”

The soldiers of the Amaranth troop that had attacked the information agency’s base also appeared at the end of the secret passageway.

At that moment, the soldiers move to the sides and the only young man who wore a different outfit appeared.

He was an imposing man with very small and thin eyes.

“Executives of the Janis information agency. You’ve had quite the trouble in this feces pile.”

A confident and bold attitude.

“My name is Clay. One soon to be serving Sir Baron Tale, I am.....”

A weird smile formed on his mouth.

“A Druid.”

# Chapter 122: A Good Person (9)

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Druid.

A class of sorcerers who summons plants and animals or draws in and uses their strength.

A highly skilled druid could even shapeshift into animals and plants.

But the majority of druids could merely draw in a portion of an animals' or plants' strengths or communicate with existing animals and plants.

And even then, it was hard to find a druid at that level.

No, to be exact, it was hard to even meet a druid.

This situation was due to the war between humans and elves five hundred years ago.

At the time, the humans were expanding their power through magical and technological advances.

On the other hand, the elves settled in the Grain Mountains that bisected the continent and lived harmoniously with nature.

The humans who expanded their power and built towns and

castles.

The elves who cherished each and every single tree and blade of grass and were content with their lives.

It was inevitable that these two diametrically different races would come into conflict with each other.

The humans invaded the elves of the Grain Mountain Range to control the entire continent and the elves fought back against the humans who laid waste to the forests, mountains, and rivers.

At that time, the druids amongst the humans – who loved the plants, the forest, and the earth – sided with the elves.

The humans were incensed by the druids' betrayal.

< Once the war ends, all traitors shall be condemned! >

Their rage did not easily subside.

And so, the humans and elves' war lasted over ten years.

And in the end, the war ended with the humans' triumph.

No, to be exact, the elves, who saw the land and the forests become ill at the prolonged war, gave up their land and went into

the vast forest in the continent's south, thus putting a lackluster end to the war.

The humans celebrated, and from that point on, the continent's history became the human's' history.

And true to their words during the war, the humans branded the druids as traitors and executed or threw them into jails.

And the druids who barely managed to escape or hide lived their lives while hiding their identities.

Despising the humans who executed or imprisoned druids as they pleased, and loathing the elves who threw them away like old shoes.

Like that, four hundred years passed by and the druids no longer showed themselves.

They became mere existences only mentioned in history.

But then, the thin-eyed young man, Clay, suddenly introduced himself as a druid.

“Druid?”

“Did he say a druid?”

The faces of the Janis information agency's executives as well as the members of the Amaranth troop were colored in surprise.

Cheerily smiling, Clay looked at the Janis information agency's executives.

‘Me revealing my identity means.....’

His heart trembled.

‘I shall go out into the world.’

His grandfather, who returned to the earth when Clay was young, and his father lived their lives by concealing their identities.

Although the people's enmity towards the druids had long faded, they said that the historical truth of their betrayal and the stigma of traitor weren't easily erased.

‘Cowards.’

Clay didn't want that kind of life.

The druids had merely made their choice based on their beliefs.

But instead of having their choice be respected, they were thrown

away by both the humans and the elves and were persecuted.

‘If I can become a hero known throughout this world.....’

At that time, the people’s view of the druids will thoroughly change.

‘When that happens, the druids who still live in hiding will come to me.’

That too would become another part of his strength, his base, and his power.

But for that, he himself must climb up on his own to a higher place.

This was the reason Clay was looking for someone to serve.

This was the reason he was looking for someone who would notice his talent and use him preciousy.

Everything was for his rise to power and to heal the painful scar of druids in history.

‘I must become someone whom anyone can look up to.’

If it looked like he would rise to a vague position or merely be a



mediocre person, he wouldn't have even planned to start.

‘If it's Sir Baron Tale, at least.....’

He may be a big step or a coadjutor to Clay's success.

‘Or he may truly be a person whom I'll dedicate my life to follow.’

That was Clay's evaluation.

With a cough, he pointed at the Janis information agency's executives.

“Now, then. Let us quickly finish our work.”

As soon as Clay said those words, the soldiers of Amaranth troop, who were standing there with dazed expressions, quickly moved.

When they pressured the Janis information agency's executives with their swords and spears raised, the executives quickly raised up their hands and kneeled.

They were simply no match for the members of the Amaranth troop in terms of strength.

Looking at the executives lying flat on the floor, Clay faintly

smiled.

‘With this, my first success has been made.’

Victory after victory.

‘I will always win.’

He vowed to succeed one after another and spread his name.

Clay’s long and thin eyes fiercely trembled.

Once he had decided, his ambition soared.

For now, it was unknown whether that was accompanied with loyalty towards Roan.

But at the very least, Roan was right now an absolutely necessary existence to Clay.

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“What?”

Clay became baffled.

The confident and bold attitude he always had on crumbled.

When Roan attacked the Janis information agency's headquarters, Clay had borrowed a separate unit of Amaranth troop and completely blocked off the four secret passages.

Thanks to him, they managed to capture every single one of the Janis information agency's executives alive.

Amongst them, Baba was also included.

However.

'Hooke isn't there?'

For some reason, the Janis information agency's master, Hooke, who they absolutely had to capture, couldn't be found.

The Amaranth troop had thoroughly looked and scoured the entire underground maze, but he wasn't seen anywhere.

'So there's another secret path that only Hooke knows about.'

Clay frowned.

At that moment, he heard Austin's voice.

“For now, we sent a scout unit to the castle’s four main gates.’

Since this was the capital, they couldn’t close the gates as they wished.

Instead, they planned to send a scout unit to thoroughly check the identities of those who are passing through the gate.

But even so, they couldn’t only rely on the scout unit.

“We will search for the secret passage for now.”

Everyone nodded at Roan’s words.

They couldn’t sit still and simply let the time pass by.

At that instant, Clay, who was sitting down with a confused look on his face, suddenly stood up.

“I will try to find it.”

“You will, Mr. Clay?”

“Yes.”

Clay immediately nodded.

‘Hm.’

With calm eyes, Roan stared into Clay’s eyes.

The confused look was now long gone.

‘Druid, he said.....’

As expected, Roan had received the report that Clay was a druid.

‘I never met a druid even once in the last life.’

Even for Roan who was living a second life, druids were an unfamiliar existence.

‘At the very least, I did see elves several times in the past.’

The elves, who had hidden deep in the vast forest in the continent’s south, began to slowly show themselves about ten years from now.

Of course, it wasn’t out of their own free will.

As the entire continent was swept away by the flames of war, the elves had revealed themselves to protect the forest and their lives as a consequence.

‘The Great Warring Era became even more fierce after the elves had appeared.’

The fight between the humans had spread to a fight between races.

“Then, please.”

Roan organized his thoughts and nodded toward Clay.

Clay then took three steps back and took out a small stick from his chest pocket.

Made out of oak, it was a type of a wand used by the druids.

Originally, it should have been much bigger and longer, but during the druid’s time in hiding, it was shortened to a foot.

Clay held the wooden wand in his right hand and used his left hand to cover-up his right hand.

At the same time, he lightly closed his eyes and murmured unintelligible words.

That sound was almost like an animal’s cry.

A moment later.

Squeak! Squeak squeak! Squeak!

Through the small gaps in the doors and the holes at the corners of the maze, jet-black rats began to show up.

Squeaking quietly, they circled round and round around Clay.

Flash!

Clay suddenly opened his eyes.

No, even though he did open his eyes, even that was hard to tell whether they were open or not.

But in the slightly slitted places, the irides shining in green could definitely be seen.

‘Are those the eyes of a druid?’

Roan didn’t miss that sight.

Meanwhile, Clay extended his left hand towards the rats.

Then, one of the rats climbed up onto Clay’s hand.

Squeak! Squeak squeak! Squeak!

Staring into each other's eyes, Clay and the rat whispered as if they were conversing with each other.

And when Clay put the rat down on the ground a moment later, it shook its head and tail at its friends and soon ran quickly through the maze.

Squeak! Squeak squeak!

That was same for the other rats.

Tens and hundreds of rats filled the maze and began to run.

Clay took one glance at that scene and turned to Roan.

“If you would please wait just a moment, I will have found the secret passage by then.”

“That's quite an amazing ability.”

Roan nodded with an amazed look on his face.

Clay faintly smiled and answered.



“This is one of the basic abilities of a druid.”

At those words, Roan asked in a quiet voice.

“Is the reason you knew about the Janis information agency’s inner circumstances also thanks to the ability of the druids?”

“A part of it, yes, but that’s not all.”

Clay shook his head.

Systemically shaking the oaken stick back and forth, he continued to speak.

“Although it is correct that I found out about the Janis information agency’s agents and their conversations using animals and plants, I found out about the inner structure of the headquarters and secret passages through another method.”

“By another method, what.....”

When Roan was about to continue his question, Clay’s wooden stick that he was shaking suddenly stopped.

Clay looked at Roan and cheerfully smiled.

“It seems we have found the secret passage.”

Then, he turned his body and began to walk.

Roan, Austin, and Harrison, as well as the Amaranth troop, quickly followed behind him.

Following the sound of the rats within his head, Clay busily moved his feet.

Once they followed deeper into the maze, a dead-end soon showed itself.

Squeak! Squeak squeak! Squeak!

At a solid wall that extended on one side of the space.

The rats were gathered in front of it and were noisily squeaking.

Without any words, Clay turned to Roan.

His mission was to simply find the secret passage.

The rest was Roan's job.

‘The ability of the druids is truly amazing.’

Roan inwardly exclaimed as he walked up to the wall.

If he had ordered the troops to search, they would have barely found it only after multiple days.

Sssk.

Roan extended his hand and swiped at the wall, but there wasn't any device or a hole that could be felt.

Scrunching his nose, he took a step back.

“Everyone move back.”

At his short command, Austin and the Amaranth troop stepped far away.

Clay also tactfully stepped back.

And the rats that were lining the wall moved back as well.

“Hmph.”

Using the Flamdor Mana Technique, he pulled mana into his right hand.

And at the same time, Roan performed the most basic move of

Reid's Art of Fighting, the art of the straight punch.

The muscles expanded tautly and shook as if they would burst.

And as the wrist, elbow, and the shoulder gracefully turned, a perfect thrust was performed.

The tough fist touched the wall.

Boom!

With an explosion of sound, Roan's fist pierced into the wall.

"Huup!"

"Woah!"

Clay and the Amaranth troop widely opened their eyes.

The sight of destroying a solid wall with a bare fist was simply unparalleled.

Putting strength into his right arm, Roan cautiously pulled his fist out of the wall.

Then.

Kugugugung.

The wall, which was barely standing, fell down.

At the same time, a pitch black passage revealed itself.

It was a small and narrow path enough for one person to barely move through.

Roan glanced at the path and walked straight in without any hesitation.

“Ah! Lord! Let us lead the way!”

Austin quickly followed behind a moment later, but Roan had already stepped deep into the passage.

Thanks to Kalian's Tears, Roan was able to walk through the inky passage without a pause.

Once he had walked through the twisted and continuous path for a long time, a dead end soon appeared.

Although it appeared to be a completely blocked dead end, Roan could see an extraordinarily thin crack above his head.

Carefully, Roan pushed up the space above his head with his two hands.

Giiik.

With a sound of wood rubbing against another piece of wood, an exit big enough for one person to pass through appeared.

Roan lightly flexed his feet and jumped out of the passage.

Paat!

Pulling up mana just in case of an unexpected event, Roan quickly searched around himself.

Various household items and piles of trash were randomly spread around.

‘An abandoned hut.....’

A great number of spiderwebs were spread between the walls and the ceiling.

Furthermore, the right wall and the wall behind him was halfway crumbled down, letting him see the entire street outside through the hole.

“Uuugh. Small. So small.”

“Why is it so dark?”

The members of the Amaranth troop that followed Roan through the secret passage complained on and on.

Without minding it one bit, Roan took a step forward ahead of them.

‘I don’t see any sight of Hooke.’

Most likely, he had already ran away to someplace else.

Giiik!

Opening a door that didn’t quite look like a door, a familiar smell hit his nose.

It was a stench that, although had weakened quite a bit, still remained pungent.

‘Is this perhaps……?’

Passing through the maze-like alleyways that continued in front of the house, Roan headed towards a large alley outside.

“Of course.....”

A familiar scene spread out before his eyes.

“This is Aran Alley.”

The place that Hooke’s secret passage was connected to.

That was Aran Alley, the Miller Castle’s slum where Roan and the Amaranth troop had stayed for a while.

“Lord.”

“This looks like Aran Alley.”

Austin and Harrison, who followed him out a moment later, shook their heads with looks of dismay.

They sighed as they stared at the sea of people that completely filled the alley.

“It won’t be easy to find Hooke here.”

A place where countless number of the poor residents and the crowded buildings were chaotically spread around.

There was no place better than the Aran Alley for a runaway to



hide in.

‘So he built a path towards the slum that’s easy to hide in since it’s hard to make the path all the way outside the castle.’

Roan deeply inhaled and bit his lips.

Then, Clay showed up much later.

Looking at Aran Alley that was full of people, he let out a sigh.

“If Hooke had run away to Aran Alley, it’ll take quite a long time to find him even if we use the druids’ skills.”

It might have been possible if they were to search a enclosed space, but the size of Aran Alley was simply too big.

Roan slightly creased his forehead.

‘If he led his escape path here, that must mean he had also prepared a method to escape to someplace else.’

They may lose Hooke for good.

‘We have to search even if we have to use all the troops.’

When he thought up to that point and was about to order them.

“Hm?”

Roan’s expression turned odd.

His gaze went towards the poor that walked back and forth in front of his eyes.

When Roan and the Amaranth troop who greatly helped them showed up, they showed elated expressions but didn’t dare to casually get close to them.

And all the while, they awkwardly circled around the same place.

‘What?’

He felt a strange sense of dysphoria.

At that moment, a quiet exclaim leaked out of Roan’s mouth.

‘Ah.....’

Simultaneously, a bright light flashed in his two eyes.

That light was like that of an adventurer who found a treasure.

Roan faintly smiled and moved his feet.

His steps were that of someone who knew where to go.

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‘Why do these guys keep glancing at me so ominously?’

Pulling at the piece of a straw mat he wore over his head, Hooke creased his forehead.

Right now his appearance was undoubtedly that of a beggar.

His hair was scruffy and his skin looked filthy-black from rubbing on ash.

His clothes had holes here and there and were ripped and ragged.

It was the same appearance as that of the Aran Alley’s residents that hit his shoulder and passed by this way and that.

It was the perfect disguise.

Busily moving his feet, Hooke headed towards the safe house deep in Aran Alley.

The location of that place, no its very existence, was only known

to Hooke.

A place that not even Baba and the Janis information agency's executives knew of.

‘Damn it. It doesn’t make sense.’

Once he turned out from the narrow alleyway and arrived in front of the safe house, Hooke gritted his teeth.

‘Even if he did find out the headquarters’ location.....’

When he thought about it, there were more than one or two weird points.

‘Even though I ordered Baba to spy on Baron Tale and to meticulously check the traps in the hunting grounds.....’

It was hard to accept that nobody noticed the works Roan and the Amaranth troop had done in response.

‘But no report about seeing odd signs came up.’

Because of that, they had gathered the executives and were leisurely having a meeting at the time.

The light in Hooke’s eyes calmed down.

‘There’s only one reason why my eyes and ears had gone dark.’

His face completely twisted.

‘There was a traitor amongst us.’

His heart began to beat quickly.

His face turned red.

From his rage, his eyes and lips rapidly twitched.

‘No, no. This isn’t the time to be angry.’

Hooke knew how to control his anger.

He glanced around once and opened the door.

Thankfully, he couldn’t feel any presences in the house.

Hooke threw himself into the house and sat down at a corner deep inside the house.

‘For now, I have to get out of Miller Castle.’

If he could get out, he was confident that he could raise the information agency once more.

Currently, most of the highest leveled information amongst the special level information was in his chest.

‘If I sell this to the nobles and the rich.....’

He could get quite a large sum of money.

With that, it should be enough to raise an information agency.

It was quite annoying to start over again from the very beginning, but it wasn’t such a hard thing to do.

‘After all, I myself am the Janis information agency.’

A smile hung from his lips.

He also had the means to get out of Miller Castle.

‘I’ve been feeding bribes to the guards and the castle’s managers just in preparation for this kind of situation.’

And if things didn’t go well, he could use his connections to a wealthy acquaintance and hide amongst goods.

There were countless number of ways to get out of the castle.

Bdddk!

Hooke grinded his teeth.

‘Roan Tale. I will most definitely not leave you alone.’

Roan’s face passed through his eyes.

The day he grasp Rinse Kingdom’s information once again.

He shall start his revenge.

‘I won’t be able to directly take him on myself, but.....’

He was confident that he could take down Roan if he took away other noble’s fortunes and made them fight.

“Roan Tale. Wait just a bit.”

His voice shook from rage.

“I will most definitely make you kne.....”

When he had spoke up to that point.

Wumph!

The safe house's door that was tightly closed opened.

“Eh?!”

Suddenly, Hooke's eyes opened wide.

With a face that he simply couldn't believe it, he trembled his entire body.

At the absolutely unimaginable place, at the completely unimaginable moment, a person he absolutely didn't want to meet had appeared.

“Ba, Baron Roan Tale.....?”

The person who open and appeared through the safe house's door.

He was, without a doubt, Roan.

Roan brightly smiled and casually walked close.

“Janis information agency's master, Hooke.”



He gazed straight into Hooke's eyes.

“For the crime of instigating a murder of Rinse Kingdom's noble, you are under arrest.”

A cold voice hit Hooke's ears.

## Chapter 123: A Good Person (10)

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“Sir Baron Tale, that’s the guy you were looking for, right?”

“Even though we look like this, we can definitely tell if it’s Aran Alley’s people or some guy that drifted here.”

“I’m glad that we could at least pay back your kindness like this.”

“Since he’s a guy Sir Baron is chasing, he definitely must be a bad guy.”

Shouts and voices pour down from around them.

The poor of Aran Alley crowded around them.

The reason Roan could capture Hooke so incredibly quickly, and so unbelievably easily, was thanks to the help of Aran Alley’s people.

When they had heard the news that Roan and the Amaranth troop had attacked the wooden warehouse and had sent scout unit to the four big gates to search for someone, they became watchful on their own.

Until now, they had wanted to put in even their little strength to pay back the kindness they received from Roan.

And at that time, Hooke, who wasn't usually seen in Aran Alley, had suddenly appeared and they followed him just in case.

Even Janis information agency's master, Hooke, couldn't even predict that the people of Aran Alley could move in such an organized fashion.

No, that was the also the same for the soldiers of the Amaranth troop and Clay.

'This is all because our lord has opened his arms to the people of this alley.'

'If you value people with your heart, you are repaid just like this.'

The Amaranth troop's eyes shined towards Roan with respect.

When Roan began to clean up Aran Alley and Rott Creek and to help the poor, the soldiers at first wondered if he really needed to do so much.

It wasn't that they didn't think helping people in poverty was bad.

But the poor of Miller Castle had no relations with Roan.

Instead of helping the poor, it was more beneficial to buy better armors and weapons for the Amaranth troop.

And so they had thought.

But that was the thoughts of ordinary soldiers.

Roan thought differently.

‘The basis of a troop is soldiers, and the basis of a fief is people of the fief. Likewise, the basis of a nation is it’s citizens.’

To Roan, who looked towards greater heights, the poor of Aran Alley weren’t people unrelated to him.

They were people who will definitely become his supporters and his base one day.

‘A strong general, excellent soldiers, brilliant officers..... they aren’t the only citizens.’

The ordinary people.

From the commoners to the slaves.

They were all citizens that Roan had to take in and walk together with.

‘Of course, I didn’t know that I’d be helped so quickly.’

Roan faintly smiled.

At that moment, Hooke, who was being dragged away by the Amaranth troop, suddenly shouted.

“You sons of b\*tchs! When I come back out into the world, I’ll kill all of you bastards of Aran Alley!”

Hooke yelled out ominously.

At the same time, Hooke let out his bloodthirst towards the people of Aran Alley.

Suddenly, Roan, who was walking in front, turned around and directly threw out a fist.

Phgack!

The fist directly hit the tip of Hooke’s chin.

“Kukk!”

The jawbone broke with a single blow.

Roan grabbed Hooke’s head that had turned, and snarled.

“When you come back out into the world? Huhuhu.”

Roan spoke with a cold voice.

An icy light shined in his eyes.

“Perhaps it may be possible in your next life.”

A pause.

“Hick.”

Hooke hiccuped a second later.

With a ghostly white face, his entire body trembled.

Roan tapped Hooke’s head as he looked at him.

‘Trash like you aren’t included in the people I need to take with me.’

The only people who he would go together with were good people.

Of course, just what kind of person a good person meant was only known to Roan.

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“You’ve been of great help to us.”

“No. I thought I did, but that doesn’t seem to be so in retrospect.”

Roan and Clay were sitting down facing each other and were chatting.

Clay’s expression was somewhat complex.

When he first found out the Janis information agency’s scheme, he thought that he would save Roan and be a big help.

At first, the events truly proceeded according to his thoughts.

But in fact, he couldn’t be of any help at neither getting the permit to use force within the castle nor catching Janis information agency’s master, Hooke.

Despite talking big about helping to dig out the root, he had done nothing more than cutting off the leaves and the stem.

‘I cannot receive an important position with only this much achievement.’

Clay let out a short sigh.

Roan, who had been watching, pretended to not noticed and changed the topic.

“By the way, how were you so informed about the Janis information agency’s inner circumstances?”

“Ah, that is.....’

Clay forcefully smiled and answered.

“It was because I had planted a spy on the inside.”

“A spy?”

When Roan asked again, Clay paused for a moment and then shook his head.

“Now that I think about it, rather than a spy, inside sources should be a better word.”

Roan tilted his head.

Clay continued to speak.

“I had bought over several of Janis agency’s agents and used



them to receive info about their internal situation or to omit a few pieces of information from their reports to the agency.”

“Ah.....”

Roan quietly exclaimed.

‘So there must’ve been Mr. Clay’s help even in the counterattack plan we prepared in the hunting rounds.’

The reason that the Janis information agency’s reports weren’t properly exchanged during Amaranth troop’s preparation and execution phase must have been all thanks to Clay.

Using the agents he bought over, he had purposely omitted the reports that were sent to Hooke.

“Although personally gathering reports and analyzing them is good, putting a mole on the inside and taking out key information is also a good method.”

Roan nodded at Clay’s words.

“If so.....”

Starting with the talk about use of agents, the two debated on a wide area of topics including the Janis information agency and other information agencies, stories about Miller Castle, and of

course, about druids.

Eventually, a red sunset began to set outside the window.

‘Has it already been that long?’

As the time went on, Clay’s bold and confident expression began to crack.

‘Why doesn’t he show any sign of trying to take me in?’

He wished that Roan would offer to appoint him first.

After that, he was planning on reluctantly agreeing and then showing off his abilities as much as he wanted to.

But despite talking with each other for an entire day, Roan hadn’t brought up anything related to being appointed.

No, he didn’t even show any desire to.

“Anyway, thank you very much for your help this time.”

Worse, he was even trying to conclude the talk.

Clay quietly stared at Roan with his mouth closed.

Roan was faintly smiling.

It was as if he was daring him to say something if he had anything to say.

‘Hu.’

Clay exhaled a short sigh.

‘In the first place, I’ve already decided to serve Sir Baron Tale.’

Because of that, he had even revealed his identity as a druid.

Clay stood up from his chair and after straightening out his suit, he lowered his head.

“Sir Baron Tale, I should’ve asked you ahead of time, but.....”

He continued to speak in a soft and calm voice.

“Would you please take me in as your subordinate? I wish to serve Sir Baron at your side.”

He showed a courteous and polite posture.

But his face was still full of confidence.

Roan looked at that sight and quietly smiled.

A heavy silence fell between them.

‘Perchance, he’ll reject.....?’

Clay nervously gulped.

He hadn’t even imagined such a situation.

‘There’s no reason for him to reject a person with as much talent as me, right?’

A ripple appeared within his deep and solid self-esteem.

At that moment, Roan stood up from his chair.

“Truthfully, I would like to ask that of you myself.”

He extended his right hand.

“Mr. Clay, would you please go together with me?”

Roan spoke in a composed voice.

‘Mister Clay, I highly value your talent. But.....’

His eyes were calm, clear, and deep.

‘I don’t desire people who are only talented. A good person, I wish you are a good person.’

A small difference.

There was a small difference between how Roan and Clay looked at a person.

Roan sought someone who wasn’t merely talented but was also a good person, and Clay sought someone who wasn’t merely good but was also talented.

Although it did seem to be the same, but there was a clear difference in which quality was held in higher regard.

Clay immediately raised his head and grabbed Roan’s hand.

“Thank you very much. I will use all my abilities for Sir Baron Tale, no, for my lord.”

At those words, Roan smiled as he shook his head.

“No. Please use your abilities not for me, but for the fief’s people.”

This was Roan’s personality and values.

Clay slightly lowered his head.

“Yes, understood. I will do as you have asked.”

The two stared into each other’s eyes for a while and exchanged the complicated looks in their eyes.

The eyes held the same thoughts, similar thoughts, and completely different thoughts.

But neither of them could know just how much of each of those thoughts were within their eyes.

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Roan entrusted Clay with administration over the Amaranth troop’s rations, weapons, and supplies.

Clay was slightly disappointed that it wasn’t a position as important as he first wished for but comforted himself by saying that it wasn’t so bad for the start of his career as an administrator.

Meanwhile, Hooke and the executives of the Janis information agency's deeds in prompting Roan's murder and blackmailing numerous nobles from the shadows were revealed, and they were thus all executed.

At the same time, the scheme of Anthony Holten and the nobles who accompanied him at the hunting grounds to directly murder Roan was confirmed, and they were locked up in jail after being stripped of their nobility.

And during this process, the second prince Tommy Rinse's standing, who was supported by those nobles, treacherously shook once again.

On the other hand, Roan's popularity, who spectacularly overcame the danger and instead counterattacked, soared as if to pierce the sky.

Simultaneously, the first prince Simon Rinse's popularity, who had a close relationship with Roan, also rose.

In this moment, Roan took Clay and Keep's advice and attacked the various information agencies that moved around and used Miller Castle and its surrounding region as their base.

Luckily, there were information on their misdeeds and illegal activities stored amongst the various information confiscated from the Janis information agency.

Thanks to that, there was no one who objected to or showed any complaint at the Amaranth troop's raids.

Roan combined the numerous information groups into one and entrusted it to Keep, and because of that, the size of the Amaranth Information squad became bigger than Agens.

“Because the size of the information squad has become significantly great, we cannot run it in an amateurish manner anymore.”

Roan went into deep thought with Keep in front of him.

There was already Agens as the main information group.

In this situation, using the Amaranth information squad in the similar manner was highly inefficient.

‘I planned on making a separate and special troop and use them later, but.....’

Roan decided to push forward with a part of his plan that he had prepared a long time ago and carry it out.

He looked at Keep.

“Keep, from here on, we will rename the Amaranth information squad as the Tenebra troop and slightly change its nature.”



“Changing its nature.....?”

Keep became nervous.

Although he had led the information squad and raised many achievements, he knew that the Agens led by Chris was several levels above the information squad in terms of information gathering and analysis.

He worried whether the Amaranth information squad, no the Tenebra troop may get disband.

“Although it will continue its information gathering and analysis missions, instead of standard methods, it will become a troop focused on special missions, sabotage, espionage and similar missions.”

It was a so-called the special forces troop.

This was also a troop Ian Phillips would create few years later.

Even in the last life, the troop was so hidden behind veils that there weren't many known achievements by the group.

Due to that, people also called Ian's special forces troop the shadow troop.

If Ian Phillips' right arm was the Agens led by Chris, his left arm was this special forces troop.

"S, special missions, sir?"

Keep stuttered.

His heart jumped at the word special.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

"In the numerous wars, battles, and strategies, your and the Tenebra troop's role will be important."

"Ah....."

Keep quietly exclaimed.

His heart bubbled up with pride.

Just a moment ago, he was worrying about being disbanded.

'Tenebra, a troop carrying out special missions.'

His heart beated rapidly.

Keep immediately bowed his head.

“Yes sir! We shall continue to do our best.”

Keep gave a salute full of strength.

Roan cheerfully smiled and tapped Keep’s shoulder.

‘Agens can take the Miller Castle and its surround regions that had became ownerless, and,.....’

For the competition for the succession of the crown and the veiled fights between the nobles that will continue from now on, he could send in the Tenebra troop and carry out various sabotage and espionage missions.

The shape of the system was slowly being set.

At that moment.

Knock, knock, knock.

“My lord.”

With the sound of knocking, Austin’s voice came through.

“Come in.”

Roan and Keep lightly glanced at each other and then nodded.

At the same time, the office's door opened and Austin appeared.

Keep gave a light bow and exited the office.

Austin waited for a moment and then cautiously spoke with a quiet voice.

“We have a guest.”

“Who is it this time?”

Roan calmly asked back.

Without them doing anything, numerous visits and invitations by nobles rained down after the event with Anthony Holten and the Janis information agency.

Austin answered with an odd expression.

“It's Miss Viscount Elva Dionell. If I may add.....”

The odd expression became even more peculiar.

“She’s a beautiful woman.”

“Hm?”

Roan, who was glancing over at the papers on top of his desk, creased his forehead.

‘Women? Viscount Elva Dionell?’

Somehow, the name sounded familiar.

‘Who was it?’

His memory was hazy.

It felt almost within his reach, but not quite.

As if a fog had descended, it was hazy.

“My lord?”

Austin’s voice broke in.

“Ah... yes.”

Roan organized his thoughts a second later and cleaned up a pile

of documents.

“Guide her to the reception room.”

“Yes, understood.”

Austin nodded his head and walked on ahead.

Roan straightened his clothes and also headed toward the reception room.

‘Elva Dionell.....’

She was definitely a noble he had never met in this life.

No, he hadn’t even heard of her.

‘Then it must mean that I heard the name in the last life.....’

It was definitely a familiar name.

Sitting down on a soft leather chair placed on one side of the reception room, Roan entered deep into his thoughts.

At that moment.

Knock, knock, knock.

With the sound of knocking on the door, Austin soon appeared with a beautiful woman.

‘So that woman is Viscount Elva Dionell.’

He wondered if the memory would come up once he saw her face, but as expected, the fog-like haziness was the same.

However, Roan didn’t make the mistake of falling into deep thought by himself.

He cautiously walked up and slightly bowed his head.

“It is an honor to meet you. I am Roan Tale.”

“Hello. I’m Elva Dionell.”

Her voice was as beautiful as her face.

Austin quickly prepared the tea and exited the reception room.

Roan and Elva sat opposite each other and smiled.

“This is our first meeting, yes?”

Roan carefully asked first.

Elva lightly nodded her head.

“Yes. I did see you several times from afar, but it’s the first time we meet face to face.”

“But somehow, it doesn’t feel like our first meeting.”

Roan spoke with a composed look.

Putting down the teacup she held, Elva replied.

“It’s probably because you heard rumors about us.”

“Rumors?”

“Yes. About a group me and several other nobles had made.”

Roan quietly waited for her next words.

Smiling shyly, Elva continued to talk.

“I belong to a group called 12 Hatchling. It’s a group made up of young nobles of Rinse Kingd.....”



When she had spoke up to that point.

“Ah!”

Roan unconsciously exclaimed.

No, that was closer to a sigh.

It felt as if the fog within his head had cleared away.

‘Elva Dionell, to think I would have forgotten the Maiden of Iron and Blood Elva Dionell.’

Finally, the memory of the woman in front of his eyes, Elva, surfaced clearly.

The steel-like women who, for the Rinse Kingdom, cut off the heads of her lover and her sibling-like comrades.

‘After cutting off the head of her lover, she ended her life by suicide.’

It was an event that was set to happen in merely five to six years.

‘Thanks to Elva Dionell, the third prince Kallum Rinse rose to the throne and became the next king.....’

Roan's eyes trembled terribly sharply.

That was because he had met the starting point of the great wave of history.

# Chapter 124: Rebellion (1)

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The 12 Hatchling.

A group that later detached the number and called itself Hatchling after its number of members increased.

A group that young nobles of the Rinse Kingdom came together to create, it was a highly progressive faction that promoted the development of the kingdom.

‘Of course, it didn’t last very long.’

Because of that, it was more often called the Dragon Tail rather than the name Hatchling.

[Dragon’s Tail.](#)

in the raw, the “Dragon Tail” in the previous sentence was written in English Romanization, and this sentence was written in Korean as sort of explanation of the word’s meaning to the readers

‘For the prince they each followed, they directed their swords at each other.’

And the one who won in that process was the woman in front of his eyes.

She was Elva Dionell, the one who was called the Maiden of Iron

and Blood in the last life.

“I wish for Sir Baron to join us, the 12 Hatchling.”

Elva went directly to her point.

Comprehending Roan's personality, she understood that there was no need to dress up or spin her words.

Roan quietly stared into Elva's eyes.

‘If I didn't knew of their future, I would've immediately accepted their offer.’

He would have hold hands with the young nobles and dreamt of a brilliant future.

But the Hatchling would tragically fall and crumble apart.

‘There's a need to be prudent.’

He may just end up putting a sword to his own throat.

‘Of course, the future may have changed, but.....’

Everything may have changed due to his intrusion.

But he couldn't be certain.

Although he had taken numerous actions until now, there were times when the future unfolded in the same exact manner as his last life.

‘Either way, the 12 Hatchling are no doubt brilliant geniuses.’

If possible, he wanted to keep them alive and use them as the foundation of the kingdom.

“That’s a rather sudden offer, so I’m a bit flustered. For now, I will think about it.”

At those words, Elva looked slightly surprised.

‘I thought he would be quick and decisive when making decisions.....’

She stared into Roan’s eyes.

The light in his eyes was soft but clear and still.

‘For now, no words would change his mind.’

Roan’s eyes were filled with some kind of unknown

determination.

‘It’s as if he knows the future.’

Elva inwardly made a silly thought and giggled to herself.

“Then, do please think about it and tell us your answer.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Roan slightly lowered his head.

Afterwards, the two exchanged small talk.

And in that process, Roan was once again greatly shocked.

‘She is a genius more astounding than what I had thought.’

He realized that Elva wasn’t simply a smart person.

Not only did she have a rough idea of the events that would happen within the next few years, she even had an approximate outline about technology whose concepts haven’t even been grasped yet.

‘To think a person like this ended her life in suicide without showing her talents to the world.’

If Elva was like this, there was a high possibility that the other young nobles in the 12 Hatchling with her were also geniuses that were much more brilliant than his initial thought of them.

‘I should pay attention to them so that they don’t split apart.’

Of course, he couldn’t know if that would go well.

In the first place, they were people who were like true siblings with each other.

And such a group of people turned their swords on each other in a split moment.

‘That shows just how terrible power is.’

Roan deeply inhaled.

‘I too shouldn’t lose my way.’

It would be bad if he flaunted his status around just because he became a noble.

‘Since I don’t want to be just an average noble or a so-so monarch.’

A light was slowly shining in his eyes.

It was a light reaffirming his determination.

“I had fun chatting with you today.”

At that moment, Elva brightly smiled and stood up from her seat.

“I had fun as well.”

Roan stood up as well and gave a slight bow.

Elva then moved her feet and exited the reception room.

Roan saw her off until the outside the residence and only then did he return to his office.

Austin, who was following behind Roan, asked with a playful look.

“Is it really fine like this?”

“What do you mean?”

Roan tilted his head.



Austin replied while cheerily smiling.

“Is it Princess Aily or Ms. Viscountess Dionell?”

“Kuk.”

For an instant, Roan unconsciously gulped.

With a twisted face, he looked at Austin.

Roan’s eyes shook sharply as if to tell him to not say something so strange.

But Austin brightly smiled and shrugged instead.

< I will continue to watch. >

It looked as if he was saying that.

Roan let out a short sigh and shook his head.

‘Ridiculous.’

Right now, women were luxury to him.

He had that much work to do.

He walked towards the office.

But when he took the first step.

‘Eh?’

For an instant, a girl’s face passed through his head.

‘Why?’

Roan’s face turned red as if he was flustered.

And Austin didn’t miss that look.

Raising his shoulders up high, Austin smiled brightly.

< See. >

It looked as if he was saying so.

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While he was focusing on the intelligence units’ coordination work and training, the pass to the palace library that he had been waiting for finally arrived.

Unexpectedly, the process of issuing the pass, which Princess Katy thought easily of, was rather strict.

To that extent, the books stored in the library were invaluable and important.

‘Although it took longer than expected, I most likely wouldn’t have even been included in the screening if not for Princess Katy.’

Holding the pass, Roan headed towards the library.

And instead of impatiently opening up old or rare books, he meticulously looked over the library’s interior and its architecture.

‘Ah! So that’s how you store books.’

Roan planned to raise an academy and a library once he went back to the Tale Barony.

But truthfully, he knew nothing about libraries.

Because of that, he planned to carefully examine how the kingdom’s best library was organized and managed.

The problem was.

‘I’m not a genius.’

It was absolutely impossible to clearly and explicitly memorize

the library's structure, organization, and its look.

There was a method of writing down or drawing the library's interior structure, but that on its own took too much time.

And furthermore, he would had to additionally have its contents checked whether it is information that was allowed to be taken out.

‘Normal people wouldn't have a suitable method, but.....’

Roan faintly smiled.

To him, there was one special method.

Roan glanced around himself once and held his left hand in front of him.

Suddenly, the cheap-looking ring he was wearing on his index finger glinted and shined a light.

Paat!

And at the same time, a faint light spread out all around him.

The tip of Roan's mouth slowly went up.

‘Brent’s Ring has the ability to not only record writings and pictures, but also the surrounding space and landscape.’

Recording merely a tiny office was the limit due to his low level of mana until now, but thanks to tirelessly training the Flamdor Mana Technique, he was now at a level where he could easily record the insides of the palace library or a large mansion.

Paat!

Brent’s Ring continued to shine a faint light.

Roan scrupulously walked around the palace library and flawlessly recorded each and every sight without missing even one.

‘And if I were to even record the contents of the ancient documents, precious files, and important books too.....’

It would be a great asset to the library that would later be built in the Tale Barony.

Ssssk.

Once recording the library’s inner space was finished, Brent’s Ring once again returned to being a cheap-looking ring.

With a satisfied expression on his face, Roan glanced once at the ring and then headed towards the shelves located the furthest

inside the library.

In front of a shelf stacked tightly with precious data and books.

Roan put on the clean gloves he had prepared beforehand and carefully took out several books.

‘If possible, I would like to sit here and slowly read through them all, but.....’

He didn’t have the leisure for that.

At the moment, the situation in Miller Castle and the palace were like the calm before a storm.

‘Right now, it’s impossible to know when and what will happen any moment.’

Roan planned to store as many books as possible inside Brent’s Ring.

He put down the books on the grand table between the bookshelves.

‘Let’s start.’

Taking out a book, Roan carefully turned the book page by page

starting from its cover.

Whenever a page was turned, Brent's Ring flashed and shined a light.

‘Huu.’

Like that, Roan stored, no stole, the contents of the palace library's precious books without anyone knowing.

The real treasure that couldn't be bought or measured slowly piled on and on within Roan's ring.

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“Huu.”

Roan exhaled a long sigh.

A red sunset set on the western sky.

Today as well, he had went to the palace library as soon as the sun was up and recorded the contents of numerous books into Brent's Ring until the sun had set.

‘Brent's Ring is also almost at its limit.’

Although the ring's recording ability was extremely useful, there was a definite limit.

First of all, there was a limit to the amount it could record, and although it was possible to see the recorded contents, it was impossible to move them somewhere else.

‘In the end, I will have to write down the contents inside the ring one by one.’

Just doing that work would need a significantly long time.

Glancing at the sun disappearing below the sunset, Roan hurried his steps.

Once the sun falls, the palace’s gate will close.

And once that happens, he would helplessly have to spend the night in the cramped guard’s station.

‘If I want train the mana technique, fighting technique, and the spear, I’ll have to hurry.’

He spent the time inside the palace library while the sun was up and did various kinds of training during the night.

Although it may seem like a rather simple schedule, it was quite a tiring work.

He even reduced his eating and sleeping hours as much as possible to save time.



“It was quite close today as well, sir.”

The palace guards brightly smiled and lowered their heads.

Smiling cheerily, Roan waved his hand.

“I’ll hurry a bit more tomorrow.”

“Hahaha. It’s already been the thirtieth time that you said those words.”

The guards laughed aloud and saluted.

Once Roan went out, the palace gate that had been widely open closed shut.

“Hu.”

Roan once again let out a short sigh.

Today as well, he had finished the first work of the day.

‘Of course, there’s still much more work left to do.’

Roan chuckled to himself and walked towards his residence.

At that moment.

“Aren’t you perhaps Sir Baron Tale?”

A heavy but clear and confident voice rang out.

Most of all, the voice was slightly playful.

Roan turned his head towards the owner of the voice.

‘Who?’

The owner of the voice wasn’t a man of incredible beauty, but a young man with a face that naturally attracted a favorable impression.

“Yes. I am Roan Tale.”

When Roan lightly bowed, the young man immediately came up and deeply lowered his head.

“It’s an honor to meet the hero of the expedition, Sir Baron Roan Tale. I am called Clyde and I run a small company.

The young man, his identity was none other than Clyde.

He was the young man who was analyzing who amongst the Rinse Kingdom's princes would become the next king.

That man had suddenly appeared.

“Clyde.....?”

Roan slightly creased his forehead.

“Clyde.....”

His head quickly spun.

Momentarily, an old memory resurfaced.

‘The great merchant who supported Prince Kallum was named Clyde.’

It was a name that he usually would have forgotten.

But thanks to Elva Dionell who visited him recently, he was able to quickly realize Clyde's identity.

‘An extremely talented merchant, he didn't hold back in giving financial support to Prince Kallum.’

Thanks to that, Kallum was able to bypass his two brothers and

rise to the throne.

However, Clyde's life after that actually turned upside down.

Even though the prince he invested in became the king, his business walked a constant path of decline and eventually went out like a flame.

‘It was perfectly eaten away by Goldmaster Sale.’

In a sense, he was a pitiful man.

Since he became homeless even after his investment succeeded.

“If it's Clyde company, isn't it one of the many companies that are recently growing the fastest?”

“Ah! To recognize a worthless company like us, thank you very much.”

With a rather excessive gesture, Clyde scratched the back of his head.

“I had a business at the palace and was on my way back. It seems my luck is good today. To meet such a famous person too. Hahaha. The recent thing with the Janis information agency was really amazing too. Wherever I go, there's only talk about Sir Baron these days. Hahaha.”

He was loud.

And he was talkative.

Yet within those countless words, there was in fact no substance.

Roan didn't get washed away or become flustered by Clyde's words.

'Even though I may look like a mere twenty years old brat, I am in fact a seasoned forty year old man.'

He had experiences that weren't easily shaken.

'His calm.'

Clyde, who watched Roan's reaction, awkwardly smiled and coughed.

"Hm. Hm. It seems I got a bit too excited. Anyhow, it really is an honor."

He instantly changed his attitude.

Clyde was certainly a gifted merchant.

His analysis of the situation was quick.

“Hu. If I could, I would like to move somewhere else and have a long talk, but.....”

His voice was full of regret.

“Since I am out today for business reasons, the circumstance isn’t quite good. If possible, I would like to invite you at a later date, but would that be fine?”

“Yes. If the time is good, I would definitely like to have a chat with you.”

Roan lightly nodded his head.

Clyde then brightly smiled and brushed down his chest.

“Ah! That’s good. I will schedule the time from my side. Then, I will soon send you an invitation.”

“Please do.”

Roan cheerfully smile and nodded.

After that, Clyde said goodbye multiple times then soon walked towards his fellow company merchants who were waiting behind

him.

Roan quietly stared at his Clyde's back.

‘He looks like a bright and good person, but feels rather unpleasant for some reason.’

This kind of feeling, he recently felt it once.

‘Although the degree is different, it's a similar feeling to when I met Clay.’

In that time, Clyde, who had returned to his fellow merchants, erased his fool-like smile and made an odd smile.

“Meeting Baron Tale is an unexpected profit.”

“How was he now that you met him face to face?”

Clyde's right hand as well as his retainer, Goden, quietly asked.

At those words, Clyde thinly closed his eyes.

He fell into a short contemplation.

A moment later, he casually spoke.

“It seems I’ll have to make connections with Baron Tale.”

“Is he that great of a person?”

Goden creased his brows.

Roan and Clyde hadn’t talk about anything special and even that duration was notably short.

It was a situation simply not enough to gauge his personality or talent.

As if he had read Goden’s thoughts, Clyde snickered as he answered.

“Just feel like it. For now, I think I’ll have to make a connection with him to feel safe.”

His special merchant’s instinct shined.

He looked at Goden as he stretched.

“My back is kinda stinging from Baron Tale’s gaze. Let’s quickly move somewhere else.”

“Yes. Understood.”



Goden answered and waved his hand.

Soon afterwards, the entire group slowly began to move.

Making a fool-like smile once again, Clyde looked back at Roan.

He silently mouthed that he would definitely send the invitation and quickened his pace while walking backwards.

With a composed face, Roan stared at Clyde and his group of merchants walking further away.

‘I suddenly end up meeting a person I wasn’t even thinking about.’

The main characters of history were slowly gathering around his surroundings.

The fact that most of them were people who put Kallum Rinse onto the throne especially bothered him.

‘I’ll have to think about how to deal with them.’

Roan walked towards his residence as he organized his complicated thoughts.

“My lord.”

Austin who was walking back and forth in front of the residence lowered his head.

“Why are you outside?”

“We have a guest.”

“A guest?”

Roan creased his forehead.

Since he began going to the palace library, he hadn't personally received any guests.

“Most people would understand the circumstances and go back, but that person refused to move and isn't moving one bit.”

“Who is that person?”

Austin awkwardly smiled at Roan's words and answered.

“It's a middle-aged man named Dante. He says he is a vice-head of a company, but it's a company we've never heard of.”

“Hmm.”

Roan swallowed back a sigh.

If Austin doesn't know of it, it must mean that it's a very small or worthless company.

'But since he earnestly waited until the sun fell down, I can't simply turn him away.'

Roan walked into the house.

"Where is he right now?"

"He's waiting in the reception room."

"I'll go meet him directly."

Roan nodded his head and headed towards the reception room.

When he opened the door that was closed and walked in, he saw a middle-aged man sitting on one of the chairs.

'So this person is Dante?'

Roan's eyes glinted and shone with light.

The middle-aged man, Dante, was sitting regally with his back perfectly straight and drinking tea.

His posture was so straight, even Roan who was simply watching him felt like putting strength into his waist and back.

“Ah! Sir Baron Tale.”

Dante saw Roan and quickly stood up.

His movement was exceptionally graceful and exuded elegance.

He slightly bowed down and gave a faint smile.

Roan bowed down as well and extended his right hand.

“I am Roan Tale. I heard you have been waiting all day. I apologize for that.”

“No. I came here without an appointment, so I must apologize.”

Dante softly shook his hand.

Roan offered him a seat and sat on the opposite chair.

“I heard you were a vice-head of a company.”

“Yes. I run a small company.”

Dante courteously answered then took out a letter from his chest pocket.

“Our head wishes to work together with Sir Baron Tale. Although we are but a small and nameless company, our potential to grow doesn’t fall behind any company out there.”

He spoke with a polite but confident voice.

Roan took the letter and asked in a quiet voice.

“May I ask what the company’s name is?”

At those words, Dante awkwardly smiled and answered.

“You probably wouldn’t have heard of it. We are called the Sale Company and are currently trading in the Kingdom’s south.....”

When he had spoken up to that point.

Roan didn’t even think of opening the letter and reflexively spoke.

“Let’s work together.”

“Yes?”

Dante asked with a surprised expression.

Roan’s face brightly blushed.

“I said let us work together.”

At those words, Dante spoke with a confused look.

“We, we aren’t a big company yet, so will it really be okay to make up your mind so quickly?”

Roan nodded his head.

“Yes.”

A short and fresh answer.

It was an obvious choice.

‘The Sale Company that plays with the kingdom’s south. It is definitely the company that Goldmaster Sale leads.’

Goldmaster Sale, who would go on to control 70% of the Rinse

Kingdom's commerce from now on.

Sale, who even his identity was hidden behind a veil, had approached him first.

‘There's nothing to contemplate or judge.’

For now, just grab the hand.

That was Roan's assessment and conclusion.

Once again, he looked at Dante and spoke up with a confident and strong voice.

“Let's work together.”

# Chapter 125: Rebellion (2)

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Goldmaster Sale.

The reason he or she could control 70% of the Rinse Kingdom's commerce was thanks to his brilliant talent, but that wasn't the whole story.

At the time when the political landscape was in chaos, there were merchants who showed prominence as fast as, no faster than, Sale.

But the reason that Goldmaster Sale was able to bypass those prominent merchants and become the leader of the commerce was.

‘Everyone wanted Sale.’

Usually, people tend to feel a certain repulsion towards those greater than them.

Especially for people like Sale who dominated more than 70% of the kingdom's commerce, it was obvious that they would become a target of envy, resentment, and veiled enmity.

Naturally, the person would receive intense opposition and it would become hard to expand his or her influence beyond a certain point.

It was something that happened regardless of one's ability.



But Sale was different.

Besides a few fanatical competitors, most of the kingdom's citizens admired and loved Sale.

That was because Sale wasn't simply focused on making money.

He or perhaps she was a person who knew how to give.

'Thanks to him, the Rinse Kingdom's citizens could, to a certain degree, live a manageable life.'

A home to those who lost their homes.

Something to eat for those with nothing to eat.

He healed the injured for free and provided financial support.

If it wasn't for Sale, a much greater number of people would have lost their lives.

'If the Sale in this life is the Sale that I know of.....'

There was no reason to grab his hand.

But.

‘Like how the future can change, a person’s personality could also change.’

But he couldn’t possibly miss the enormous opportunity called Sale because of such a dubious reason.

Instead.

‘Although I will hold hands with them, I should do so carefully.’

He planned to leave room so that he could back off anytime.

“Then, what kind of work do you plan to do with us?”

At those words, Dante answered without any hesitation.

“Firstly, the Sale Company handles various grains including wheat and corn.”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

‘It’s as expected.’

Even in the last life, although not at the current time, the Sale Company’s business was focused around grains when the company

began to spread its name.

“If you are willing, we wish to build a large scale granary in the Tale Barony.”

The Sale Company planned to make Tale Barony as their base for grain trading in the kingdom’s north.

Typically, it was an offer that he would immediately accept.

But Roan inwardly shook his head.

‘We will prepare cereal related business separately from our side.’

He planned to buy the Istel Kingdom’s wheat fields in wholesale, and personally grow and harvest crops.

Running the same business would be a loss.

Roan had something else planned.

“I’m sorry, but we already have a separate job related to grains that is being prepared.”

“Ah..... is that so?”

Dante awkwardly smiled and asked back.

Roan nodded his head.

“Yes. Instead, what do you think about investing in a transportation business instead of the cereal business?”

“A transportation business?”

Even at the unexpected counter proposal, Dante was calm.

“Yes. I plan to repair the roads throughout the fief and create a new transportation network.”

For a while, Roan calmly explained a part of the plan he had.

Creating a well-maintained and complex transportation network was something that would be processed in the Estia Empire a few years later.

Roan planned to push that plan forward a bit and attempt it in the Tale Barony..

And in the case of the transportation business, because the infrastructure itself would become an asset of the fief, he wouldn't take a big loss even if Sale wasn't a benevolent person unlike in the last life.

“Hmm.”

Dante, who had been quietly listening to Roan, let out a quiet sigh.

It was an unexpected offer and an unexpected business and it was on an unimaginable scale .

‘Baron Tale. It seems he isn’t simply a powerful warrior.’

He felt that he could more or less understand why the master decided to invest in him.

“This will have to be checked with the Sale Company’s master, yes?”

Roan probingly asked.

If the chance appeared, he was planning to try and have a meeting with him.

However, Dante then smiled brightly and shook his head.

“Thankfully, he gave me full authority concerning this contract.’

He contemplated for a moment, then nodded his head.

“We will accept Sir Baron Tale’s offer.”

It was a straightforward decision.

But Roan didn’t back down easily.

“Even so, wouldn’t it be better to meet the master at least once since it’s a rather a large business venture?”

He wanted to meet Sale at least once.

That was his honest feeling.

Dante made a bit troubled expression and then exhaled a short sigh.

“I’m sorry. The master is unable to easily go out at the moment.”

“Is he perhaps unwell?”

“I’m sorry. I am unable to tell you anything more than this.”

Dante repeatedly lowered his head.

Since the situation had come to this, even Roan couldn’t be stubborn and insist any more.

‘Can’t go out easily.....?’

Various possibilities went through his head.

But they were all merely speculations and conjectures.

Roan soon threw out the distracting thoughts and extended his hand towards Dante.

“It seems that I’ll have to make an appointment at another time. Anyhow, I look forward to working with you.”

“We also look forward to working with you.”

Dante shook Roan’s hand and lowered his head.

The edge of Roan’s mouth slowly went up.

‘A completely unexpected melon rolled in completed with the vine.’

sort of spin on Korean proverb, it can be sort of interpreted as that ‘fortune has rolled in completed with a ribbon/basket

Truthfully, he had been slightly worried due to having too many projects and plans that he had to start.

But with the Sale Company investing in the transportation network project which needed the most funding, he had less to worry about.

Also.

‘If we keep working together like this, the day I meet Goldmaster Sale should come too.’

The person whose identity nobody knew.

For some reason, Roan’s heart beat rapidly.

It wasn’t a sort of simple anticipation.

It felt as if waiting for a lover.

It was a feeling as if waiting for a fated partner.

---

Paat! Pat!

Following the thrusting fist and kick, sounds of impacts exploded out.

At the small training field behind the residence, Roan was engrossed in training the Flamdor Mana Technique and Reid’s Art of Fighting.



Tat!

Kicking off the ground and jumping up, he threw out consecutive punches.

Paang!

Along with the sound of impact, the countless number of fists created an afterimage.

And at the same time.

Pat! Pat! Pat!

A fist sized light repeatedly appeared and disappeared around Roan.

The clump of light flashed out of nowhere in between the gracefully linked fist techniques.

If there was an enemy warrior in front of Roan, he would have tightly closed his eyes at the light or mess up his movements.

‘And through that gap, I’ll strike with my fist!’

Pang!

His clothes shook in the wind as the sound of impact exploded out.

The clump of light certainly flashed in front of Roan's eyes from time to time, but his sight wasn't blinded or darkened thanks to Kalian's Tears.

Pang! Pabang!

Roan continued to move without a pause.

This time, a strange light wrapped around his two legs and two fists.

Because the light was very faint, it was at a degree where it was unnoticable if one didn't look close.

"Huu."

A moment later, Roan exhaled a long sigh and calmed his breathing.

He looked down at Brent's Ring on his index finger.

"Among the numerous spells in the ring, it seems the ones I can effectively use are only the light spell and the shield spell."

Roan had repeatedly researched how to utilize the light spell and the shield spell in a battle or a duel, and the result was the current fighting style.

‘I have to quickly master other spells such as magic missile, blink, and reverse gravity.’

He felt regretful at how he hadn’t been actively using Brent’s Ring until now.

‘Kalian’s Tears and Brent’s Ring. Flamdor Mana Technique and Reid’s Art of Fighting.’

Each and every one of them were splendid artifacts and skills.

However.

‘It’ll be too disappointing to lose the spearmanship.’

The spearmanship that Roan currently learned were the old Pierce’s spearmanship, the current Roan’s spearmanship, and various spearmanship learned from actual battles.

There was no powerful spearmanship that fit together with the Flamdor Mana Technique.

‘Even in the last life, there was no spearmanship that was especially prominent.’

If he were to choose at least one, there was Baker's spearmanship that Pierce had created by advancing Viscount Reil Baker's spearmanship, but that didn't exist at this time and even if it did possibly exist, he couldn't possibly learn it as he wished.

'In the end, do I have to personally make one like Pierce did.....'

If he were to combine the tens of spearmanship he knew, it felt like it could somehow work.

'Of course, it won't be easy.'

When he thought up to that point.

"My lord!"

From behind the building, Austin appeared with a hurried voice.

"My lord. It's an urgent news. Here's President Chris' reporting letter.'

Austin quickly ran up and handed him the papers.

Roan quickly looked through the letter's content.

"Hmm."

Immediately, a quiet sigh leaked out of his mouth.

The letter's content began with a very simple sentence.

< Viscount Elton Coat has started a rebellion. >

---

“Is that so? So it happened as I had expected.”

Said the calm voice.

Instead of being shocked, Simon even made a faint smile.

“Anyway, the strength of Baron Tale's intelligence force is truly amazing. To think you'll be able to learn of a news all the way from the kingdom's north so quickly.”

“As expected, were you aware that Viscount Elton Coat would start a rebellion?”

Roan made a bitter smile.

As soon as he received Chris' reporting letter, he went to find Simon.

Although he had passed the news of Elton's rebellion, Simon's expression looked as if he was waiting for it instead.

Simon faintly smiled as he shook his head.

“No. It wasn’t that I was waiting.....”

His smile became deeper.

“I simply kept such a possibility in my mind.”

He moved stacks of documents to one side and stared directly at Roan.

“Baron Tale. Please keep quiet about Elton’s revolt for now.”

Roan slightly creased his brows.

Simon playfully smiled and continued to talk.

“Since we will be able to freely create a more advantageous field for us until the news of his revolt reaches the palace. Got it?”

“Yes. Understood.”

Roan slightly lowered his head.

In the first place, he couldn’t reject Simon’s order.

Roan saluted Simon and exited the office.

‘It’s as Clay had expected. The prince was waiting for Elton to start a rebellion.’

In the first place, it was strange.

Although Simon had trembled and raged at Elton’s betrayal, he in fact took no action.

‘Most likely, he secretly pressured that Elton.’

Roan bit down on his lower lip.

Simon probably planned to use this rebellion as a chance to greatly widen the gap between him and the other princes.

‘The palace will become noisy.’

A rebellion wasn’t something to go over easily.

Most likely, a large scale suppression force would be made.

‘The question is from which prince’s faction the suppression force will come from.....’

To take the vanguard position of the suppression force, Simon would start setting the board from now on.

Roan deeply inhale.

‘It looks like blood will be spilled once again.’

A corner of his heart uncomfortably ached.

And furthermore, Elton’s revolt this time didn’t happen in the last life.

Because of that, Roan too had to think about what to do multiple times over and move prudently.

‘Somehow, this event feels like it will be the big turning point for me.’

He felt such a feeling.

The wind that had momentarily stopped began to blow again.

That was the wind of the battlefield that Roan felt profoundly familiar with and liked.

---

“A transportation business.....?”



From the inner space hidden by a soft cloth, a soft and clear voice echoed.

“Yes. Prin, no Master.”

The middle-aged man on the outside of the space lowered his head as he answered.

A graceful and elegant movement.

The middle-aged man was no other than Sale Company’s vice-president, Dante.

For a while, he explained Roan’s transportation business project in detail.

As soon as his story finished.

“As expected, my eyes weren’t wrong.”

The voice quietly muttered.

A moment of silence later, the clear and soft voice once again spoke up.

“Okay. I’ll leave the full authority for the job this time to Dante. Judge the work and make the decisions on your own.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Dante softly smiled as he answered.

He instinctively felt that this job would be a big opportunity for him.

‘Sir Baron Tale is an exceptional person.’

If they were to combine their strengths, he was confident that he could grow the Sale Company by tens of times larger than now.

Dante bowed and said his goodbye, then exited the office.

Kwumpth.

When the door closed, a voice full of happiness resounded from the other side of the soft cloth.

“See. Wasn’t I right?”

A question thrown at someone unseen.

A middle-aged woman’s voice soon followed.

“What did I say? As for me, I always.....”

When she had spoke up to that point.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Sounds of knocking rang out.

“It is time to go to the academy.”

It was a heavy and low voice.

At those words, the soft cloth that had been dividing the space completely opened wide.

Following that, a busy hurrying sound was heard.

“Aaah. Slow down. You’ll hurt yourself like that.”

The middle-aged woman followed her around and endlessly spoke to slow her down.

But the young woman who was moving ahead of her didn’t slow down her steps.

Each and every single movement of her hand and feet was cheerful and lively.

She felt really good right now.

But the problem was.

‘Why do I feel so happy?’

She too didn’t knew the reason why.

---

Sarac. Sarac.

A sound of softly turning the pages of a book echoed.

Roan was carefully looking over a thick book while standing in one side of the library.

‘This book should be the last.’

There was no more storage space left in Brent’s Ring.

No, there was a bit of room, but he wanted to leave it alone in case of an unexpected event.

‘Anyhow, has the news of Elton’s rebellion still not spread?’

The palace was still quiet.

Thanks to that, Roan did as Simon asked and entered the palace library in the morning and trained at night as usual.

‘It’s a peaceful daily life, but something could happen at anytime.’

Because of that, he had ordered the Amaranth troop to be on the guard so that they could go to war at any time.

Sarac. Sarac

The book’s pages turned almost habitually.

And in each and every time, a light flashed from Brent’s Ring.

“Hm?”

Roan, who had been mindlessly turning the pages, suddenly stopped.

A familiar picture appeared in front of his eyes.

“This is.....”

In the book, a stick about a foot long was drawn.

It was a baton used by generals or commanders.

“This is the baton Pierce used in the last life.....”

Because he had seen it several times before from a distance, he clearly remembered it.

Roan touched the words next to the picture with his finger.

< Grand Commander's Baton. >

“Hmm.”

A quiet sigh leaked out.

Grand Commander was a special rank used only for a limited time when the kingdom was in danger.

‘When the Great Warring Era continued on for a long time, Pierce also took on the nation's will and was appointed as the Grand Commander.’

The old memories resurfaced.

On the page, there was an explanation about the baton.

< On the top of the Grand Commander's baton lies the gem that the Rinse Kingdom's founding king, Norman Von Rinse, received

from the Golden Dragon Lord Europas as a present. >

The gem was also clearly drawn in the picture.

‘I thought it was simply gold since it had a gold color.....’

It was truly a precious gem that a dragon lord had gifted.

Roan once again turned his gaze towards the explanation.

< In this gem, there is an incredible powe..... >

At that moment.

Boom!

With an ear-splitting sound, the palace library’s door forcefully opened wide.

“Baron Tale!”

The owner of the booming voice was Viscount Tio Ruin.

With his finger still on the explanation, Roan turned towards Tio.

“What happened, Sir Viscount Ruin?”

At Roan’s question, Tio shouted with an urgent look.

“The news of Elton’s rebellion has reached the palace! The King has summoned all three princes!”

“Ah.....”

Roan let out a quiet exclamation.

Tio took a one dry gulp.

“The time has come.”

He tightly clenched his fist.

“The time to once again head out onto the battlefield has come.”

Roan slightly bowed his head.

His heart jumped.

Forcefully pressing down his surging emotions, he moved his feet.



Tio cheerily smiled and went out of the palace library a step ahead of Roan.

Roan quickly followed behind him.

Kwumpth.

A short wind blew as the library's door closed.

Flap.

The book that was spread on the table flapped from the wind.

Chwareug.

Several pages of the book turned.

Pareureu.

The pages turned chaotically.

The contents were still about the Grand Commander's baton.

< The original owner of the gem, Golden Dragon Lord Europas, called this gem Tempestras. When the Tempestras achieves a certain condition, it could cause a very unstable time manipul.....>

Seureug.

The pages that chaotically flapped fell down once again.

In the page that followed, a completely different topic was explained.

The book was wide open without anyone to see.

And strange silence fell down on top of the book.

## Chapter 126: Rebellion (3)

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‘Even so, they are princes of a nation, is it?’

Roan stood quietly and watched a heated debate unfolded.

“Your majesty, please allow me to lead the suppression force of this rebellion! I will cut off Elton’s neck and clean off this slander put on me.”

The one who was even showing his vein as he shouted was the Second Prince Tommy Rinse.

“That must not be, your majesty. Whatever the truth may be, the fact that Elton had a close relationship with older brother Tommy has already been widely revealed. We cannot entrust the suppression force’s vanguard position to older brother Tommy in this situation. Instead, I will run there immediately and cut off that bastard’s neck if you entrust it to me.”

The one who spoke up after him was the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

‘The second prince and the third prince also knew that Elton would do something.’

Roan calmly breathed.

He eyed the nobles who were lined up on the two sides of the great hall.

The news of Elton's revolt had only arrived at the palace today.

But on the faces of the nobles who supported and followed Tommy and Kallum, there were no signs of panic or anger.

'They're all quite good.'

Simon wasn't the only one setting the stage.

However feeble they may look, they were the princes of a nation.

As expected, Tommy and Kallum had also made their own preparations.

At that moment, Simon, who was staying quiet until now, stepped up.

Unlike the other two princes, he was calm and full of leisure.

"Your majesty. Please leave the suppression force to me. Conveniently, the Regate troop under me is currently holding a military exercise."

His voice became stronger.

“We could march right this moment. Furthermore, Elton is a man who attempted to take my life. I wish to personally make him answer for that sin.”

Simon bowed slightly.

Unlike Tommy and Kallum who shouted and intensely gestured about, he was remarkably calm.

The feverishly heated hall cooled down cold due to him.

‘I have already been preparing for this since ten days ago.’

Using a large scale military exercise as an excuse, he had made preparations to march at any moment.

Not only that, the necessary supplies for war had already been readied.

If the selection for the suppression force didn’t seem to flow towards an undesirable direction, he planned to show off his cards one by one.

At that moment, King Deni Von Rinse, who had been watching the scene from above the throne, made an odd smile.

“All of your thoughts for the kingdom are truly praiseworthy.”

He spoke with a voice that was seemingly majestic but looked down on them.

Sneaking a glance at the dukes standing near the throne, he continued to talk with a composed face.

“Truthfully, I would like to make all three princes the suppression force, but.....”

Deni III slightly creased his brows.

“You all have just finished the monster expedition and came back only recently. As a father, I cannot send you children out onto the battlefield once again.”

“Hm?”

Instantly, all three princes including Simon widely opened their eyes.

No, that was also the same for the nobles who were lined up at the sides.

‘Just now, what.....’

‘But I thought that the suppression force would obviously be led by one of the three princes?’

‘Even though I expected him to make this into one of contests for the succession of the throne.’

‘This is a completely unexpected decision.’

The faces of the three princes and the nobles turned rigid from shock.

All the while, the only person who was full of leisure, was Duke Francis Wilson.

‘You’re doing well. Your Majesty.’

He looked at Deni III while smiling faintly.

Coincidentally, Deni III also turned his gaze and met Francis’ eyes.

That was for a brief moment too short for anyone to notice.

But there was one person who didn’t miss this scene and completely caught it.

‘The relationship between his majesty the king and Sir Duke Francis Wilson is unusual.’

That was no other than Roan, who had been using Kalian's Tears and didn't miss a single thing happening within the hall.

‘Duke Francis Wilson.....’

There was nothing special that came up even when he searched his old memories.

Even when Deni III suddenly died and Kallum Rinse became the next king, he maintained his title as a duke.

‘I only remember him living an uneventful life, but.....’

He didn't cause any specific event that would impact the political landscape.

At least, that was how it seemed to Roan who was merely a common spearman in the last life.

‘But that may not be so.’

The lights in the eyes of Deni III and Francis were definitely unusual.

‘It seems the politics of the kingdom is flowing more complicatedly than I had thought.’



Roan let out a short sigh.

The royal family and the palace were full of things he didn't knew of.

“Your majesty. I am fine. I am ready to devote my mind and body to the kingdom!”

Simon shouted as he bowed down.

Following him, Tommy and Kallum too shouted with ardent voices.

“Please entrust it to me.”

“I'm confident that I can succeed.”

But Deni III shook his head with a firm look.

“No, the three princes will be excluded from this suppression force.”

“Ah.....”

Quiet cries of exclamation came from all over the hall.

The situation flowed in a completely unexpected direction.

Simon especially looked greatly shocked. Especially Simon, who looked really disturbed.

‘Damn it. Not even one of the three, but none of the three are allowed.’

He hadn’t expected at all that the rebellion suppression force, which was of monumental importance, would be left to someone else rather than the princes.

The mood in the hall became disquieted.

But Deni III didn’t pay any mind and continued to speak with a calm look.

“But this important duty cannot be entrusted to anyone. Thus, I will take nominations from the three princes for suitable candidates.”

“Hm?”

Once again, everyone made confused expressions.

Bizarre and simply inconceivable words poured out of Deni III’s mouth.

When everyone was making utterly confused expressions.

“Is there a reason as to why we are specifically picking a candidate through nominations?”

Francis, who had been staying quiet until now, cautiously asked.

As if he was waiting for it, Deni III answered.

“With the suppression of the rebellion this time, I plan to test the three princes’ eye for people. For one to lead a nation, he must have a discerning eye to set apart the talented from the mediocre. This time, I plan to see what kind of achievement the candidates the three princes nominate raises. Like the last expedition, I will gift a great reward to the prince who shows the most excellent eye.”

“Ah.....”

Quiet exclamations leaked out.

In short, one would become a step closer to the title of Grand Duke of Grain if he achieved a great merit in the suppression of the rebellion.

“Each of you three princes, nominate your candidate.”

Deni III’s voice echoed throughout the hall.

Immediately, Simon, Tommy, and Kallum's heads turned towards one place.

Edwin Voisa, Bradley Webster, Liss Kowan, and Francis Wilson.

The one place where the four dukes were standing.

Deni III made an odd smile at that sight.

"I shall give you some time to think."

As soon as his words ended, the three dukes, Edwin, Bradley, and Liss, walked towards the princes.

Each separating into a different corner of the hall, the three princes formed a circle with the nobles who supported them.

"This was completely unexpected outcome."

"Now is not the time to question that. A candidate, we need to find a candidate."

Hurried discussions passed back and forth.

At that moment.

"Your majesty."

The Second Prince Tommy Rinse went up to Deni III and kneeled down on one knee.

“I nominate the firstborn of Duke Voisa’s house, Mills Voisa.”

At the same time, a young man showed himself from a group of nobles.

He was Mills Voisa, the firstborn of Edwin Voisa and the one who was studying abroad in the Estia Empire.

His toned body and handsome face stood out.

“Oh.”

Deni III let out a quiet exclamation.

“It seems there are many talented individuals around Tommy. To think he would nominate a candidate so quickly.....”

His praises continued on.

And due to that, Simon and Kallum’s expressions turned urgent.

“Sir Duke Webster. Is Bary still not here?”

Barry Webster was the firstborn of Bradley Webster and was deployed to the Diez Kingdom as an ambassador.

At Simon's urgent question, Bradley made a bitter smile.

"Although he has arrived near Miller Castle, he is lacking as a candidate for this event even if he comes back. Since he is more of an administrator than a warrior."

"Um."

Simon creased his brows.

And at that moment.

"I nominate the second son of Duke Kowan's house, Chester Kowan."

Kallum stood in front of Deni III and kneeled down on one knee.

A young man with a build as large as Mills walked up next to him.

Chester Kowan was the second son of Liss Kowan and was on a mission as an expeditionary commander in the Aimas Union.

"Oh. Kallum has also found a candidate much faster than I expected. Then, is Simon the only one left?"

Deni III cheerily smiled and looked at Simon.

It was a smile that seemingly didn't hold any special meaning, but it put almost suffocating pressure on Simon.

His face brightly blushed.

At that moment, Viscount Tio Ruin opened his mouth.

“I will go. I will go cut Elton's neck and raise the greatest merit.”

“Hm?”

For a moment, Simon's expression turned bright.

‘Yes. If it's Viscount Ruin, I can trust him and entrust the work to him.’

But Bradley soon creased his brows and shook his head.

“Even though bright and promising young men came out from those sides, for a warrior who already spread his name to step up is a bit.....’

Tio was a well-known warrior even in the Rinse Kingdom.

And with his age well-past his prime, he was one of the influential nobles of the kingdom.

“Then how about sending my son.....”

“My second son is quite a talented.....”

“How about my little brother? Even though he has recently become thirty five.....”

The nobles endlessly recommended their sons or family members to catch Simon’s eyes.

But there was not a single person that truly satisfied him.

‘Was there so few talents?’

Simon let out a short sigh.

Although the influences of the nobles who followed him were fierce and powerful, their ages tended to be old.

He absurdly lacked younger talents.

At that moment.

“Excuse me.....’



The one who cautiously opened his mouth was a very delicate looking young man.

Feeling the gazes falling down on him, he coughed.

“Hm! Everyone said many individuals, but one person seems to be completely missing.”

An old noble furrowed his brows at those words.

“Viscount Wiggins. Who are you talking of?”

The identity of the delicate looking young man was the head of the 12 Hatchling, Sith Wiggins.

He cheerfully smiled and stepped aside.

Suddenly, a young man who was nonchalantly standing behind him appeared.

“Ah!”

Quiet cries of exclamations shot out of multiple nobles' mouths.

Simon's face, which had been completely twisted, also turned brilliantly bright.

He cheerily smiled and let out a long sigh.

“Huu. To think I had forgotten about you. Hahaha.”

He couldn't hold back and let out a quiet laugh.

Simon pointed at the young man who was standing nonchalantly.

“My candidate is you.”

The smile hanging on his mouth became even deeper.

“Baron Roan Tale.”

The young man who was standing indifferently.

He was Roan.

Feeling the gazes pouring down on him, Roan made a faint smile.

Paat!

He gave a short salute.

“I will do my best if you entrust this to me.”

There was no reason to decline.

Not only for Simon, this was also a big chance for him.

Roan slightly turned his head and looked towards Sith Wiggins.

‘This man is the head of the 12 Hatchling and Elva Dionell’s lover.’

Of course, Sith and Elva weren’t lovers yet.

‘I never expected him to recommend me.’

Anyhow, he was able to naturally take on the important duty thanks to Sith.

Roan slightly lowered his head.

Sith also lowered his head while facing Roan and smiled.

His expression looked as if it was saying it looked forward to working with him.

“Is Prince Simon not ready yet?”

Coincidentally, he heard Deni III's voice.

Simon went up to the throne and kneeled down on one knee.

“I nominate Baron Roan Tale.”

At the same time, Roan walked up next to Simon.

The sight of him kneeling on one knee and bowing his head looked truly confident.

“Oh.....”

Deni III let out a quiet exclamation.

That was also the same for the various nobles who followed Tommy and Kallum.

Although they didn't show it, they had expected Simon to nominate a son from an upper noble house or a relatively young viscount.

‘To think he would nominate a rookie who just became a noble.’

‘Although Baron Tale raised exceptional merits from the expedition, he wouldn't be a match for Mills and Chester.’

‘Is it a competition between the sons of upper nobles’ houses who received all kinds of education from birth and a novice noble who came up from the bottom?’

Sneers hung from the faces of numerous nobles.

On the other hand, Simon was overflowing with confidence.

‘I’m confident that Baron Tale can do this well.’

He trusted Roan.

At that moment, Deni III spoke up.

“Then, since the three princes’ nominations are over, we should decide who will be the vanguard, yes?”

Immediately, nervous looks appeared on the faces of the three princes as well as the various nobles.

‘The one taking the vanguard position will be at an advantage.’

‘If we want to raise an even greater merit, we must take the vanguard position.’

Everyone looked at Deni III’s face.

Deni III looked around at the various nobles for a moment and slowly opened his mouth.

“The vanguard of this suppression force will be Mills Voisa.....”

“Waa!”

Immediately, the nobles on prince Tommy’s side cheered.

But Deni III’s words weren’t finished yet.

“Chester Kowan.....”

“Ah!”

The nobles on the prince Kallum’s side exclaimed a moment later.

A Bright mood waved over their faces.

But Deni III’s words still weren’t finished yet.

“And Baron Roan Tale.”

“Hm?”

For a moment, the three princes and the nobles all creased their foreheads.

They all looked baffled and couldn't understand the idea of all three being the vanguard.

Deni III cheerfully smiled and continued to speak.

“The three individuals will march to suppress Elton Coat's rebellion in three days from now. I won't look at the process. I shall give all the authority and wealth of the Coat Barony to the one who pierces into the fief and cut off his neck first.”

Boom.

Immediately, a great shock shook the hall.

The three princes and the various nobles gulped with shocked faces.

Deni III spoke while still sporting a bright smile.

“I should think that you don't have time to be like this, no? I definitely said it. I will give everything to the one who pierces into the Coat Barony first and cut his neck. All of you hurry up. The one who hurries will be at an advantage.”

He finished speaking those words and stood up.

Before he exited the great hall, Deni III turned back his head and looked towards Francis.

Francis faintly smiled and slightly nodded his head.

‘Good job, sir.’

For now, the first situation ended the way they intended it to.

‘For now, we avoided the situation where the three princes point their swords at each other. Now, the next thing to do is.....’

The light in Francis’ eyes calmly dimmed down.

Meanwhile, the grand chamberlain, Logan Dayle, knocked on the marble floor three times with a large staff.

At the same time, Deni III exited the great hall.

Immediately, an odd silence fell down over the hall.

However, that silence didn’t last very long.

“Quick!”



“Prepare the suppression force as fast as possible!”

“It’s over if we fall behind!”

Shouts exploded out all over the hall.

The nobles who normally liked to keep up ceremonies began to run frantically.

Amongst them, the three princes were also included.

Their faces were utterly serious.

‘We must cut off Elton’s neck.’

Only then could they become even slightly closer to being the Grand Duke of Grain.

“Hurry!”

“Quickly, quickly move!”

The grand great hall was completely filled with noise.

The battle had, no the war had already begun.

And Roan stood at the center of it all.

# Chapter 127: March (1)

---

The capital, Miller, trembled from one rumor.

< The suppression force was formed from the nominated candidates of the three princes. >

Additionally, a rumor circulated that all of Coat Barony's authority and wealth will be given to the one who entered the barony first and cut off Elton's neck.

The residents of Miller Castle didn't believe these rumors.

The rumors were simply too ridiculous.

But as the two factions of Tommy Rinse and Kallum Rinse called their troops and tore through Miller Castle to gather war supplies, the rumor was revealed to be true.

Of course, because Prince Simon's faction was unusually quiet and calm, it raised questions in many people.

“This is truly regrettable however I think about it.”

Viscount Tio Ruin smacked his lips.

Simon, who was next to him, bitterly smiled.

“It was unavoidable. It is my father’s, his majesty’s, order after all.”

He let out a short sigh and looked at Roan.

“Baron Tale. I’m counting on you.”

“Yes sir. I shall do my best.”

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

Right now, Roan, Simon, and Tio were chatting in a small garden located at the outer edge of the palace.

Unlike Tommy and Kallum, who were madly running around, they had already finished their preparations to march.

It was all because they had learned the news of Elton Coat’s rebellion ten days earlier than others.

If King Deni Von Rinse hasn’t ordered them to march off on the same day and at same time, Roan would have already led the entire troops and marched north two days ago.

“Huu.”

Simon once again sighed as if he was regretful.

‘Even so, I can’t order the nobles near the Coat Barony to march either.’

Separate from Deni III’s order, he couldn’t order the nobles’ soldiers to march as he wished due to various circumstances.

‘If I’m not careful, nobles who support Tommy and Kallum could invade into the empty fiefs, and.....’

As a consequence of the monster expedition that happened right after the war with Istel Kingdom, thieves were on the rise.

If he was to recklessly move the soldiers of the fiefs in this situation, the nobles who supported him could lose their footing instead.

‘Thanks to that, Tommy and Kallum’s sides also can’t move the nobles as they wish.’

In the end, the candidates the three princes nominated, Roan, Mills, and Chester, had to suppress the rebellion as Deni III intended.

“Huu.”

Simon once again exhaled a short sigh because of his complicated

feelings.

Roan quietly watched that sight then whispered in a quiet voice.

“Prince.”

“Yes?”

“It may be possible that there is another reason why his majesty the king has excluded your royal highnesses and left your highnesses in the capital.”

Roan spoke in a very cautious manner.

If interpreted wrongly, his words may sound as if Deni III's words of worry for his three children were a lie.

Thankfully, Simon correctly understood Roan's words and feeling.

“I know. There will be a fierce fight here too without a doubt.”

He faintly smiled as he grabbed Roan's shoulder.

“Don't worry about here. I'll do fine on my own.”

“Yes sir. Always be careful please.”

Roan slightly lowered his head.

Simon quietly watched him for a while then slowly stood up.

“Viscount Ruin. Should we slowly start to go back?”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Tio quickly stood up and checked his equipment.

Roan too stood up after him.

“In tomorrow’s marching ceremony, we won’t have any time to talk.”

Simon grabbed Roan’s shoulders.

The light in his eyes were passionate.

“Come back safe. I’ll wait in the palace.”

“Yes sir. I will come back with Elton’s head.”

Roan gave a short salute.

Simon brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“As expect, you are trustworthy.”

Those were his honest feelings.

Roan was more trustworthy than the sons of upper nobles like Mills and Chester.

Simon tapped Roan's shoulder two-three times and walked out of the garden.

Tio lightly said goodbye with his eyes then quickly walked ahead of Simon.

Roan remained in the garden and watched the backs of the two people.

‘If he could control his anger, he is without a doubt an excellent prince.’

That was his honest evaluation of Simon.

But him losing his mind and rampaging once angered was a big problem.

Roan hadn't realized Simon's secret yet.



Because of that.

‘I’m not sure whether Prince Simon is suitable as the next King.’

Of course, there was Roan’s rather ambiguous position.

‘Can I truly be a monarch.....?’

Becoming a noble and becoming a king were two things on two completely different dimensions.

Roan clenched his fist.

‘Nothing is impossible.’

Although it was a distant goal, he would definitely be able to achieve it if he walked forward step by step.

Also.

‘If one thinks about it, there are many more ways to become a king compared to becoming a noble.’

At the very least, he could start a rebellion like Elton and declare himself as a King.

‘Although the possibility of having my neck cut off will be high if I do it carelessly.’

Roan bitterly smiled.

A cold wind blew from the north.

‘Is it almost the time for winter to arrive.....’

It wasn’t quite a good season to start a war.

‘I have to finish it as soon as possible.’

He planned to suppress the rebellion and return to the Tale Barony before the winter truly began.

‘I’ll await the spring there.’

It wasn’t simply the spring of seasons.

It was also the spring of life.

Roan was now ready to bloom.

---

“It’s been a while. Have you been well?”

“Shut up. You know we aren’t close enough to ask each other

that.”

One voice was smooth and the other was sharp.

But the two people’s eyes at least were all cold and sharp.

In the dark room, the two young men sat across a small table and scowled at each other.

The young man who first asked about the other’s health snickered and leaked out a laugh.

“Chester. That personality of yours still seems to be the same.”

“Shut it. Mills, it looks like you’re still putting up that friendly and kind act of yours that’s completely unlike you.”

The two young men’s identity.

They were Mills Voisa and Chester Kowan who were each chosen by Tommy Rinse and Kallum Rinse as candidates for the suppression force.

Mills slightly scrunched his nose.

“What do you mean a friendly act? It’s rather sad if you say it like that. Is Charlie well?”

Although it sounded as if he was affectionately asking someone's health, his eyes were still icy and sharp.

Chester's face immediately hardened.

"If you say my big brother's name one more time, I'll personally cut off your neck."

Killing intent blew out.

It was like it could stop one's breath.

But despite that, Mills' expression was nonchalant.

"Ah, sorry. That was my bad."

He raised one hand and showed a clownish smile.

With his still hardened expression, Chester glared at Mills.

Mills quietly watched that glare then once again laughed out.

"Kuk. There's no need to glare so much. We're here today to cooperate, after all."

“Hm.”

Chester let out a low toned sigh.

He also knew well about the goal of today’s meeting.

‘If it wasn’t for that, there’s no reason for me to meet this disgusting bastard.’

Chester gritted his teeth.

Mills interlocked his fingers as he watched Chester.

“It seems Prince Simon raised a big achievement in the last monster expedition. Thanks to that, he became one step closer to being the Grand Duke of Grain compared to Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum who we follow.”

He put his chin on top of his interlocked fingers.

“That means we don’t have any room to step back. Also.....’

Mills’ eyes shone with a nefarious light.

“You and I are the sons of Rinse Kingdom’s upper nobles’ houses and graduates of the famed Tron Academy, and we are people who are rising up and up in our own places. And if we were to fall

behind a brat who was a mere country-bumpkin commoner until just now..... ah, isn't it just dreadful to think about it?"

Chester didn't react easily.

Unlike Mills, he wasn't the type that was glib with his words.

"So what I'm saying is that let's work together at least until we get to the Coat Barony."

Chester opened his tightly shut mouth only then.

"And we're acting on our own once we near the Coat Barony?"

"Of course."

Mills lightly nodded his head.

Chester stared at Mills with calm eyes.

It wasn't a bad proposal.

'Honestly, I want to grab Roan Tale's hand and throw out this bastard Mills, but.....'

His pride didn't permit that.

Although he had heard over and over about Roan's skills from his father, Liss Kowan, and many other nobles until his ears bled, that didn't mean he could recognize Roan as his rival.

‘Just where is this brat of lowly birth.....’

To think he dared to think about standing shoulder to shoulder with them who were of prestigious upper nobility.

That at least couldn't be tolerated.

‘That should be the same for the bastard Mills.’

Only because of that would he have extended his hand towards him while putting aside a slightly more advantageous position.

Chester nodded his head.

“Alright. Let's do as you said.”

“As expected of Chester.”

Mills brightly smiled and opened his hands.

Tapping on the table with his finger, he continued to speak.

“Then let’s start setting up our plans.”

Chester nodded instead of answering.

And like that, the talk within the dark room continued on without an end.

The pitch-black space was full of only the two people’s voices.

No, although very quiet and unpleasant, there was another sound that no one paid attention to.

Squeak! Squeak squeak! Squeak!

---

The marching ceremony was flashy.

There was no other way around it.

The march this time wasn’t for an expedition against monsters or a war against an enemy kingdom.

Rebellion.

The weight of that word was different.

To Roan, Mills, and Chester, Deni Von Rinse presented daggers inscribed with the king’s insignia.



That, as a symbol of King's authority, represented the great order of suppressing the rebellion and vouched the right to do so.

It also meant that once Roan, Mills, and Chester marched off, not even the king, Deni III, could order or command them as he wished.

Vvuuuuu!

The horn echoed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

And the grand sound of drums shook the earth and the sky.

Roan, Mills, and Chester rode on top of war horses and exited out of the castle's gate while receiving the cheers of castle's residents.

On the wide open field stood each troop.

Their numbers each reached ten thousand and totaled thirty thousand.

Since Elton's fief army numbered three thousand, and at most ten thousand including forced conscripts and Baron Renard's fief army that was absorbed later, it truly could be called an enormous army.

“Then, I pray for a successful fight.”

Mills slightly lowered his head while smiling brightly.

Chester glared once at Roan with a cold look and headed towards his own troops.

Roan made a bitter smile at the awkward and cold mood and gave a short salute.

“Let us meet in the Coat Barony.”

He spoke with a soft voice.

But no reply came back.

Vvuuuuu!

A moment later, Mills and Chester led their troops and began to march with the sound of the horn.

Although the two used two different roads, their directions were at least the same.

Instead of heading straight north, Mills and Chester chose the northwestern direction.

“It’s as we expected.”

Austin came close and whispered with a quiet voice.

Roan nodded his head as he watched the soldiers of the troops moving farther away.

“They probably thought that the nobles of the fiefs in the straight northward direction would obstruct them.”

The fiefs around the capital, Miller, and directly north were essentially Simon’s area of influence.

Especially ever since Simon had received the Aip Barony and the Posis Barony as rewards for the last monster expedition, his influence directly north of the capital became tighter and stronger.

Wary of nobles supporting Simon possibly holding them back or slowing down their marching speed, they decided to head in a northwestern direction where at least a bit of their influence touched.

‘That could be called a perfect judgment in a sense.’

In truth, Simon had set up a plan to slow down Mills and Chester’s marching speed with not too explicit methods if they entered his area of influence.

Roan smiled bitterly.

‘That should also be the same for Mills and Chester.’

If one were to argue, Roan’s side had a greater problem.

‘After all, south of the Coat Barony is all within Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum’s area of influence.’

The two princes’ support bases stood as if to protect the Coat Barony.

There was no way to circumvent them.

No, there was a way, but.

‘We’ll have to travel a great distance to go around them.’

It was a frustrating situation whichever way.

In truth, Simon and Tio also seriously pondered this situation.

But even so, Roan’s face was truly calm and relaxed.

He pulled his reins and stood in front of the troops’ soldiers.

It was a suppression force formed with the Amaranth troops at the core and parts of Simon and Tio's troops.

“We directly march north!”

In any case, it was much faster than moving towards the northwest.

Roan sent a hand signal with his right hand.

Austin, who had been watching, shouted out loud.

“Tale troop! March!”

He shouted with a strong voice.

At the same time, the sound of horns echoed.

Vvuuuuuu!

Their hearts jumped naturally.

The blood pumped and the faces blushed bright red.

Roan kicked the horse and went forwards as the troop's lead.

< Tale Troop. >

The military flag inscribed with the suppression troop's official name fluttered.

< Roan Tale. >

The suppression force's commander and chief, Roan's flag waved, and.

< Amaranth Troop. >

The core of the troops, the Amaranth troops' flag rippled in the northern wind.

Going against the cool northern wind piercing through his armor, Roan whispered quietly.

“Let our path be accompanied by the light of glory.”

---

“What? Is that true?”

“It's true. It is information that the soldiers chasing Tale Troops' back had checked numerous times over.”

Mills creased his brows at the adjutant's report.

Tapping his chin with the tip of his finger, he fell into his thoughts.

‘He’s moving not directly north but towards the northeastern direction?’

He couldn’t understand it.

The northeastern direction was a direction that slowly moved further away from the Coat Barony.

‘Is it to avoid the mountainous region spread south of the Coat Barony?’

But Mills soon shook his head.

Although the mountainous region spreads following the fief’s southern border, it wasn’t precipitous enough to be unclimbable.

‘Is it to avoid our sides’ forces that are encamped there as expected?’

It was the most likely theory.

But even that had questionable points.

‘Even if it was for that, they turned towards east too early on.’

Marching directly north as far north as they could then turning east was a more advantageous path than the one now.

‘Does he perhaps have some other scheme?’

If it was Roan’s skill and actions he had heard about until now, there was no way he would do something that would end in a loss without a reason.

Mills once again sealed the letter the adjutant had handed him.

“Take this to the capital.”

He planned to leave the work of finding Roan’s inconceivable reason for his march to the other nobles left in the capital.

‘I will march towards the Coat Barony as quickly as possible.’

He was well aware of what he had to focus on.

The adjutant cautiously received the letter and placed it within his chest pocket.

“I will make sure to definitely pass it on.”



He slightly bowed his head and walked back.

The adjutant soon disappeared from his sight.

‘Roan Tale.....’

Mills slightly raised his head and looked up at the sky.

“Huu.”

A short sigh leaked out.

For some reason, his chest felt stifling.

When Mills was looking up at the sky, there was another man who was looking down at the ground for the same reason at the moment.

‘The northeastern direction.....’

His face was contorted as if he couldn’t understand.

He was Chester, who had just now heard about the direction of Roan’s march from a soldier.

‘For now, I’ll leave that to the nobles left in the capital.’

Chester also decided to entrust inquiring about Roan's strange march to the capital.

Like Mills, he planned to focus only on marching towards the Coat Barony as fast as he could.

As if by fate, Mills and Chester, who were a bit apart, murmured the same words.

“Roan Tale. There won't be anything to do so far away from the Coat Barony.”

Would that really be so?

That was something only Roan would know of.

## Chapter 128: March (2)

---

“Did you hear?”

“What? Ah! You mean the news about Baron Tale’s march?”

“Yeah. That news.”

“There’s no one in the capital that hasn’t heard that news. I heard it a long time ago.”

“However you look at it, it looks like Prince Simon made a big mistake this time.”

“I think so too.”

The voices noisily chattered.

In the glamorous grand hall, tens of nobles were focusing on one rumor that had been fiercely heating up the capital, Miller, recently.

It was about Roan Tale’s incomprehensible march.

When they had first heard the news, they thought that the report was mistaken.

Roan's march was simply that unbelievable and ridiculous.

At least, it looked like that when they saw it.

"Your highness."

Tio Ruin made a worried expression at the sound of nobles' chatter.

Simon shook his head with a calm look.

"It's okay. There's no need to worry."

Tio exhaled a short sigh.

"Huu. Even if we do trust Baron Tale, the direction of the march is simply too strange..... there must be some reason, isn't there?"

Simon cheerily smiled at those words and grabbed Tio's shoulder.

"The reason Baron Tale is marching towards an unfathomable place is....."

He put strength into his voice.

"Because the victory is there. I believe it so."

However, it couldn't be helped that he felt a slight misgiving.

The tip of his eyes slightly trembled.

‘If it's Baron Tale, he must have some sort of plan.’

He strained to throw away the doubts in his heart.

‘I can trust you, right? Baron Tale. No.....’

Simon gritted his teeth.

‘I will trust you.’

The abilities Roan had shown him.

Simon decided to believe in those abilities.

At that moment, the grand chamberlain, Viscount Logan Dayle, showed himself.

With a large staff, he hit the marble floor three times.

“The sun of the kingdom and the deputy of the god Krea, His Majesty Deni III is coming. The loyal retainers of the kingdom,

show your manners.”

Simon finally shook away the distracting thoughts only then.

‘The war isn’t only happening in the kingdom’s north. Here also.....’

He lowered his head and deeply bowed towards Deni Von Rinse who walked into the grand hall.

‘This place is also a battlefield.’

Simon clenched his fist.

A peculiar energy stormed through the hall.

That was no doubt the [spirit of war](#).

just to make it clear, not “spirit” as in literal “spirit/magical beings”, but “energy/mood” kind of spirit

---

Clop. Clop.

The sound of horseshoes clapping noisily echoed.

The troop flag, raised up high, rippled in the northern wind.

< Tale Troop. >

The troop that was tirelessly moving east was the Tale Troop, the one who plunged the capital Miller, Mills Voisa, and Chester Kowan into chaos.

“We can see Karon Village.”

The soldier of the advance party that had the scouting mission shouted out.

Roan, who had been leading the troop at the head, faintly smiled.

‘It seems we have finally arrived.’

His gaze moved towards the village located far away.

No, to be exact, it was looking for a place beyond the village that couldn’t be seen.

‘They must all be confused.’

The smile that hung from his mouth became much deeper.

A march that led them further and further away from Elton Coat’s Barony.

It was completely incomprehensible from others’ point of view.

That was also the same for the soldiers of the Tale Troop.

“Why did we come here?”

“This place is a lot far away from the Coat Barony.”

“Did he perhaps chose the wrong path?”

Soldiers who were temporarily recruited from the Regate Troop and the Ruin Troop whispered.

“It’s Sir Baron Tale’s decision. We just need to follow the order.”

“He is absolutely not someone who would give out meaningless orders.”

Because at least the soldiers of the Amaranth troops put down the agitated atmosphere, there was no particular trouble.

“We turn right instead of entering the village.”

As soon as Roan’s order came down, the direction of the march immediately turned in a strange manner.

The Tale troop [left Karon Village to their right and headed south](#).

Yes, the raw said right. From what I can understand, the troop



went past the left side of the village, then turned north so that the village remained on their right. Like turning a corner and going right, except the village is the corner in this case.

After an unknown amount of time, the wide open field suddenly ended and a clear blue river appeared.

“We can see the Teluo River.”

The scout shouted.

Roan didn't hurry but slowly led the horse and arrived at the edge of the river.

“In the end, we actually came here.”

Austin murmured with a tense look.

Roan slowly nodded his head and looked at the Teluo River.

‘Teluo River.....’

Originating north of the Pedian Plain, it was a river that flew into Poskein Lake.

It was the largest source of water in the Rinse Kingdom's north and its size was fairly large.

It was one of the three biggest rivers in the kingdom.

But in reality, there weren't any good uses for it.

It was only used for watering numerous fields and small scale fishing industries for the big and small riverside villages.

‘It's all because of Poskein Lake.’

Regardless of their origin, Rinse Kingdom's rivers all fed into Poskein Lake.’

In short, it was a situation where one end was completely blocked.

Consequently, water traffic didn't develop despite there being plenty of influx of the water.

‘It's a regrettable thing.’

Roan made a bitter smile.

Originally, he should have conquered the monsters of Poskein Lake and built a military port on Exos Island.

‘The stay at the capital became longer than I had expected.’

On top of that, he was in a situation where he had to suppress Elton's rebellion.

‘Once this is over, cleaning up Poskein Lake comes first.’

It couldn't be delayed any longer.

There was a need to at least put down the northern area of the lake.

‘Anyway.....’

Roan's gaze turned towards the Teluo River.

‘There's nothing.’

This was something unexpected.

At that moment.

“My lord. I don't see anything.”

He heard Austin's voice.

“The thing couldn't possibly have gone wrong, could it?”

His expression looked slightly worried.

In truth, Austin had been endlessly worrying all throughout the march.

The plan this time was just that ridiculous of a plan.

At that moment, a confident voice spoke up from the back.

“Please don’t worry too much. There’s no way the thing could’ve went wrong.”

The one who approached while softly smiling was Clay.

His face was truly calm.

‘Clay.....’

Roan’s gaze moved towards Clay.

‘He is a much more brilliant genius than I had thought.’

The first position he had trusted Clay with was administrator of the Amaranth troop’s supplies.

From one point of view, it may have been a lowly position compared to the abilities he had shown.

But contrary to his expectation, Clay had sincerely carried out his job.

And in merely a month, he had completely changed the organization of Amaranth troop's rations, supplies, weapons, and equipments.

Not only did he turn all the quantity management into documents and safeguarded them, he meticulously examined the rations and equipments, which were previously distributed in an approximate manner, obtained and redistributed them.

Due to that, there were no more cases of carelessly using up supplies, weapons, and equipment, and the ration distribution also became several times more efficient.

Even the few soldiers who looked with doubtful eyes at Clay also had to at least acknowledge his ability.

The problem was.

‘In the process of carrying out the work, a part of him was too excessively individualistic.’

He was overly confident of his abilities.

Because of that, he often silenced the opinions and advice of people around him and pushed through works based on his own judgments and decisions.

Of course, Clay's judgments and decisions were correct most of the times and led to much better results.

But regardless of that, the complaints and dissatisfaction of those around him continued to rise every day.

Even if one worked efficiently, it was possible to be cursed at by others.

‘He is someone who could be a great strength if led well.’

Roan inhaled deeply.

A genius of Clay's level wasn't someone that could be easily obtained.

‘The plan this time was also something I couldn't even think of.’

In truth, Roan was seriously contemplating before the marching ceremony for the rebellion suppression force.

‘There is no chance of victory by directly heading north.’

Putting aside the mountainous region that spread south of the Coat Barony, the nobles who sat below that and followed the Second Prince Tommy Rinse and Third Prince Kallum Rinse were a problem.

‘Furthermore, Mills and Chester have grabbed each other’s hand.’

It was the truth found thanks to the druidic ability of Clay.

If Mills and Chester had cooperated and schemed together, there was a high possibility that only Roan’s march would be slowed down.

‘I needed a solution.’

At that moment, Clay had proposed an unconventional plan.

‘Go up against the Teluo River using boats.....’

It was a completely unexpected plan.

He was in fact building a navy at Neperu Village located at Poskein Lake.

Because he actually had done so, he was planning to subjugate the monsters of Poskein Lake.

But he hadn't even dreamt of using that navy in this rebellion-suppression plan.

‘My thoughts were unconsciously stuck on fixed ideas.’

Rinse Kingdom's rivers couldn't act as a waterway.

He was unconsciously stuck in that thought.

‘But Clay has presented the most ideal plan based on the situation without any stereotyped thoughts or preconceived notions.’

What was more astonishing was.

‘Even though it had merely been a month since he joined, he knew I was developing a navy and completely grasped just how far the development has advanced.’

It wasn't something he knew of beforehand either.

While carrying out his work as the supplies administrator, Clay had separately asked Keep and studied and memorized every piece of information about the Tale Barony.

Because of that, he was able to immediately present a plan when Roan had fallen into thought.



‘Is this what they call a hard working genius?’

Roan looked straight into Clay’s eyes.

Although he pretended to be composed, confidence radiated from the light in his eyes and his behavior.

At that moment.

“Is this really okay? Even though there’s nothing on the riverbank?”

Austin asked with a stiff look.

Clay slowly nodded his head.

“They will soon arrive.”

His face was full of certainty.

‘There are no errors in my calculation. The ships will soon arrive. If things have gone wrong.....’

He cringed the tip of his nose.

‘That’s all President Chris of Agens’ fault.’

The work this time was carried out with Clay and Chris’ strengths put together.

If the ships from Neperu village didn’t arrive on time, that would be because Chris had made a mistake somewhere halfway in the work.

At least, that was what Clay had thought.

Austin let out a short sigh while looking at Clay’s confident look.

“If the thing has gone wrong, we would have made a big mistake in this rebellion-suppre.....’

When he had spoke to that point.

“Here they come.”

He heard Roan’s voice.

“Yes?”

Austin asked back with a surprised look and turned his head following Roan’s gaze.

But all he could see was the Teluo River that calmly flowed by.

“Wh, where.....?”

Austin extended his neck straight while his eyes turned round.

But there was still nothing that could be seen.

Then.

Vvuuuuu!

A sound of a horn quietly echoed out.

And at the same time, the prow of a ship suddenly appeared from the waterway that was hidden behind Karon Village.

“Ah!”

Austin let out a quiet exclamation.

It was also the same for the ten thousand soldiers who were lined up behind him.

“It, it’s a ship!”

“A ship has come!”

“And it’s not just one or two, but tens of them!”

Everyone shouted about with surprised faces.

On the other hand, Clay was making a truly confident smile as if to say ‘see’.

‘As expected, there’s no way I would be wrong. It seems President Chris also do a pretty good job.’

An arrogant thought filled his head.

Chwaaak!

With the sound of cutting through the water, tens of sailboats threw ropes towards the land.

Roan, who had been watching the situation, pulled his reins and looked towards the Troop’s soldiers.

“Tale Troop! Begin preparing to board!”

He shouted aloud.

“We will take these ships and go up against the Teluo River!”

Immediately, the soldiers began to whisper.

“Is, is that something possible?”

“We’re moving by boats?”

Their thoughts had been solidly fixed just like most people.

Vvuuuuuu!

Once again the sound of the horn echoed out.

Strangely shaped ships tied their ropes to the land or landed and organized themselves.

Kkiiiig!

With a sound of wood being twisted, the tightly expanded sails folded at once and the anchors were submerged.

A familiar person’s shape emerged from the prow of a large and solid ship at the lead.

“My lord! Daiv of Amaranth troop Poskein Navy Branch greets you after a long while!”

The young man with a skeletal body.

He was the young sailor that Roan made a connection with when Roan was going to the [Potter Fief](#).

“Potter territory” was previously translated as “territory, but the more exact term is “fief”, which we will be using.

Daiv, who at the time only had a single boat as his all, had endlessly endeavored for his dream of freely roaming the entire Poskein Lake, and the result of his efforts were the small and large ships that numbered in the tens.

Of course, it was thanks to Roan’s monetary support that he was able to remodel and build the ships.

“Daiv! Your fleet is magnificent!”

“It’s all thanks to my lord! Please board quickly!”

Daiv loudly laughed as he shouted.

Roan nodded his head then called Austin, Harrison, and Clay.

“Austin. From now on, we must move faster and more covertly. First.....”

For a moment, he calmly explained the plans from then on.

The parts that weren't clear or not explained were supplemented by Clay.

In the first place, the designer of the plan this time was Clay.

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Austin gave a short salute and answered once he heard it all.

Roan tapped Austin's shoulder and turned towards the troops.

Paat!

Roan raised the Travias Spear towards the sky.

“Board!”

He gave out the order.

“Board!”

“Quickly board the ship!”

Then the hundred-men commanders and the ten-men commanders shouted and quickly moved.

The soldiers of the troops gracefully moved towards the ships like a stream.

That was, word for word, a grand sight that was never seen before.

Roan faintly smiled and looked towards the southwest.

A cloud flew by following a slope far far away.

Beyond that lied Elton Coat.

Vvuuuuu!

The sound of the horn once again hit his ears.

---

“Yawn. I’m so tired I feel like dying.”

“Early morning guard duty is always so boring. Yawn.”

Two soldiers yawned and stretched on top of a castle wall.

On the night sky, the stars finely filled the space.

“But will we really be okay? I heard the capital has sent out a suppression force.....”



The soldier with a sharp chin muttered with a worried look.

Then, the soldier with a short beard smirked and shook his hand.

“Don’t worry. Haven’t you heard? The Byron Kingdom will soon send us reinforcements.”

“That’s that, but what if the suppression force arrive first before the reinforcements?”

The sharp chinned soldier still looked worried.

The bearded soldier clicked his tongue while wearing a look that found him pathetic.

“Cht cht cht. Don’t worry about something so ridiculous. The suppression force has probably barely arrived at the southern border region. Since it’s a mountainous region there, their marching speed is slow, and most of all, our lord has personally went to face the.....”

At that moment.

Sswaeek!

Out of nowhere, A sharp sound of impact echoed.

And at the same time, the guy who had been excitedly chattering on, shut his mouth.

His eyes were gaping open almost to the point of ripping apart.

Kung!

The guy who had been standing straight fell down without a twitch.

“Hck!”

With a surprised look, the sharp chinned soldier looked down at the bearded soldier.

“A, arrow?!”

His eyes widely opened as if he couldn’t believe it.

On the back of the man who fell, a single arrow was stuck there.

The sharp chinned soldier quickly turned his head and looked outside the castle wall.

His eyes quickly moved as if to search for the direction that the arrow flew from.

Then.

Sswaeeeeek!

A sharp noise of impact hit his ears.

Pck!

An arrow stabbed itself into the sharp chinned soldier's face.

“Kkeueug.”

The soldier fell forward just like that and fell down out of the castle.

Kuung!

A blunt sound rang out.

And simultaneously.

Sswaeeeeek!

A mind-blowing number of flaming arrows flew out and crossed the night sky.

Ppububububuk!

The burning arrows lodged themselves into not only the castle's wall and the gate, but also the watch tower and the buildings inside the castle.

The fire spread instantly.

Pushing back the pitch-black darkness, the flames surged.

“As expected, it seems it simply hasn't been fortified.”

The owner of the composed voice was Clay.

On the open field that spread outside the castle.

Roan and the Tale Troop were there.

“Harrison, that was a brilliant shot.”

Roan praised Harrison, who had put down the two sentries with merely two shots of arrows, and raised his spear up high.

“Elton Coat's castle is right in front of our noses!”

A strength was carried on his voice.

“Break through the gate and enter the castle!”

“Yes sir!”

The soldiers answered in one voice.

Roan grabbed his reins.

“Attack!”

The order came out.

Vvuuuuu!

At the same time, the sound of the horn broke the silence of the plain.

“Waaaaa!”

“Attack!”

“Break down the castle’s gate!”

“Climb the castle’s wall!”

The roar of the soldiers soon followed.

Roan stood at the very front and led the soldiers.

The Traviias Spear took the light of the fires and flashed with a red light.

# Chapter 129: Suppression (1)

---

“It’s as we expected. They are breaking through the southern border.”

“What idiotic fools. Kuk.”

Elton Coat made a foul smile.

Currently, he was in an army tent holding a strategy meeting.

His finger pointed at the map, not at the shoddy scribbles that couldn’t be called a map.

“To think they would try to cross the Southcoat Mountains without any preparations. Even if they are looking down on us, they’re underestimating us way too much.”

The adjutants all snickered at those words.

“Hmph! Things in the capital are all full of arrogance.”

“The Southcoat Mountains’ topography isn’t so good to move a large scale army even if the mountains aren’t too rough, but to try to force their way through..... Mills and Chester must be stupider than what the rumors say.”

“Since we have already set up wooden fences, watchtowers, and

camps on the mountain paths and even sent not a small number of soldiers to ambush them, not even the capital's grand army would be able to easily cross the mountains.”

Their faces were all self-assured.

‘It’s working!’

‘We can win this!’

The adjutants and vice-captains from a commoner background without nobility or last names trembled from an electrifying ecstasy.

They had been promised to be granted baronet titles if they destroy the suppression force and surrender to the Byron Kingdom with the Coat Barony and the Renard Barony.

‘Our lives will change!’

From a life of watching nobles and rich merchants’ moods, it would change to a glamorous life of flaunting around themselves.

‘Kuk. What simpletons.’

Elton inwardly sneered as he watched his subordinates’ faces.



‘Life doesn’t change that easily.’

Even if they surrendered to the Byron Kingdom, there was no way mere vice-captains and adjutants of commoner backgrounds would be promoted to baronets.

No, in the first place, Elton didn’t want that.

‘If I look after all of you one by one, my own shares will decrease.’

He had been promised the title of viscount and a large fief from the Byron Kingdom.

Not only that, the position of Byron Kingdom’s Southern Army’s general was secretly reserved for him.

‘I just need to hold on until the reinforcements arrive from the Byron Kingdom. I just need to hold the suppression force bastards coming up from the south for ten days. Then, I will become Byron Kingdom’s viscount and Southern Army’s general.’

Delightful thoughts spread out within his head.

“Anyhow, that Roan Tale, where’s that monster-like bastard?”

“Yeah. The only ones going through the mountains are Mills Voisa and Chester Kowan.”

“You idiots. Whose territory is the southern part of the mountains?”

“Ah! So the nobles following the Second Prince and the Third Prince are holding onto his legs?”

“Exactly! Can’t you see something so obvious? Kukuku.”

“To hold a political fight even during rebellion suppression. This country is rotten to the core.”

The vice-captains and the adjutants all laughed with each other and chatted.

It truly was a happy and peaceful time.

But sadly, that time didn’t last very long.

“My lord!”

The tent’s entrance suddenly opened up and a soldier appeared.

His look was horribly urgent and troubled.

“What is it?”

Sensing an ominous mood, Elton cautiously asked.

The soldier gulped and answered with a grave look.

“The southern defensive line has been penetrated.”

“What?!”

Elton widely opened his eyes.

That was also the same for the adjutants and vice-captains inside the tent.

“What? The southern defensive line was penetrated?”

“You mean the defensive line on the Southcoat Mountains?”

Similar questions rained down like a sudden shower.

The soldier nodded with a frustrated face.

“Yes! It has been completely penetrated! The troops led by Mills Voisa and Chester Kowan are climbing over the mountains and are running towards here!”

Bang!

A boom suddenly exploded.

Unable to hold himself back, Elton had slammed down on the table.

“The Southcoat Mountains’ defensive line is something we put our hearts and souls in to set up! But how could it not even last five days and get pierced! That’s ridiculous!”

The vice-captains and the adjutants, who had been being noisy, all twitched and shut their mouths.

For a moment, they watched Elton’s mood then shouted as if angry.

“They must have used some dirty trick!”

“Yeah. Without doing that, there’s no way that tight defensive line would have fallen so easily.”

Several adjutants echoed his words and nodded.

The soldier who made the report glanced at the mood for a moment, then answered in a tiny voice.

“Th, that isn’t it. According to the messenger, it was a perfect frontal attack. They, Voisa Troop and the Kowan Troop, attacked

the defensive line straight on from the front and instantly annihilated it.”

Doom.

Immediately, a heavy silence fell over the tent.

Gulp.

Elton, as well as numerous adjutants, gulped.

Looks of doubt and shock appeared on their faces.

‘I, I don’t believe it. I heard that the capital’s elite soldiers are strong, but to break through the defensive line on top of a slope in just five days, are they seriously that strong?’

‘They are strong enough to annihilate a defense troop that had already fortified themselves?’

The uncomfortable silence continued on for a while.

The one who broke the silence was Elton’s right hand man, Tony.

“And their losses?”

Everyone's gazes focused on the soldier.

The soldier weakly muttered with a mournful light in his face.

“It's two thousand total between the two troops.”

“Two thousand?! Are you telling me the total casualties with both the Voisa Troop and the Kowan Troop combined are only two thousands?!”

One vice captain shouted thunderously.

The number of soldiers Elton placed on the Southcoat Mountains defensive line was five thousand.

Considering the geographical disadvantage and the theoretical relation between defender and attacker, Voisa Troop and Kowan Troop's losses should have at least reached ten thousand.

With an aghast look, Tony shook his head.

“Are they that strong? The strength of those guys called the capital's elite soldiers.....?”

He became half out of his mind.

But even so, they couldn't let time pass by just like that.

Even at that moment, Mills and Chester's grand army was likely marching towards them.

"My lord. We must retreat for now!"

The place where they currently set up camp was the field that spread out on the Southcoat Mountains' northern region.

It was the perfect place for a large scale battle.

'They are the bastards who overwhelmingly won in that disadvantageous battle in the mountains. If we meet them directly on a field like this, it'll be a complete defeat. For now, we must return to [Tradi Castle](#) where our lord's castle is located.'

so... the raw did say castle in a castle, so probably, there's the large Tradi Castle, and the smaller lord's castle located inside.

If they close and lock the gate then wait out, the Byron Kingdom's reinforcements would come.

"Holding a defensive battle at Tradi Castle should be good, sir."

"As expected, is that the only way?"

Elton gritted his teeth with a ghostly white complexion.

‘Damn it! Monster like bastards!’

He thought that his ability too wasn’t that bad, but each and every one of them he fought against had monsterish abilities.

‘Not only from Roan Tale, to think that I’ll have to be chased and have to run away from bratty bastards like Mills Voisa and Chester Kowan!’

His pride was hurt, but there wasn’t any other way.

He looked around at the vice-captains and the adjutants and gave the order to retreat.

“Organize our troops then we’ll retreat to Tradi Castle! Hurry! We cannot have our backs caught by those bastards!”

“Yes! Understood!”

The vice-captains and the adjutants quickly answered then ran out of the tent.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Soon, the sound of drums signalling retreat loudly echoed out.

Once the news that the suppression force had broke through the



Southcoat Mountains spread, Elton's soldiers hurriedly moved like rats whose tails were on fire.

The preparations to retreat finished almost in the blink of an eye.

“Retreat! We head towards Tradi Castle!”

Elton sat at the lead and kicked his horse.

The war horse vigorously sprinted on.

However, that energetic gallop couldn't go very far before it had to stop.

Dududududu!

A single horse rider ran towards them while blowing up a fine dust.

A single soldier whose armor was completely covered in blood blocked Elton's path of retreat.

“My lord!”

He spoke with a desperate voice.

The soldier got on the ground as if falling from the horse.

Kung.

As if both his body and soul were greatly tired out, he kneeled down on the ground and threw down his head.

“T, Tradi Castle has fallen to the suppression force’s hand!”

The sound mixed with his crying rode the wind and hit Elton’s ears.

Elton pulled his reins.

Hihihing!

The war horse wildly cried and stopped its legs.

The horse was awfully loud, but Elton’s ears couldn’t hear any sound.

He flapped his mouth with a stupefied expression then painfully spoke.

“Wha, what do you mean?”

He couldn’t even continue to ask.

The shock was simply too big.

‘T, Tradi Castle has fallen? And to the suppression force?’

Finally, Tony, who was at the side, asked instead.

“What do you mean Tradi Castle has fallen to the suppression force’s hands? What are you saying! Just who do you mean captured the Tradi Castle!”

The voice mixed with rage and confusion hit his ears.

The soldier who had been breathing roughly raised his head straight up and shouted as loud as he could.

“It’s Roan Tale!”

The soldier finished those words then lost consciousness and fell.

But there was no one who stepped up to help him.

Everyone merely stood frozen like stone sculptures and blinked their eyes.

Their minds were too busy simply digesting down that horrifying name they just heard.

‘Ro, Roan Tale!’

Everyone, with pale faces, gulped.

The worst opponent was choking their necks before they even knew it.

---

“Hahaha! Did Elton actually start a rebellion with only this much strength?”

Mills Voisa heartily laughed as he kicked his horse.

Dududududu!

Nine thousand troops followed behind him.

‘Hmph! Elton Coat. Even if they are looking down on us, they’re underestimating us way too much.’

He had probably judged that he could buy plenty enough time with the Southcoat Mountains defensive line.

But that was a complete miscalculation.

The countryside fief’s soldiers, especially a disorderly mob scrapped together from here and there, couldn’t possibly stop the capital’s elite soldiers.

Also.

‘From the Southcoat Mountains, Chester and I decided to move separately.’

It was a situation where he would lose the lead of fief’s suppression to Chester if he were to mistakenly get held back there.

That was also the same for Chester.

In the end, the two maniacally broke through the defensive line to not fall behind each other, and the Southcoat Mountains defensive line was annihilated within a mere five days due to that.

‘By now, Chester must also be running towards Tradi Castle.’

The goal was Elton.

Because of that, he hadn’t even looked at the nearby villages or small castles.

They simply annihilated those who sometimes attacked back mercilessly and pierced through.

Thanks to that, Voisa Troop’s marching speed made one imagine a flying tiger.

At that moment, Mills' second in command and distant cousin, Mose Voisa, came close.

“Brother! However you look at it, isn't this rather strange?”

He pointed towards the front with his finger.

“However much the strength of Coat Barony's army has fallen, it's difficult to understand how lax it is. A new defensive line or support should have appeared by now, but not only support, we cannot even find a single ant.”

“You're right. It is excessively lax.”

Mills nodded his head.

‘Even if Elton had focused his entire force at Tradi Castle, it's hard to understand why the entire fief's region is so empty.’

But even so, he didn't have the leisure to sit down and analyze the situation.

Because while he did that, Chester would busily march towards Tradi Castle.

“The second largest castle in the Coat Barony, Phillis Castle should show up after we march a bit more. Let's gather information there.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Phillis, a castle located south of Tradi Castle, was an important point that controlled the Coat Barony’s southern region.

‘If we capture that, it’ll be no different than conquering the southern region.’

The suppression war was proceeding more easily than he thought.

Dududududu!

With Mills and Mose at the lead, the nine thousand strong army sprinted frenziedly.

They must capture Phillis Castle faster than Chester’s Kowan Troop and march towards Tradi Castle.

After running for an unknown amount of time.

They could see a castle standing high on a wide plain.

“It’s Phillis Castle!”

At the scout’s yell, Mills stopped his troops and let them form up.

The troops' soldiers faced the castle's wall and lined up in a long line.

At that moment.

"It, it's Kowan Troops!"

From the east of their formation, Chester led his troops' soldiers and showed himself.

It was literally an ice-thin difference.

Between Mills and Chester, it was hard to place one above the other even in their marching speed.

"We attack first!"

Mills urgently ordered.

In the first place, there was no possibility for Phillis Castle to hold out against a grand army numbering twenty thousand.

The first one to attack had the greater possibility of monopolizing the achievements.

"Attack!"



“Waaaaa!”

With a cheer, the Voisa Troop ran towards Phillis Castle.

“Damn it! We’re also attacking!”

Chester, who was watching, tightly gritted his teeth and gave out the order to attack.

There was no time to newly set up a formation.

If he fell behind, there was nothing to earn.

“Attack!”

“Attack!”

In the end, the Kowan Troop couldn’t even calm their breaths and kicked off the ground once again.

The Voisa Troop and Kowan Troop’s charge.

The attack of an eighteen thousand strong army was truly a grand sight.

And the Phillis Castle in front of that was in a crisis like a candle flame before the wind.

It was as if looking at a small sailboat on a stormy sea.

At that moment.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sound of drums noisily echoed from Phillis Castle's outer walls.

And at the same time.

Kkiiiig!

The tightly closed gate opened wide and a drawbridge came down.

“Eh?!”

“Un?”

At the sudden development, Mills and Chester felt bewildered.

They urgently stopped the troops' charge and lined up on the other side of the moat.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sound of the drums that was hitting their ears also calmed down.

From the fully opened gate, a young man wearing, not even leather armor, but casual clothes appeared.

A man with small eyes that couldn't be tell whether it was open or closed.

He was, in fact, Clay.

Clay walked out with a composed expression and stood on top of the drawbridge.

“Sir Mills Voisa, Sir Chester Kowan. You have all worked hard to arrive here.”

With an extremely courteous and graceful pose, he lowered his head.

“Who are you?”

Chester creased his forehead and asked back.

Clay cheerily smiled and answered.

“I am called Clay who serves Sir Baron Tale.”

Boom!

Suddenly, Mills and Chester’s faces stiffly froze.

“Ba, Baron Tale?”

“Why is a man serving Baron Tale here.....?”

The two creased their foreheads as if they were unable to comprehend.

Clay faintly smiled as he looked at them then soon widely opened his two arms.

Suddenly.

Paat!

Great flags arose on top of the castle’s walls.

< Tale Troop. >

That was definitely the troop flag of Roan.

“Wha, what is.....’

When Mills and Chester stuttered with shocked faces, Clay spoke with a confident voice.

“Tradi Castle and Phillis Castle have been captured by us, the Tale Troop.”

---

“By now, the Voisa Troop and the Kowan Troop should have arrived at Phillis Castle.”

“Yes. They must truly be confused.”

Roan and Harrison rode their horses side by side and chatted.

They were currently marching towards the Coat Barony’s eastern region.

Harrison looked at the two thousand soldiers behind them and smiled.

“That man named Clay, he seems more amazing the more I see him.”

“Certainly, he is a talented person.”

Roan calmly nodded his head.

Using the ships and instantly capturing Tradi Castle and its surroundings and the Phillis Castle and its surroundings were all due to Clay's strategy.

Also, Clay had.

'To perfectly predict Elton's path of retreat.'

Thanks to him, Roan and Harrison were able to lead only the elite cavalry including the Amaranth troops and set off to chase Elton Coat without being late.

"But is it really fine to be so relaxed?"

Harrison asked with a slightly worried expression.

Roan answered with a quiet voice as if to whisper.

"Although Elton Coat is running away, his troops number three thousand. The Byron Kingdom's reinforcement is also moving south. To completely annihilate them, we have to follow the original plan."

"Yes. Certainly, there's only that method."

Harrison nodded his head and looked towards the front.

“Hundred-man Commander Austin will have to do well.”

Roan brightly smiled at those words and answered without even a bit of pause.

“He’ll do fine. Austin has never even once...”

The light in his eyes calmly went down.

“Disappointed me.”

He had complete trust in him.

Roan followed Harrison and looked up ahead.

Beyond the wide hill that spread out, a lush forest and a series of short and tall mountains rose sharply.

Most likely the battle was happening there as well.

The war was quickly bloating up its size like an avaricious monster.

# Chapter 130: Suppression (2)

---

Dududududu!

A fine dust blew up into the air along with the sound of horse hooves.

A group of horsemen sprinted towards east like an arrow.

The ones at the lead were Mills Voisa and Chester Kowan.

With stiff expressions, the two continually kicked their horses.

“Chester! Make sure to keep your promise!”

“You as well!”

Chester answered back shortly at Mills’ words.

Currently, the two have reluctantly allied themselves.

‘The main castle as well as most of the Coat Barony has already fallen into that Tale bastard’s hand.’

‘We have already fallen behind in this competition.’



Hating and competing against each other wasn't any different than setting Roan's victory in stone.

'The one good news is that Elton didn't return to Tradi Castle and has run towards the Byron Kingdom.'

'That Tale bastard is also chasing Elton. We still have a chance.'

Mills and Chester picked out the entire cavalry and the elite soldier from the troops' eighteen thousand soldier and went off on a chase.

Although Roan had started the chase first, it wasn't too hopeless of a situation.

'Elton's camp was closer to us.'

'The distance we have to catch up to is much shorter on our side.'

Mills and Chester once again kicked their horses.

Dududududu!

The sound of horseshoes loudly rang out as the five thousand strong cavalry sprinted rapidly.

Their goal was Elton.

No it was to place the princes they each served into the position of the Grand Duke of Grain.

---

They sprinted for two days and nights.

In the first place, that was a enough time to have already reached the border if there was a definite destination.

But to catch Elton who may be hiding somewhere or perhaps running towards somewhere, Mills and Chester were moving while going through anywhere that had a high possibility of finding him.

And as they did so, all they had done was reach the Coat Barony's northeastern countryside region despite two days passing since they began the chase.

“Keep up just a bit more!”

“The ringleader of the rebellion is definitely just up ahead.”

Mills and Chester encouraged the tired soldiers.

The knights who used mana techniques showed a slight sign of exhaustion, but there was no problem to their stamina.

The problem was the regular horsemen who were elites but

didn't know how to control mana.

They were slowly becoming exhausted from the forced march that continued on without a rest.

‘Damn it. Chasing anymore is impossi.....’

A curse mixed with irritation got stuck in his throat.

His eyes became big and round.

On Mills and Chester's faces, who had climbed over a small hill, a light of joy and ecstasy appeared.

It felt as if, in a single moment, the pressure and exhaustion that was crushing down on their entire body flew away.

“We caught him.”

Said Mills.

“Yeah. We finally caught his tail.”

Chester gave a short reply.

The two's gazes were directed towards the lush forest that spread below the hill.

At the entrance of the forest that spread towards the rugged mountain far away, a group of people was taking a rest.

Their number was barely three thousand.

They were the Elton and the Coat Barony troop that Mills and Chester had so desperately chased.

‘The number on our side is five thousand strong. Although they may be exhausted, they’re made up of knights and elite soldiers.’

‘We can take on a mere three thousand countryside soldiers.’

Mills and Chester had similar thoughts.

In truth, it was hard to say who had the advantage just by looking at their numbers.

Although the ones who were following Elton at his sides were countryside fief soldiers, they were those who were categorized as elites among those soldiers.

If Mills and Chester thought of them as the same level as the rebellion forces they faced until now, they could easily get hurt.

‘I know very well that it’s not an opponent we can scoff at. But.....’

Mills and Chester bit down on their lips.

The reason they couldn't order the exhausted soldiers to rest and were considering an irrational attack.

'Roan Tale will soon arrive.'

'If we make a mistake, we could lose this perfect chance.'

They had to cut off Elton's neck before Roan got there.

If they could do that, the biggest achievement would be Mills and Chester's to take despite falling behind in the fief's suppression.

"Should we sound the horn for the attack?"

One vice-captain came up and asked.

Mills squinted his eyes and shook his head.

"We approach as stealthily as possible. Once we close the distance, we will blow the horns and attack at the same ti....."

When he had spoken to that point.

Vvuuuuuu!

A horn sounded out of nowhere.

Mills and the vice-captain, who had been sharing sharp gazes, quickly turned their heads to search for the horn player.

At the gazes that suddenly pour down on him, the horn player shook his horn as if to say it wasn't him who blew it.

At that moment, he heard Chester's voice.

"Mills. Look other there."

The voice was heavy and composed.

It was a voice completely devoid of the joy and ecstasy that had floated until now.

Mills quickly turned his head and looked below the hill.

It had changed.

Within the short moment, the scene below the hill had changed.

Mills' face twisted harshly.

“Byron Kingdom troops.....”

From the entrance of the lush forest, a group of soldiers that couldn't be seen just a moment ago appeared.

The gang that held Byron Kingdom's flag at the lead and blew their horns without a rest.

They were definitely the Byron Kingdom troops that had marched to save Elton.

‘Is it about four thousand?’

Mills and Chester looked at each other and creased their brows.

The numerical superiority instantly disappeared.

Seven thousand against five thousand.

And on top of that, Mills and Chester's soldiers were greatly exhausted.

“For now, let's set up a formation and let the soldiers rest.”

Mills decided to take one step back.

Chester pondered for a moment then nodded his head.

Although his personality was more impetuous than Mills', he understood well that forcing an attack in this situation was suicidal.

Mills and Chester lined up at the foot of the hill.

The sight of the soldiers lining up by troops were awe-inspiring in its own way.

The Coat Barony troop realized Mills and Chester's pursuit only then and busily moved.

But there was no sign of trying to fall back or retreat.

They had realized that the situation was more advantageous for them.

'It looks like it'll be a more difficult battle than I thought.'

Mills and Chester glared at the Coat Barony troop formation and exhaled a long sigh.

Then.

Vvvvvvvuu!



A sonorous sound of the horn hit their ears.

This time, it wasn't the sound of the horn that the Byron Kingdom troop was blowing.

The sound was coming from behind and beyond the hill.

“What the?”

“Could it be?”

Mills and Chester creased their foreheads and looked behind them.

As if it had been waiting, a single troop flag shot out on top of the hill.

< Amaranth Troop. >

“Ah.....”

“So they ultimately came.....”

Mills and Chester let out a mute exclamation.

Leading the Amaranth troop, Roan had showed up.

Ultimately, their plan to cut off Elton's neck before he arrived popped like a bubble.

Dududududu!

With a sound of horseshoes, two thousand cavalry soldiers ran down the hill.

‘Is it merely two thousand.....’

Mills and Chester, who were momentarily dispirited, unconsciously formed strange smiles.

In the current situation, there was nothing that could be done with merely two thousand soldiers.

‘Meaning, we have to cooperate in the end.’

Ultimately, Roan wouldn't be able to do anything but extend his hand towards them.

‘It's seven thousand if we combine us three's numbers. If it's seven thousand versus seven thousand, it's doable.’

Meanwhile, Roan had come down the hill and neared them.

“Sir Voisa, Sir Kowan.”

He slightly lowered his head towards Mills and Voisa.

“You’re a bit late. Sir Baron Tale.”

Mills lightly greeted him.

With a single sentence, he tried to decide the hierarchy of the achievements.

At those words, Roan faintly smiled and replied with a confident voice.

“Sir Voisa and Sir Kowan were too slow, so I’ve taken a look around the entire Coat Barony.”

“Hhm.....”

Immediately, Mills and Chester’s faces froze stiffly.

Since Roan had taken the lead in the fief’s suppression, they had nothing else to say.

Roan glanced at Elton and the Byron Kingdom troops’ numbers.

‘He did it.’

A strange light flashed in his eyes.

But he soon hid his expression and turned towards Mills and Chester.

“Why are sirs merely standing still when Elton is right before your eyes?”

With expressions that seemed to say can’t you tell even when you see it?, Mills and Chester answered.

“The Byron Kingdom troops have come.”

Roan slowly nodded at those words.

“I see.”

His expression and voice were awfully calm.

He raised his right hand and gave a hand signal.

The two thousand riders quickly took formation and lined up.

It was a perfect charging formation.

“Wha, what are you doing?”

Mills and Chester asked back with shocked faces.

Roan pulled his reins and replied with a resounding voice as he stood at the formation’s head.

“I will go and bring back Elton’s head.”

“What?! Are you saying you’ll face seven thousand enemy soldiers with merely two thousand soldiers?”

Mills squinted his eyes and shouted.

Instead of answering, Roan faintly smiled and took out the Traviar Spear.

Chang!

The spear’s handle extended when he inserted mana.

Roan raised the spear up high and kicked his horse.

“Attack!”

The order fell down and the sound of the horn soon followed.

Dududududu!

The two thousand cavalry charged with the sound of horseshoes towards Elton and the Byron Kingdom troops.

“Eh?! Eh!”

“Damn, that insane!”

Mills and Chester shouted at Roan’s independent and reckless attack.

“We have to stop him immediately!”

Chester’s face especially burned red as if it would explode.

But Mills, who had been quietly analysing the situation, calmed his breathing and made a strange expression.

“Roan Tale’s troop is originally famous for being strong.”

“What are you saying all of a sudden?”

Chester creased his brows.

Mills continued to talk.

“If it’s Roan Tale’s troops, they should be able to deal a big loss to the enemy even though they can’t win.”

“Ah.....’

Chester let out a quiet exclamation.

It was impossible for Roan alone to break Elton and the Byron Kingdom troops.

‘The Amaranth troop will be annihilated and Elton and the Byron Kingdom troop will also receive quite a big damage.’

After that, they would step up, cut off Elton’s neck, and suppress the rebellion forces.

It was the best situation for Mills and Chester.

And furthermore, they could have the soldiers recover their stamina while the Amaranth troop rioted.

In many ways, Roan’s reckless attack was something very favorable to them.

However.

“Would the merit raised from such action be honorable?”

Chester asked.

Mills made a bitter smile.

“Let’s not think up to that point.”

He let out a short sigh.

“Huu. If we think about even something like that, there isn’t anything we can do.”

Chester quietly whispered at those words.

“Right. We’ve already been as cowardly as we could be.”

Already, there was the time when they cooperated to slow down Roan’s marching speed.

But the thing they were trying to do now was something on a completely different scale.

Mills and Chester, with stiff and solid expressions, chased Roan’s back with their eyes.



Vvuuuuuu!

The sound of horn, which made their hearts jump until a moment ago, felt irksome.

‘Don’t be embarrassed. It’s a choice for the future.’

Mills and Chester held down their shaking feelings.

However it was, they had grabbed a brand new chance to turn things around.

Of course, only the two of them thought that.

---

“What the?”

He spoke with a dumbfound voice and expression.

Elton looked at the troop charging towards them along with the dust clouds and leaked out a light laugh.

“Whose troop is it?”

The sudden question’s answer came immediately.

“It’s the Amaranth troop. It’s Roan’ Tale’s troop.”

“Roan Tale!”

Elton gritted his teeth and glaringly opened his eyes.

Then he soon snorted and shook his head.

“He must have lost his mind after raising merits several times. To attack with only that many soldiers.”

“Yes. Even though we already have met with the Byron Kingdom troops.....”

Tony echoed back and snickered.

As soon as his words finished, the sound of horn and drums echoed immediately as if it had been waiting.

Vvuuuuu! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the sound of Byron Kingdom troops, which were standing on the left and right of the Coat Barony troop, preparing to intercept.

Elton look at that sight and ordered with a voice full of confidence.

“We’re also intercepting! This time, let’s finally cut off that disgusting and horrible Roan Tale’s neck!”

“Yes! Understood!”

The vice-captains and the adjutants answered and moved quickly.

Elton stood at the lead and glared at Roan and his troops sprinting straight at him.

‘The battle this time is your loss!’

He pulled his reins and kicked his horse.

Hihihing!

The horse loudly cried then soon kicked off the ground.

Dudududu!

With Elton and Tony at the lead, the three thousand Coat Barony troop began to charge against Roan’s troops.

Vvuuu!

Then, the four thousand Byron Kingdom troop went out to

intercept.

The thing they were targeting was the merely two thousand strong Amaranth troop.

Seven thousand against two thousand.

It was a truly difficult and impossible fight for Roan.

Everyone thought so.

Elton, Mills, and Chester.

But Roan at least was making a faint smile.

‘We did it.’

Everything flowed as he wished.

As he kicked the horse several times, the wind of the battlefield blew over his armor.

Soon, the soldiers of the Coat Barony troop were in front of his nose.

Roan raised his spear up high.

Simultaneously.

Kboom!

Roan's troops and Elton's troops violently collided.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Spears and spears, swords and swords clashed and metallic sounds exploded out.

Sparks flew and streams of bloods ruptured.

“Uwaak!”

“Kuc!”

Death throes and screams.

The hushed battlefield soon regained its noise.

Roan's spearmanship was blinding.

It wasn't that it was blindingly skillful, but it literally was blinding.

Following the spear's path that endlessly flowed like water, a light flashed.

Each time the Traviast Spear's handle and blade moved, a flower of blood blossomed without exception.

Sssek! Sssuk!

“Kueek!”

“Kek!”

The Coat Barony troop's soldiers lost their necks and fell.

It was an overwhelming might.

Using the last tens of wars and battles and hundreds of days of training, Roan had developed his mana technique and spearmanship by more than several levels.

In the movement that used to be only rough and powerful, a hint of leisure could be felt.

The mana that circled his body also repeatedly flowed and stopped according to Roan's will.

Sssskk!

The war horses and soldiers were completely cut apart with a horrifying sound.

“Uuuu. It, it’s a monster!”

“No way!”

The common soldiers were filled with fear at Roan’s might.

But despite Roan’s such feat, the overall progress of the battle was extremely disadvantageous.

It wasn’t easy to overcome a numerical disadvantage in a battle started with a frontal attack instead of a trick.

“Uhahaha! Roan! Serves you right! The day I finally break your high nose has come!”

Elton let out a crazed laugh at his advantageous situation.

Of course, he didn’t forget to stay in the back where Roan’s spear didn’t reach all the while.

The Coat Barony troop’s soldiers who were intimidated by Roan’s might once again raised their spirits.

“Yeah! There’s no need to fear!”

“They’re only two thousand!”

“We also have reinforcements!”

The vigor that went up once was like a tidal wave.

It was a helpless and perilous moment for Roan and the Amaranth troop.

But despite that, the face of Roan, no the faces of the Amaranth troop’s soldiers were strangely relaxed.

That disturbed Elton’s temper.

“Roan! What’s with that damned and disgusting leisure! You’re now cornered!”

He felt needlessly restless.

‘He can’t possibly have another card up his sleeve, could he?’

Roan cut down another enemy soldier and calmly answered.



“Who knows if reinforcements will suddenly appear.”

“Reinforcements?”

Elton creased his forehead as asked back, then snorted.

“Hmph! Why don’t you look behind you! Even the ones who came first are just standing still like that, so what reinforcements! Unless a miracle happens, no reinforcements will appear!”

He jeered acidly.

Roan looked back at those words.

Thanks to Kalian’s Tears, he could clearly see Mills and Chester as if they were in front of his nose.

‘Even so, it seems they’re feeling self-conscious.’

Mills and Chester’s faces were stiff.

Probably, they were conflicted between pride and conscience.

“Roan! Your neck will be cut off here today!”

Elton raised his sword up high.

“Attack! Everyone attack! Kill them all!”

At the order that followed, the Coat Barony troop’s soldiers pushed the Amaranth troop back even more fiercely.

It was a situation where they were helplessly pushed back.

And at that very moment.

“Sound the horn!”

Roan gave the order.

Vvuu! Vvuu! Vvuu!

The horn’s sound echoed strangely unlike before.

At the same time, Roan looked at Elton and made a deep smile.

“Elton.”

His voice was cold.

“The reinforcements have finally arrived.”

“Re, reinforcements?!”

Elton as well as the Barony troop’s soldiers nearby all looked around with ghostly pale faces.

But there were no signs of reinforcements anywhere.

Elton soon gave out a crazed laugh.

“Hahahaha! You must finally have lost your mind! What reinforcements! Just where are your reinforcements!”

Immediately after he finished those words, the Byron Kingdom troops that were formationed at the left and right blew their horns.

Vvuu! Vvuu! Vvuu!

It was the exact same sound that the Amaranth troop had blew just a moment before.

Elton’s face instantly turned stiff.

At that moment, a booming cheer exploded out from all directions.

“Just where are we? Right over here!”

The owners of the cheer.

Shockingly, they were the Byron Kingdom troops.

“Wha, just what.....?!”

Elton was so shocked that his jaw dropped.

That was also the same for the Coat Barony troop’s soldiers.

Seeing the Byron Kingdom troop suddenly point their swords towards them, they were dumbfounded.

At that moment, the Byron Kingdom’s flag that had been soaring up high fell down to the ground and a new flag arose.

< Tale Troop. >

“Ah.....”

Elton let out a tiny exclamation.

Roan cheerily smiled as he watched that sight.

“Elton. It seems a miracle has happened just like your words.”

Just like that, the wind of the battle completely changed.

# Chapter 131: Suppression (3)

---

Karon Village, a few days ago.

“Austin, from now on we must move faster and more covertly. First, take five thousand soldiers from the Tale troop and march north towards the national border.”

“Yes, understood.”

Austin quickly replied.

It was plot that he already heard before leaving the capital, Miller Castle, and had memorized

At that moment, a young man with a familiar face approached from Daiv’s fleet.

“My lord, greetings after a long time.”

“Pens, good job coming all the way here.”

“No, it wasn’t much.”

The young man was the vice president of Agens and Chris’ right hand man, Pens.

From his chest pocket, he took out a bundle of papers.

“These are the information on the Byron Kingdom troops’ size, routes, and its commanders.”

Roan briefly glanced through it then directly handed it to Austin.

“This is the intelligence that Agens has meticulously searched for and investigated. It’s crucial information for the ambush.”

“President Chris is amazing. It was only a few days ago that we requested them, but to think he would complete the preparations so perfectly.”

Austin showed a surprised expression as he looked through the report.

Pens faintly smiled and shook his head.

“It’s information we already knew beforehand. Thanks to that, we were able to quickly organize them and make the report when the request came in.”

“That’s amazing in its own way.”

Austin marvelled once again.

At that moment, Clay, who had been quiet, interrupted.

“After destroying the Byron Kingdom troops, please change into their armor and head towards the eastern region of the Coat Barony.”

A detailed explanation of the strategy continued for a while.

The designer of this strategy was Clay.

“Is this really a feasible strategy?”

Austin asked with a slightly nervous expression.

With a confident face, Clay nodded his head.

“Yes, it’s feasible.”

There wasn’t a hint of hesitation.

“Can we really meet up with Elton if we go to Wines Forest in the eastern region?”

“Yes. We will be driving him into Wines Forest’s entrance.”

Clay once again answered with a confident face.



Ultimately, Austin nodded his head and didn't raise any more questions.

“Austin, your role is the most important one in this strategy.”

Roan looked straight into Austin's eyes.

“I trust you. Make sure you succeed.”

“Yes, understood.”

Austin gave a short salute and bowed.

At that reliable figure, Roan tapped Austin's shoulder.

This was Roan and the Amaranth troop's secret strategy meeting before leaving the Karon Village.

‘Austin answered my expectations.’

Roan cut off the head of a panicking Coat Barony troop soldier and gazed towards the left wing.

“Corner them! They are the core of the rebels! Behead them all!”

The man that unstoppably roamed the battlefield as he gave orders.

That man was Austin.

“We aren’t the Byron Kingdom troops!”

“We are the Tale Troop!”

“We are the Amaranth troop!”

Cheers exploded out from all directions.

Elton and the Coat Barony troop were helplessly surrounded.

“Uaaah! Damn! Damn it all!”

Elton raged.

No, he became wrapped in madness.

‘Again! Again! I’ve been done in by that bastard again!’

He couldn’t take the truth that he was once again tricked by Roan.

“Roan! Kill Roan! Forget about the others!”

Elton shouted with a bright red face.

But the Barony troop’s soldiers couldn’t carelessly move.

They were terrified by Roan’s seemingly possessed spearmanship

“Damn, stupid bastards!”

In the end, Elton raised up his sword high and went up to the frontlines

‘If I can do something about that Roan bastard, I could bring back the chance for victory.’

The one final move to turn the unfavorable situation around.

That was to hit the head rather than the body or the tail.

He planned to personally face the Tale Troop’s commander, Roan.

From a certain point of view, it was a rational and efficient decision but.

‘You picked the wrong opponent.’

‘To dare to try and fight our lord.’

‘It’s impossible with only that much skill.’

The Amaranth troop as well as Tale Troop’s soldiers snorted as they looked at Elton.

To them, Elton was like a moth.

Like a moth that jumps into fire without knowing that it’s body is burning to cinders.

“Die! Roan!”

Elton shouted as loud as he could and swung his sword.

Befitting of a warrior-noble of the kingdom, he had also learned a mana technique.

Psss.

The mana flowed through the sword’s edge.

Swnng!

The sound of the impact exploded.

It truly was a fast attack.

But the opponent was bad.

Chang!

Roan shook the Traviar Spear left and right and lightly blocked his attack.

“It’s fast, but it’s an extremely light sword.”

With a sharp evaluation, the spearhead moved once again.

Spat!

When he twisted and moved his two wrists, the spear’s handle shook in every direction.

The black spearhead slashed the wind and danced.

“Huhuk!”

At the attacks that rained down from head to waist without a single place to dodge, Elton gasped.

Chang! Chachang! Paat! Spaat!

Elton blocked some and dodged some, and barely kept his life.

‘For a brat who was a lowly commoner to use this high level mana technique!’

He couldn’t accept it.

The hand holding the sword clenched harder.

“Die!”

He once again gritted his teeth and pulled his reins.

Then.

Ssuug.

The Traviass Spear’s length suddenly extended.

Instantly, the sharp end of the spear reached his chest.

“Damn!”

Elton quickly pulled his sword and parry the spear's tip.

No, he tried to do that.

But.

Cheng! Zhzzuk!

The moment the spear's tip touched the flat of the sword, the entire sword cracked with an unpleasant sound.

“N, no way.....”

Elton looked at Roan with a dumbfounded look.

Roan faintly smiled as he shook his head.

“I won't see you off for very far.”

Simultaneously, he twisted his wrist.

“N, no!”

Elton screamed but it was in vain.

Puuk!

The sword shattered into pieces and the Traviass Spear pierced Elton's chest.

“Kuuk!”

Elton eyes dilated completely as he cried out a death throe, and his whole body trembled.

And when the short trembling stopped, the head that had been stiffly raised up bent and fell down.

‘Elton, I contemplated much on whether to let you live or not.’

The reason was clear.

At the moment, the people of the world, even including the nobles and the royalty, thought that Elton had close relationship with the Second Prince Tommy Rinse.

But in reality, Elton was the Third Prince Kallum Rinse's subordinate.

‘The reason Prince Kallum wanted to be the commander for the suppression force was probably to silence Elton with death using his own hands.’

He most likely wanted to erase his secret relationship with Elton



for good.

If Elton was kept alive, Tommy and Kallum would have been pit against each other over the inquiry into the truth.

To Simon, there would have been no situation better than that.

While the two princes pointed their swords at each other, Simon could solidify his base even further

‘Because of that, I thought about whether I should keep him alive.....’

But on the day he captured Tradi Castle, Roan had discovered the letters that Kallum and Elton had exchanged and the evidence of an illicit collusion from Elton’s castle.

‘Instead, this evidence is more effective in shaking and controlling the nation’s politics.’

Furthermore, he could use them to gain something even bigger.

From Simon as well as from Tommy and Kallum.

‘There no longer was any need to specifically keep Elton alive.’

Instead, keeping him alive would greatly lower the effective

value of the other evidence.

‘I’ll cut off Elton’s neck.’

In the first place, King Deni Von Rinse’s order was also to cut off his head.

Roan pushed aside the various thoughts in his head and swung his spear.

Sssk!

Elton’s neck was slashed off clean.

Meanwhile, the Coat Barony troop was at the brink of annihilation.

“P, please don’t kill me!”

“I’ll reveal all of the lord’s secret if you let me live!”

“Please forgive me!”

Vice-captains and the adjutants as well as Elton’s closest soldiers begged for forgiveness.

But Roan and the Tale Troop’s swords and spears didn’t stop.

Although Roan was usually full of compassion, he wouldn't leave behind any seeds of trouble on the battlefield.

“Uaak!”

“Kuuk!”

Screams rang out one after another.

And just like that, Elton and the rebel force's leading members all lost their lives.

It was a complete victory.

The panic of the entire rebellion force and the destruction of their formation thanks to Clay's strategy was the driving force behind the complete victory.

When Roan gave a hand signal, the flag bearer waved a small signal flag.

The Tale Troop quickly went into formation and lined up.

Their figures were without a single disorder or a single soldier out of place.

Roan stood in front of them and raised Elton's head high into the air.

“We have cut off the traitor's head and suppressed the rebellion!”

He shouted with a sonorous voice.

The faces of the Tale Troop's soldiers flushed red.

Their hearts beat rapidly.

Roan looked over the faces of the troop's soldiers and shouted at the top of his lungs.

“It's our victory!”

The very moment he shouted those words.

“Waaaaa!”

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

Cheers exploded.

The soldiers genuinely rejoiced.

The feeling of accomplishment at completing the monumental mission of suppressing the rebellion, the feeling of relief at their survival, the sense of awe towards Roan.....

Their cheers were mixed with numerous kinds of feelings.

Roan smiled as he watched that sight then pulled his reins.

He could see Mills and Chester standing far away at the foot of the hill.

Their faces were much more stiff than before.

Their expressions were more serious than the ones when they were conflicting between pride and conscience.

Mills and Chester.

At that moment, their evaluation of Roan began to change for the first time.

---

“Does this make sense to you?”

Mills asked with a stiff face.

Chester didn't answer.

No, he couldn't.

“Are you telling me that not only did they annihilate the Byron Kingdom troops, they disguised themselves as the troops and approached Elton?”

Mills asked again.

Only then did Chester speak with a heavy voice.

“Perhaps it may be that Elton had been unknowingly chased and led towards this Wines Forest.”

The kingdom's two geniuses.

Mills and Chester watched Roan's battle and correctly surmised the entire series of situations.

Gulp.

The two gulped nervously.

‘Is he really from a commoner vice-captain background?’

‘I thought the rumors had been exaggerated.....’

They had fully heard and learnt of rumors, reports, and

information about Roan.

But they couldn't believe all those great achievements word for word as they were told.

It was because they simply weren't a level of achievements that a young man in mere twenties, and especially a vice-captain from an ordinary commoner background could raise.

They simply thought that he was a guy who had merely caught Prince Simon's eyes and was promoted by luck.

'No. Our judgments were wrong.'

'The guy is real. He's several steps above us.'

Mills and Chester couldn't do anything but recognize Roan's abilities.

Going against the Teluo River on a fleet and capturing Tradi Castle.

No, in the first place, the very act of crafting and owning a fleet of that size was impressive.

And even separately annihilating the Byron Kingdom troops and perfectly suppressing the rebellion by leading Elton into a corner.

Everything was realized just like the picture Roan had drawn and as he had planned.

‘Roan Tale.....’

‘It seems it won’t be a easy fight from now on.’

Mills and Chester deeply inhaled.

From afar, Roan and the Tale Troop approached.

Mills looked at Chester.

“We can’t end it like this, could we?”

“Right.”

Chester replied shortly and nodded.

Making peculiar expressions, they stared at Roan.

‘Hhm.’

Roan looked at Mills, Chester, and the five thousand elite soldiers lined up behind them and leaked a quiet sigh.



‘Do they perhaps plan to fight?’

The light in his eyes calmly dimmed down.

Mills, Chester, and the five thousand elite soldiers maintained formation and looked directly at Roan while lined up.

A strange vigor could be felt.

It wasn't something like killing intent or pressure, but pure military discipline.

‘Each side's numbers are more or less the same.’

Five thousand against five thousand.

But while Roan was fighting, Mills and Chester's soldiers were resting.

‘It looks like it won't be a easy fight if we fight.’

Roan gritted his teeth.

If the chance showed itself, he planned to attack first.

But at that moment, Mills rode his horse and went up towards him.

His expression was stiff.

A strange silence fell down.

Then.

“Hahahahahaha!”

Mills suddenly burst out laughing.

His stiff expression had also turned bright all of a sudden.

Even clapping his hand, he greatly rejoiced.

“Sir Baron Tale! You’re truly amazing! Hahaha!”

At the completely unexpected situation, Roan slightly creased his brows.

Mills stopped laughing and nodded.

“I, Mills Voisa, received quite a big lesson today! This rebellion suppression war is my complete defeat, a complete defeat. Hahaha!”

He acknowledged his defeat.

Roan, after only meeting nobles who were thoroughly clumped up in arrogance and selfishness, felt refreshed meeting someone like Mills.

‘Even so, they’re the geniuses representing the kingdom, is it?’

At that moment, Mills spoke with a slightly humorous expression.

“But please do remember that the ones who caught Elton’s tail was Chester and I.”

“Of course.”

Roan lightly nodded.

There was no need to go out of his way and reveal that that too was a part of his plan.

Mills gave a short salute.

“Hahaha.”

He heartily laughed and then turned his horse’s head around.

For a short moment, he met Chester's eyes.

‘For now, admit defeat and step back.’

In this moment, pointing a blade at Roan was the worst of the worst possible moves.

‘Yeah, since this isn't the end.’

Chester slightly nodded his head.

Mills showed a faint smile and then led his troops and disappeared over the hill.

Only then did Chester ride his horse towards Roan.

He didn't say much unlike Mills.

“Sir Baron Tale.”

Chester rode up right next to Roan and extended his right hand.

Roan faintly smiled and shook that hand.

A burning warmth, no a heat, no his pride was conveyed.

Chester stared directly into Roan's eyes.

"I definitely will not lose next time."

He spoke with a brusque voice and expression.

Roan nodded his head.

"I look forward to it."

The two's hands lightly shook.

Chester then turned his horse around and led his troops over the hill.

Roan, who was left alone, gazed at the direction the two had disappeared to and deeply inhale.

'Mills and Chester.'

He didn't expect that the two would possibly react like this.

Of course, he couldn't know whether their demeanors were true or false.

It was because Mills and Chester were also very famous people in the last life.

‘Mills betrayed Rinse Kingdom and defected to the Estia Empire, and Chester started a rebellion after losing a political power struggle and was killed.’

If their current attitudes were true, those events seemed impossible to occur.

‘Just what could have happened.....’

Just what broke Mills and Chester?

Or just what broke the two people’s masks?

Roan, who was a mere common spearman, couldn’t knew.

He couldn’t knew of the truth that the royalties and the nobles’ veiled strifes were fiercer and more hideous than he had thought.

Roan forcefully shook off the distracting thoughts and raised his right hand up high.

“For now, we go to Tradi Castle!”

The northern wind blew.

“After resting, we will return to the capital, Miller! We.....”

A smile hung on Roan's mouth.

“Will return with confident and proud steps in triumph!”

The northern wind blew once more.

The wind headed towards the capital, Miller.

Gazing towards the south, Roan whispered in a quiet voice.

“Now.....”

He spoke with a soft voice and light in his eyes.

“It is time to go home.”

# Chapter 132: Triumphant Return (1)

---

“Me? I just did as I was told.”

“If I didn’t do as they said, I probably would have lost my neck.”

“Rebellion? I did know of it. But I didn’t like it. So I just pretended to fight.”

Elton Coat Barony troop’s soldiers all spewed out the same words like one.

The ones who raised a banner of rebellion against the Rinse Kingdom.

The reason they fell so helplessly despite starting the rebellion so pompously was because the soldiers, who should have been putting their lives on the line fighting, all tried to save their own lives.

Of course, they only mindlessly followed the orders from above and most had surrendered or ran once the situation turned disadvantageous.

‘I only need to take down the core members.’

Truthfully, he would have beheaded all the accomplices regardless of their ranks if they were royalty or nobles.



It was because they had the standing and wealth to gather power at any time.

They had the clear possibility of becoming the seeds of trouble.

But the ordinary commoners were different.

Even if they were kept alive, the chance of them becoming a danger was significantly minute.

Especially in the case of the soldiers like the Coat Barony troop, this was even more so.

And.

‘If I take these soldiers into my faction.....’

It wouldn’t simply stop at increasing the number of soldiers.

If the soldiers and their families migrated to the Tale Barony, that should solve the Tale region’s problem, where the population is small compared to the extensive land, to a certain extent.

Because of these various reasons, Roan gave those besides the core members, who started the rebellion, a chance to start over anew.

And like that, the Coat Barony troops were absorbed below the Tale Troop.

‘This is the last chance! There’s no other way but to surrender and go along with them if I want to live!’

The Coat Barony troops’ soldiers also understood that the only way to keep their lives was to follow Roan.

Like that, the fief’s citizens, who participated in the rebellion to earn an extra coin or two or were forced by the people above them, were all reborn as Roan’s soldiers.

Thanks to that, the Tale Troop, which numbered ten thousand at the march ceremony and was reduced to eight thousand due to the repeated battles, became reformed into a nearly twenty thousand strong legion.

“Amazing.”

“Not only strength, even his tricks aren’t normal either.”

Mills and Chester watched Roan and the Tale Troop and shook their heads.

It was a sincere admiration.

‘It’s certainly a brilliant talent.’

‘He’s different than those greenhorns called the 12 Hatchling or something.’

Of course, it wasn’t as if there was such a big difference that they could only marvel at him.

‘If I thoroughly prepare and then face him, I can easily take him down.’

‘I definitely won’t lose the next time.’

Mills and Chester vowed for the future and departed first towards the capital, Miller, while leading their troops.

To them, there was nothing left to do at Tradi Castle.

The Coat Barony, including the Tradi Castle, was already Roan’s territory.

Roan was only able to head towards the capital, Miller, after rebuilding the numerous villages that were damaged from the battles and looking after those who were hurt.

Of course, he left Austin and five thousand soldiers and had them be on their guard in case of an unexpected situation.

The day Roan and the Tale Troop departed.

Everywhere Roan went, the fief's citizens poured out to shout and clap.

They were thankful to the Tale Troop who, despite technically being no different than an occupying force, had relieved the citizens' difficulties instead of acting without restraint.

“Thank you for your time until now!”

“Thank you very much!”

“Please do come back!”

Some residents even showed tears from their gratitude and feelings of sadness at their departure.

‘This is the sight that I want.’

Not one of citizens was crying from frustration and fear, but from happiness and joy.

Roan made a smile towards them and spurred his horse forward.

Although he had achieved a complete victory thanks to Clay's strategy and perfect abilities, the greater victory was winning the hearts of the fief's citizens.

Word for word, it was a perfect and triumphant return.

---

The capital, Miller, shook greatly for once.

“So he’s finally coming back?”

“The hero of the last expedition and the hero of the rebellion suppression this time, Sir Baron Roan Tale.”

“He’s truly an amazing person. He stepped ahead of those talented sirs and cut down the head of the rebellion!”

The castle’s citizens were all busy talking about Roan’s story.

The feverish mood was even hotter than the time of the last expedition’s triumphant return.

This was all because Roan, who had just become a noble, won in a competition with Mills and Chester, who were called the kingdom’s future.

And it was also an overwhelming victory.

“I heard he went up the river on a great fleet of boats?”

“Just when did he prepare those ships?”

“That’s not all. With an ambush, he annihilated the Byron Kingdom’s troops that marched to help the rebels.”

The heated praises of Roan’s meticulous preparations and tricks continued on.

Because he hadn’t simply suppressed the rebellion but completely suppressed them with overwhelming and fantastic tactic, he received even greater attention.

“Anyway, it looks like his majesty the king is also really happy.”

“Yeah. Just look at that triumphal arc.”

They turned towards the grand triumphal arc built on top of the wide square.

On the gigantic triumphal arc that hundreds of architects had swarmed through for days and nights, a brilliant and beautiful design was carved.

“From what I heard, they say Prince Simon and Sir Duke Bradley Webster had actively proposed it.”

“They probably did. To them, Sir Baron Tale is no different than a ball of luck.”

“Kuu! It must look seriously awesome if I were to walk through that victory gate and enter the palace just like that!”

From here and there, exclamations of awe popped out.

At that moment.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

The sound of a bell noisily echoed from the north gate.

“He’s here!”

“He finally arrived!”

The castle’s residents instinctively turned towards the north.

The sound of the bell endlessly echoed out.

That was the bell sound of welcome that celebrated Roan and the Tale Troop’s triumphant return.

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“I, is this really a welcome ceremony for us?”

“A, amazing.”

The Tale Troop’s soldiers, with dazed expressions, gazed around

themselves.

Flower petals and colored confetti endlessly fell on top of their heads.

Thundering cheers that filled their ears.

Welcoming crowd that tightly filled the street.

They couldn't believe that all of these were for them.

The shock of the previously Coat Barony Troop's soldiers who were recruited this time as Tale Troop's soldiers was especially great.

‘A, are we really allowed to receive this welcome?’

‘Even though we were rebels just a few days ago.’

At that moment, the soldiers near them happily shouted.

“It looks like everyone in the capital has come out!”

“I can really feel my heart jumping!”

Their entire bodies sharply trembled from the pouring cheers.



“There’s no need to make so much fuss.”

One of the soldiers spoke in a quiet voice while waving at the crowd.

The soldiers, who were engrossed in watching the crowd with elated faces, creased their brows.

“What do you mean?”

“Doesn’t this situation make you excited?”

The sound of complaints against him came pouring down.

Then the soldier who spoke up first turned towards them and replied.

“You’ll have a lot more experiences like this if you continue to serve Sir Baron Tale from now on, so there’s no need to be so excited.”

“Ah.....”

Immediately, all of them quietly exclaimed.

Then they soon nodded their heads.

‘Right. If it’s Sir Baron Tale, he is someone who will raise even greater achievement than this.’

‘There’s no way this will be the last one.’

The soldiers who had been fussing about coughed and stood up straight.

With awkward faces and poses, they waved at the crowd.

“Waaaaa!”

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

“Tale Troop! Tale Troop!”

The cheers became even louder when the soldiers responded.

Roan’s name echoed throughout Miller.

Roan, who was riding his horse at the head of the troops, didn’t lose his calm even in the cheers that came pouring down.

His face was relaxed and composed.

But he too was extremely astonished on the inside.

‘I didn’t expect it to be this much.’

Although he thought that there would be a welcoming event or a crowd, the sight in front of his eyes had completely jumped beyond his expectations.

Especially the enormous triumphal arc built in the plaza at the end of the street was something he couldn’t even have imagined.

“A triumphal arc.....’

In the last life, there was a time when he passed through the triumphal arc as a mere common spearman.

At the time, the grand commander was none other than Pierce.

But now.

‘I’m proudly returning in triumph as a troop commander.’

Furthermore, as a noble with the standing as a baron.

It was the difference between earth and sky compared to the last life.

All the while, Roan busily rode his horse and stood in front of the triumphal arc.

Clop. Clop.

The horse, which had been walking on top of the street, finally passed through the triumphal arc.

Hwaaah!

A gust of wind suddenly blew.

No, it felt like a wind had blown.

An indescribable delight wrapped around his entire body.

‘It’s quite hair-raising.’

It felt as if the hairs on his entire body stood up.

Through his head, the events of the past quickly brushed past.

Coming back in time, the Battle of Ale Gorge, the Battle of Pedian Plain, the War with the Istel Kingdom, Poskein Exodus, and even the rebellion suppression.

It truly was a time where he ran breathlessly.

In that time, an insignificant newbie spearman became a baron and a troop commander.

It was an incredibly amazing success.

But.

‘I can’t be satisfied and settle with just this.’

Roan dreamt of an even bigger dream.

‘I just need to do as I have done until now.’

He tightly clenched the horse’s reins.

‘I will definitely be a monarch.’

When he had newly hardened his determination, he could see familiar faces at the end of the street beyond the triumphal arc.

‘Hmm.’

For a moment, Roan’s face slightly blushed.

Thanks to Kalian’s Tears, he could see the people that came out

on top of the palace's wall clearly.

Prince Simon, Prince Tommy, and Prince Kallum as well as the four dukes and the distinguished nobles all came out and were watching Roan's triumphant return.

But the place Roan's gaze stayed at wasn't the center of the palace wall but the side of the left corner.

A few princesses were gathered around there, and amongst them was Princess Aily Rinse.

‘Princess Aily.....’

Strangely, his heart beat rapidly.

His face that was composed even against the incredible welcoming crowd loosened slightly.

The tips of his eyes trembled and the ends of his lips went up bit by bit.

Simon and the others weren't even in his eyes anymore.

Even the noisy welcoming crowd's cheers slowly felt quieter.

‘Really, why am I like this?’

Roan had known everything and had shown outstanding performances in everything, but in truth he didn't even properly understand his own feelings.

He simply stared with brightly blushed face straight into Aily's far away eyes.

“Hm?”

Meanwhile, Aily, who was watching Roan's triumphant return from the top of the palace wall, unconsciously let out a short exclamation.

“What is it, princess?”

The guardian knight Greg Katis, who had been near her, slightly lowered his head then cautiously asked.

At those words, Aily glanced at the princesses nearby then replied in a quiet voice.

“I think I met Sir Baron Tale's eyes just now.”

“Yes?”

With a slightly surprised face, Greg looked towards Roan.

But because the distance was too far, it was impossible to even see his expression.

“Princess. Even for me, who has learned a mana technique, simply seeing Baron Tale’s outline is all I could do.”

“But I definitely.....”

Aily tried to reply once again but soon closed her mouth.

Even to her eyes, Roan was simply too far apart.

‘But it definitely felt like I met his eyes.’

She swallowed the words that went up to her throat.

She couldn’t explain the reason, but she felt certain.

If it wasn’t that their eyes had met.

‘Our hearts must have met’

Her heart rapidly jumped.

Her face brightly blushed.



Making an awfully shy and happy smile, she gazed at Roan.

Although the two were still much too far apart, their gazes at least were directed at each other.

It was a distance that would someday be closed, and it was a bond that would someday be

Probably.

---

“Hahaha! Baron Tale! You did really well!”

Simon fully opened his two arms and welcomed Roan.

Roan gave a short salute then lowered his head.

“I’m glad I could complete the mission.”

“Hahaha! There’s no need to be so humble. I know that this rebellion suppression is your complete victory!”

Simon grabbed both of Roan’s shoulders.

His face was full of joy.

With the rebellion suppression this time, Simon’s stock had once

again risen greatly.

Some of the nobles who supported the neutral faction even declared their support.

“Baron Tale. Good work.”

Viscount Tio Ruin, who had been next to them, gave a faint smile.

Roan slightly lowered his head instead of answering back.

The mood was full of happiness.

Of course, that was only on Simon’s side.

“Cht!”

“Hmph! Unsightly bastard!”

Tommy and Kallum glanced at Roan and burst out in anger.

Next to them, Mills and Chester stood in place with stiff expressions.

They had already received glares unlike glares and rebukes in the past few days.

Of course, the situation wasn't such that Tommy and Kallum could throw them out because of that.

However the things were, Mills and Chester were sons of dukes and their talents were also that of outstanding geniuses amongst geniuses.

At that moment, the grand chamberlain, Viscount Logan, showed himself.

With the staff he held, he knocked on the marble floor three times.

"The sun of the kingdom, and the deputy of the god Krea, His Majesty Deni III is coming. The loyal retainers of the kingdom, show your manners."

Immediately, the nobles who had been chatting all closed their mouths and deeply bowed.

Soon, Deni Von Rinse appeared in a splendid suit.

The very moment he sat down on the throne, he called out Roan's name.

"Baron Roan Tale! Hahaha! I heave heard of your performance. It truly was excellent!"

Deni III laughed out aloud as he nodded his head.

Roan went up to the throne and kneeled down on one knee.

“I simply did what must be done. Your majesty.”

Roan’s voice was composed and his manners courteous.

Deni III brightly smiled and leaned his back on the throne.

“Since you have splendidly suppressed the rebels, I should judge your merits and grant rewards. First.....”

As he first promised, he granted Coat Barony’s total authority and wealth to Roan.

Not only that, he even gave all the authority and wealth of the previous Gary Renard’s fief that Elton had taken over as he wished.

Several nobles sulked and complained but were forced to close their mouths under Simon and Duke Bradley Webster’s powerful support.

The rewards didn’t end with that.

Deni III called Simon, who had nominated Roan, and praised his

eyes as well as tell him that he had become one step closer in becoming the Grand Duke of Grain, thus making the other two princes nervous.

‘So I cannot rise to be Grand Duke of Grain with only this.’

Simon was slightly angered since the nomination of the Grand Duke was once again postponed, but soon calmed his feelings.

It was because the fact was that he was far ahead of the other princes.

When Simon went back to his original place, Deni III once again spoke with an excited voice.

“Since you have consecutively raised big merits, I cannot end the rewards with just this. Is there perhaps something you want? Should I make you another privilege rights?”

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head at those words.

“I am fine with the privilege right. But there is something I do want.”

“Oh! What is it?”

Deni III quietly exclaimed.

Roan slightly lowered his head and exhaled a short sigh.

‘Now is the time to go back to Tale Barony. It is time to strengthen the basis. For that, several things are needed.’

Most of them were something Roan could take care of on his own.

But there were some that he couldn’t.

Roan raised his head and looked towards Deni III.

The smile hanging on his mouth became slightly deeper.

“There is someone I would like to recommend to the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander position that is currently empty.”

A wind blasted through the grand hall.

That was the wind of change.

Of course, the one who raised that wind was Roan.

## Chapter 133: Triumphant Return (2)

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After Benjamin Doyle, the position of the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander was left empty.

It wasn't because there wasn't much time nor because there wasn't a suitable person.

No, instead there was an overflowing number of people.

The problem was the three dukes: Edwin Voisa, Bradley Webster, and Liss Kowan.

To place their subordinate onto the Supreme Commander's seat, they repeatedly competed fiercely. Thanks to that, the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander's position was drifting about empty.

And when Roan stepped forward in this situation and said that he would nominate someone, Edwin and Liss's faces harden stiffly.

'Is he trying to nimbly swallow one of the key regional corps roles?'

'If not careful, the table will completely turn towards Prince Simon.'

On the other hand, a peculiar anticipation appeared on Bradley's

face.

‘Oh! The Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander is it? Right! It’s the perfect opportunity!’

If he could bring the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander into the support faction, Simon could receive a big boost in the succession competition.

At that moment, King Deni Von Rinse spoke up.

“Right. Who is this person you would like to nominate?”

In the first place, Deni III was having a headache with nominations for the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander.

‘With the three dukes, no the four dukes even including Duke Francis Wilson harassing me, my head hurts like hell.’

Due to that, he planned to use Roan as an excuse and finish the nomination if the nominee wasn’t too bad.

Deni III brightly smiled and gazed at Roan.

Roan calmly looked back at that gaze and replied.

“He is Baron Aaron Tate, Commander of the 7th corps of Eastern



Regional Corps.”

“Aaron..... Tate?”

Deni III turned towards the dukes while slightly creasing his brows.

No, to be exact, he looked at Duke Francis Wilson.

It was because he couldn't quite remember the name Aaron Tate.

‘If it's Baron Aaron Tate, he should be the commander that raised a large merit in the war with the Istel Kingdom.’

Francis brought up the information about Aaron in his head.

‘He is the one who proposed himself as Baron Roan Tale's supporter. Even so, it's rather ambiguous to call him Prince Simon's supporter..... he should be categorized as part of the neutral faction.’

Neutral faction.

In other words, he wasn't supported by any of the three princes' factions.

Because of that, he was pushed to the back amongst the nominees

for the supreme commander position despite having the most outstanding achievements.

In the merit judgments and rewards after the war with the Istel Kingdom, all he was given were some reward money and three borderside cities.

‘If we just look at the person, he isn’t a bad choice.’

Francis ended his short contemplation and slightly nodded his head.

A movement such that no one around him would notice.

Only Deni III, who was watching Francis, was able to know.

‘It seems Duke Wilson likes him too.’

Seeing a sign of the end to the horrible nomination for the Supreme Commander, Deni III made a faint smile.

But soon, his smile disappeared.

‘Hmm.’

His gaze moved towards the other three dukes.

‘All of their faces are quite awful.’

Although Edwin and Liss had stiff expressions from the start, in Bradley’s case, his expression quickly changed once he heard Roan’s nomination.

‘Aaron Tate?’

Bradley also knew much about Aaron.

He knew that Aaron was an excellent individual and that he was a suitable person for the Supreme Commander position.

But he was never the person he wanted.

‘Even though there are countless talented geniuses amongst Prince Simon’s close aides.....’

If they weren’t right, there were also plenty of people suitable to be Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander amongst his own close aides.

But pushing aside those people and nominating Aaron, who was not only categorized as part of the neutral faction and wasn’t any different from a country bumpkin from a border region, as the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander was a solely regrettable choice.

‘But even so, it’s not as if I could blindly stop this either.’

Bradley gritted his teeth.

He didn’t like the person too much, but either way, Aaron had a good relationship with Roan.

If he could coax him well, it was more than possible to absorb him into Prince Simon’s faction.

‘For now, I better go with supporting him.’

Bradley deeply inhaled.

In the end, he had decided to support Roan’s decision.

At that moment.

“Baron Aaron Tate..... what kind of person is he?”

Deni III asked almost off-handedly.

Francis answered as if he was waiting.

“He is a corp commander that showed great performance in the recent war with the Istel Kingdom. He is a person who raised an outstanding achievement even amongst the candidates for the

supreme commander. Also, he has received the trust of the citizens and evaluations of him aren't.....”

For a while, he listed off the information within his head.

“Hhm.”

Deni III nodded with a pleased expression after listening to the entire story.

“As expected of Baron Tale. You proposed quite an excellent individual.”

He gazed around at the dukes and the numerous nobles and continued to speak.

“Since he is a splendid individual with such merits and evaluations, there shouldn't be any problem in nominating him as the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander, yes?”

Truthfully, he wished that it would pass easily.

But there was no way that Edwin and Liss would back down just like that.

“This decision is for nominating a supreme commander who will be responsible for one of the vital parts of the Regional Corps. I don't think that this is a work that should be decided so easily.”

“Furthermore, Baron Tate is still a young warrior. I’m worried whether his experience isn’t lacking to lead the entire Eastern Regional Corps.”

An objection was an objection.

But the mood was peculiar.

Bradley’s eyes glinted and shone with light.

‘Unlike the last several heated debates, it looks like they plan to more or less agree and pass it.’

His eyes were quick.

In the first place, it wasn’t possible to leave the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander position empty.

Then, it was more advantageous for Edwin and Liss to have Aaron, who was categorized as part of the neutral faction, to sit there.

Although, because Aaron and Roan’s had a very friendly relationship, there needed a suitable security device.

“The Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander’s position has been empty for months. Do you propose that we continue to waste

our time?”

Edwin coughed when Bradley complained.

“Hmm. Your words are right.”

He met eyes with Liss for a moment then slightly nodded his head.

Looking at Deni III and the various nobles, Edwin continued to speak.

“Then how about promoting someone who can assist Baron Tate, who is a young warrior, to the position of vice commander?”

For a moment, a corner of Bradley’s lips went up.

‘Hmph. So they’re asking to hand over the vice commander position in return for giving up the Supreme Commander position.’

In other words, a desire to set the balance.

He felt like immediately rejecting them, but the thing called politics wasn’t something that could be done so impetuously without regards just like that.

Bradley forcefully smiled and nodded his head.

“As expected of Duke Voisa. That seems to be quite an excellent method.”

By this point, the four dukes glanced at each other and then nodded.

It meant an agreement to each concede and step back.

Edwin bowed towards Deni III.

“We believe that appointing Baron Aaron Tate as Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander and appoint Baron Ive Lever, who currently has the role of head staff officer of the Eastern Regional Corps, and Baron Taylor Nicoles, who is a veteran warrior, as the vice commanders should be good.”

Ive Lever was Liss’s person, and Taylor was Edwin’s person.

The rest of the dukes all nodded their heads and agreed.

Seeing that sight, Deni III made the decision.

“Alright. Proceed as so.”

“Yes. Your Majesty.”



All the nobles lowered their heads.

Roan, seeing how the things were ultimately finished as he wished despite the four duke's intervention, faintly smiled.

‘It's done. Now that Commander Tate has been appointed to the position to oversee the entire eastern border, I should be able to receive various help. And also.....’

There was another reason why Roan nominated Aaron to the position of the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander.

‘Originally, Commander Tate should have risen to the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander position after discovering Brent's Ring.’

But as he had found the ring first and kept it, Aaron had forever lost that opportunity.

‘Although I may take the things I need for my goals and dreams, I want to give another different chance to those who should have been the owners of those things.’

Of course, villainous or problematic people were exceptions.

Mills Voisa was a prime example.

‘Because after learning the Flamdor Mana Technique, he betrayed the kingdom and defected to the Estia Empire.’

But to those with ability and a virtuous nature like Aaron, he wanted to give them as much help as the chances they should originally have had.

When his thoughts were continuing on.

“Is there anything else you wish?”

He heard Deni III’s voice.

Making an amicable smile, he looked at Roan.

“Instead of something that’s good for others, ask me something that will also benefit you.”

Numerous nobles once again made nervous expressions.

Roan pondered for a moment then lowered his head once more.

“Then without holding back, I shall request your majesty once more.”

“Yes. Say it.”

Deni III lightly nodded his head.

Roan spoke with a quiet and serious voice.

“I wish to vanquish the monster of the Poskein Lake with the fleet your subject has.”

As soon as he said those words.

“Un?”

“Unn?”

The four dukes as well as every noble, the three prince, and even the king, Deni III, all made surprised faces.

It was because those words were completely unexpected.

‘Even though I was planning on stopping him if he tried to nominate someone again or desire a position.....’

‘Not only uselessly making a fleet, but to say that he’ll vanquish the Poskein Lake’s monsters..... he must have lost his mind.’

‘He’s spewing nonsense again after doing so well.’

The dukes soon snickered and shook their heads.

There wasn't any need to interfere or keep this in check.

In the first place, Poskein Lake was a useless place for them.

That, for Deni III, was also the same.

“Vanquish the Poskein Lake's monsters?”

“Yes. That is so. Your Majesty.”

Roan answered with a courteous voice.

Deni III shook his hand as if it was nothing and spoke.

“I'm not sure what good that will do, but do as you wish if you are insistent on it. Ah! No, no.”

He shook his head and instead made the things even bigger.

“In the first place, Poskein Lake is a useless piece of land. It's a place that none of the four kingdoms around the lake pay any attention to. With the order of the king, I'll specially grant the Poskein Lake to you. Vanquish the monsters, or release the monster onto it, do as you wish.”

It was a shocking statement.

But the various nobles only made slightly surprised expressions and didn't go out of their way to object nor interfere.

‘What'll he do by receiving a place like that?’

‘That place where no one even knows how many monsters live in.’

‘Not even looking at it is much safer.’

They didn't have any interest in Poskein Lake.

The lake was just that dangerous.

Furthermore, that thought was even more solidified after the last Poskein Exodus.

‘Baron Tale sure is strange. To be interested in Poskein Lake.’

Even Simon, whose judgment was clear and his head bright, couldn't understand Roan's actions.

On the other hand, Roan couldn't hide his smile.

“Thank you very much. Your Majesty.”

He deeply lowered his head and let out a sharp sigh.

He simply wished to use his troops however much he wanted to to vanquish the Poskein Lake's monsters.

But the things became even bigger instead and he earned the complete authority over the entirety of Poskein Lake.

Now, Roan had become the owner of Poskein Lake which had the area reaching almost 70% the size of the Rinse Kingdom.

Of course, the other kingdoms wouldn't acknowledge, no they didn't even have any interest in this.

---

After suppressing Elton Coat's rebellion and returning to Miller, Roan was passing even busier days than before.

It was all because of the visits and invitations that poured down.

Furthermore, the problem of taking care of Renard Barony and Coat Barony that he received as rewards complicated his head.

Because it was simply too far away from the Tale Barony, it was almost impossible to directly manage it.

At that moment, Clay proposed an excellent solution.

First, he took a part of the fiefs off and gave the Renard Barony

over to Count Io Lancephil, who had taken off a part of his own fief to create and gift Tale Barony.

Io refused with all sort of words, but begrudgingly decided to receive it after Roan repeatedly requested.

In the case of the Coat Barony, he received a suitable amount of money from Simon and rented it out to him.

The idea of renting out a fief was truly unheard of, but Clay, who had no bias or preconceived notions, didn't think much of it.

In the end, the things proceeded as his plan.

Thankfully, Simon was also looking for a fief to use as a northern base, so he immediately accepted Roan's proposal.

With the problem regarding the two fiefs that he received as rewards resolved, Roan quickly prepared to go back to the Tale Barony.

In this process, the original soldiers of Simon and Tio Ruin left the Tale Troop, which previously reached twenty thousand strong, resulting in the Tale Troop becoming just over ten thousand strong.

“Oh! They must be that Tale Troop.”

“Is it the combination of the Amaranth troop, famously known as strong, and the Coat Barony troops, who were rebels?”

“Maybe because of that, they’re a complete mess.”

Six men in their primes wearing shabby suits watched the Tale Troop, which were setting up formations on the plain outside the capital, Miller, and shook their heads.

“We came here on Principle Brown’s request, but would he really be that great a person as the rumors say?”

“We’ll know if we meet him.”

“I don’t care about other things, I just hope his thoughts are a bit more open. I don’t want to hear words like ‘can’t do this’ or ‘can’t do that’ anymore.”

The six filthy looking men were in fact a few of the problematic graduates whom Principle Fred Brown had mentioned.

“For now, should we go to where Sir Baron Tale is residing?”

When one man spoke, the rest of them nodded and directed their steps towards the capital, Miller.

Passing through the castle gates, they walked down the well-maintained street and arrived at the temporary mansion that Roan



was residing in.

“It’s even more noisy than a shopping street.”

“Looks like the number of visitors is amazing.”

The six men glanced at the people that completely filled both the inside and outside of the mansion and shook their heads.

Most of the visitors were nobles or rich merchants in fabulous suits and armor.

Compared to them, the creases on the six men’s clothes were clear and their head and skin were rough and completely lacked any luster.

They literally looked only slightly better than beggars.

“It would be good if we aren’t refused and get chased out.”

“You said it.”

The men looked at each other’s looks and laughed.

At that moment, a clean-suited middle-aged man approached.

“I’m Onil of Baron Tale’s house. May I ask the occasion of your

visit?”

He spoke in a very respectful and courteous manner.

One man amongst the six answered as the group’s representative.

“We came to meet Sir Baron.”

“For now, could you please tell me your names?”

Onil opened a thick guest book.

The six men went around and revealed their names.

Swift, Beulo, Raitler, Rotner, Griffin, Nuns.

They purposely didn’t reveal their surnames.

They wanted to see the reaction of Baron Tale’s house while hiding their identities.

“We heard that he utilizes talented people, so we came hoping to see if we could take a seat.”

They also hid the facts that they were Tron Academy graduates as well as that they came because of Fred’s recommendation.

“We currently have a large number of visitors, so it may take some time. For now, allow me to guide you to the reception room.”

Onil wrote down the names onto the guest book and walked a step ahead of them.

The six men made strange smiles as they followed behind.

The reception room that seemed to have been temporarily expanded was genuinely clean.

As soon as they sat down on the empty seat, tea and cookies were prepared.

“Once your turn arrives, I will guide you in.”

Onil once again lowered his head then went back to his seat.

“For now, it doesn’t look like they judge people based on appearances.”

“Of course. Judging people from their appearances is something only fledglings do.”

The six men raised the tea cups and smiled.

Looking around the reception room, it looked like the meeting was done based on the order of arrival.

It had no relation with status or wealth.

It was a truly fair and impartial method.

After a significant amount of time.

“It’s taking longer than I thought.”

Swift, who was sort of a leader amongst the six man, made a bitter smile.

Enough time for the refreshments to come out thrice had already passed.

But it seemed as if there was still quite a number of people left before their turns would arrive.

“Can’t be helped. We can’t simply wait like this.”

“Right. Time is money.”

Swift nodded at those words and called Onil.

Onil, who was organizing the guest book, cautiously approached

and lowered his head.

“Should I bring out more refreshments?”

At the question, Swift shook his head.

He glanced around for some reason and then spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“Actually, all of us are descendants of noble houses and graduates of Tron Academy.”

With him revealing his status and identity, even his manner of speech had changed.

Onil opened his eyes slightly wider than nodded his head.

“Ah, is that so, sir?”

Then he soon found Swift and the men’s names on the guest book and added in the story he just heard on the side.

The six men watched Onil and neatened their clothes.

They were preparing to meet Roan.

After finishing writing down the notes, Onil closed the guest

book, turned towards Swift and the men, and gave a faint smile.

“Then.....”

As soon as he spoke up, the six men slightly stood up from their seat.

‘Now, he should be asking us to follow him, right?’

But the rest of Onil’s words were completely different than their expectations.

“Should I bring out more refreshments?”

Immediately, the six men’s movements paused.

“Hm?”

With their bottoms slightly off the chairs, they froze while standing.

Swift spoke with a slightly flustered look.

“No, we are all descendents of noble houses.....”

“And you were graduates of Tron Academy? Please don’t worry. I clearly wrote it down on the guest book.”

“Ah, no, that, that is.....”

Swift and the men’s faces twisted comically.

Onil looked at the six men’s faces and smiled.

“Your turn will soon come. Please be patient.”

He then slightly lowered his head and returned to his original seat.

Swift and the men, who were dumbfoundedly watching Onil’s back, fell back down onto their seats and gulped.

“Huh! Did, did we just get ignored?”

“Ha. I had heard Sir Baron Tale highly regarded talented people..... so that rumor was incorrect?”

“This kind of disrespect sure is a first.”

Complaints kept spewing out of the six men’s mouths.

At that moment.

“Cht cht ch. Fledglings.”

A humorous voice was heard along with the sound of a clicking tongue.

The six men, whose mood were already offended, all turned their heads at the same time.

The owner of the voice was a mischievous looking middle-aged man.

“Are you the one that just said that?”

“That’s right. You immature fledglings.”

Raitler immediately flew in a rage and stood up.

“Fledglings? Who do you even think we are to say that?!”

“Didn’t you say you were Tron Academy graduates?”

The man answered nonchalantly.

The six men creased their foreheads.

“And you’re still calling us fledglings?”



“Of course I call immature fledglings fledglings, what else should I call instead?”

Swift snorted as soon as he said that.

“Hmph! To dare call us fledglings! Just who are you?”

“I can tell with just a glance that you’re a vagrant warrior.”

“You look horrible.”

At those words, the man snickered and laughed.

“Pff! You called judging people with their appearance as something only fledglings do, but you are exactly that.”

“Hmm.”

The six men groaned as they made awkward expressions.

The middle-aged man turned his body and placed his hand on his chin.

“And to not even recognize this handsome face, even your life experiences are lacking.”

“Ha, handsome face? Just who are you to be so arrogant and impudent?”

Swift could hold himself back and shouted.

The middle-aged man brightly smiled as he answered.

“Me? I’m.....”

A light shone on his mischievous face.

“Reil Baker.”

The genius of the spear and Pierce’s master, Viscount Reil Baker.

He had appeared out of nowhere in the capital, Miller.

And alone without any companion.

# Chapter 134: Triumphant Return (3)

---

“Si, sir Viscount Baker?!”

“The genius of the spear!”

Chaos.

The people fell into utter chaos.

They completely hadn’t expected that Reil Baker, the kingdom’s greatest spearman and a noble, would be sitting in a corner of an impromptu reception room.

More specifically, the six men: Swift, Beulo, Raitler, Rotner, Griffin, and Nuns, became [mutes that ate honey](#) and shut their mouths.

“Mutes that ate honey” : a Korean proverb meaning a very silent person. Take the idea of a mute, who is inherently silent, with honey, which basically glues the mouth shut with its stickiness.

Onil, who was organizing the awaiting visitors, became shocked and ran up a moment later, but Reil lightly shook his head and decided to quietly wait until his turn came.

“But wasn’t Sir Viscount Baker supposed to be on a training journey?”

“Right. I heard he went somewhere deep in the Grain Mountain Range.”

“It looks like he has finally descended.”

The people sneakily glanced at Reil and whispered.

Because he wasn't seen in important battles including the war with the Istel Kingdom and the Poskein Monster Exodus, groundless rumors had spread abundantly.

From the rumors of illness to death, and even rumors that said he betrayed the kingdom circulated.

In the end, Viscount Baker's house officially announced that Reil was on a training journey and the false rumors completely disappeared after that.

“U, um, Sir Viscount Baker.....”

Amongst the chaos, Swift awkwardly smiled and looked at Reil.

Seemingly asking what is it, Reil tilted his head sideways.

“Please forgive my discourtesy just now.”

He spoke in a polite voice and manner.

Reil snickered at those words.

“There’s no need to apologize.”

He wasn’t the type to bother with such a minor things.

But.

“But if you are planning on walking together with Baron Tale, it looks like there’s a need to look back on yourselves. You pretend to be some sort of messiah or professionals, but in the end, you are trapped by facade of being sons of prideful nobles and graduates of the prominent Tron Academy. It ain’t right to measure yourselves and others with different standards, would it?”

“Hmm.”

Swift and the five man leaked out a groan.

The five dropped their heads and blushed in shame.

Reil watched them do so for a while then soon lost interest.

A moment later.

“Hey Swift. It won’t do like this.”

Raitler carefully spoke up with a quiet voice.

“I’m so ashamed that I can’t take this. To think I would act just like those of whom I hated and was disgusted of.”

He turned around towards his friends and continued.

“However I think about it, I need to study a bit more. A completely new kind of studying.”

As soon as he said those words, Beulo and Rotner nodded.

“I too agree to that thought.”

“Right. I’ve been looking only at books while stuck in a mountain for so long that my mind has become inflexible. My eyes for the world have also darkened. I think I need a new kind of study just like what Raitler said.”

All of them closed their mouths and a strong light shone from their eyes.

Swift stared at those lights then carefully asked.

“Then, should we go study the world first?”

“Alright.”

All of them spoke in one voice.

Then they soon stood up from their seats and bowed towards Reil.

Reil, who had already been listening to their conversation, nodded his head without a word.

Swift sent his five friends out first then walked towards Onil.

Onil, who had been organizing the guest book, brightly smiled and stood up from his seat.

“Should I bring out more refreshments?”

His manners were still polite and courteous.

Swift shook his head.

“That isn’t it, sir. We had finally realized that our abilities are much too lacking.”

Perhaps because he had realized something, even his speech had changed once more.

“We will come back after learning more about the world.”

“Ah..... yes, understood. I will pray for your good health.”

Onil found Swift and the others' names on the guest book then added an additional note.

Swift watched Onil for a moment then headed out of the reception room after giving a short bow.

Onil walked all the way out to the door and saw them off.

At that moment.

“Who are they for you to even come see them off?”

He heard a confident and self-assured voice.

Onil turned his gaze and then lowered his head.

The owner of the voice was Clay.

“They are the descendants of nobles and graduates of Tron Academy.”

“Is that so? Then why are they just leaving?”



Clay asked as he chased the backs of the six men, who already couldn't be seen anymore.

Onil repeated the same words that he had just heard from Swift.

“They realized that their abilities are much too lacking and said that they will return after learning more about the world again.”

Clay chortled at those words.

“What kind of big things could they possibly do without certainty and trust in their own abilities.....”

Clay was certainly different.

He, who was overflowing with confidence in every action, couldn't understand Swift and the others' actions.

“Even though there are so many people coming here like this, there doesn't seem to be anyone that can compare to my talents.”

Clay whispered in a quiet voice as he slowly moved his steps.

In no time, he too went far away until he couldn't be seen anymore.

Onil, who had been standing still until then, made a bitter smile as he exhaled a short sigh.

“Sir Clay, even if your eyes are small, it’s not good to see even the world in a small way.”

He knew.

That the six men, who had understood shame on their own and walked out of the world once again, would one day come back as great men.

‘At that time, I will once again write down your names.’

Onil faintly smiled and went back into the temporary reception room.

His duty still hadn’t finished.

---

“Congratulations on becoming the kingdom’s noble.”

“If I had known that sir would come, I would have separately received you beforehand.”

“I can’t do that. Since I came without contacting you, waiting is the right thing to do.”

Roan and Reil asked about each other’s healths with a small table

between them.

“By the way.....”

Roan, who had been chatting along, awkwardly smiled and left his words open.

Reil, who was quick to notice, cheerily smiled and finished the sentence.

“Where is Pierce, is it?”

At those words, Roan slowly nodded his head.

Reil folded his arms and leaned his back on the chair.

A strange smile floated on his mouth.

“Actually, the reason why I came to find you is because of Pierce.”

“Did something perhaps happen?”

Roan asked with a worried look.

Reil nodded his head.

“Something did happen. But it’s not something bad.”

“Ah.....”

Roan let out a quiet exclamation.

It was an exclamation of relief.

At that moment.

“Ah? It might be a bad thing for you.”

Reil spoke with a playful expression, and then continued on with a serious voice.

“Pierce is much more brilliant than I had thought.”

He stared straight into Roan’s eyes.

“It’s to the point where there’s nothing I can teach him anymore.”

Reil wished that Roan would be greatly surprised at this point.

However, Roan was more composed than he had thought.

Reil pouted.

“Isn’t it shocking?”

“It is shocking.”

Roan faintly smiled as he answered.

But on the inside, he was completely unsurprised.

‘Since it’s something I had already expected.’

The memories from the last life floated up.

‘The longer the time went on, he showed an even more incredible talent.’

It was far too soon to be surprised already.

“Somehow, I don’t feel excited anymore.”

Reil spat out a short sigh and shook his head.

“Anyhow, Pierce that guy is training by himself. Although there isn’t anything left to learn from me, he hasn’t overcome me yet,

you see. He said that he'll come down when he is satisfied with himself. You better prepare yourself."

"Yes. Since we did say that we will compare our spearmanship the day he comes back."

Roan thought of the day Pierce left and smiled.

Reil quietly stared at Roan.

"You're calmer than I thought."

"Yes. Instead, I'm looking forward to it."

"Did your skills improve much?"

"Perhaps, I'm not too sure of that. But I too am also doing my best."

Calm conversations kept flowing on.

Reil's eyes squinted deeply.

'Roan.....'

When Reil met Roan again, he felt that he hadn't changed nor improved much.

Although he could feel that Roan was relaxed, he thought that that was due to having various experiences.

He couldn't feel any advance in his mana technique or strength.

But as he quietly sat facing him and looked carefully, there was definitely something that had changed.

‘How should I say it..... a feeling of a thick curtain hiding the light of a fire?’

A feeling as if he was hiding his true skills.

No, to be exact, it felt as if his true skills were blocked, as if there was some sort of restraint on them.

‘But it isn't like it's blocking his development.....’

It was a sort of restraint that couldn't be clearly understood even with Reil's level.

‘The one thing for sure is that it isn't a bad situation for Roan.’

He could be sure of at least that.

It was like a type of mechanism to maximize Roan's potential.

‘If the curtain covering the light were to be pulled away.....’

An incredible explosion of light would happen.

‘How intriguing.’

Pierce, who has potential whose depth and end couldn’t be seen, and Roan, who has an ordinary talent and an unknown restraint.

They were two people who, from a glance, doesn’t seem comparable, but if Roan were to overcome the current state, he would be able to achieve an incredible growth.

‘A misfortune turned into fortune.’

The smile on Reil’s mouth became even thicker.

‘This, the winds behind me are blowing too roughly.’

He too had just entered into his forties.

He had confidently assured himself that he was still one of the kingdom’s greatest warriors.

But the growth of the younger talents wasn’t insignificant.



Roan and Pierce. And the geniuses he also didn't know.

It was a situation where he just may be pushed aside by the winds behind him.

‘Not yet. It won't happen just yet.....’

Reil deeply inhaled.

‘I should also go on an intensive training.’

He didn't have any plans to give away the seat of the kingdom's best spearman just yet.

Without a word, he extended his right hand.

Realizing its meaning, Roan quietly shook the hand.

‘Sir Viscount Baker.’

A blazing energy was felt throughout the entire hand.

It wasn't something like mana.

That was the unique competitiveness, pride, and ambition of a warrior.

Roan faintly smiled.

‘I also don’t have any plans to remain at this level.’

He would be slow.

Compared to Pierce or Reil, the speed of his growth would definitely be infinitesimally slow.

But he had the confidence to not give up.

[Roan](#).

In the raw, this sentence said “Roan was”, which is an incomplete sentence and definitely sound awkward in english. However, this was sort of artistic design by the author, as the “Roan was” and the “I am” part both rhymed and meant the same in Korean (“Roan was” – 로안은 – “loan-eun”, “I am” – 나는 – “naneun”). However, it still sounded awkward in english so we simplified it to “Roan”.

‘I am [just like a turtle](#), after all.’

reference to the folklore of a turtle and a rabbit’s race.

Even if he was slow, he planned to walk on much longer than others.

Even while they were resting, he planned to tirelessly walk on.

That, was Roan's method.

Reil had left.

Although the palace and various nobles sent people to him a moment later, he rejected every request and invitation and went off training once again.

Roan had stayed.

He couldn't leave.

Roan, Reil, and Pierce's goals and targets were obviously different.

'Since my dream isn't to become the best spearman.'

The goal was to become a monarch.

Because of that, he had to stay, build his foundation, and raise the columns.

He had to build his dream on top of a solid foundation.

"Arnold, it's certainly an interesting story."

Roan faced the five young man standing in front of him and shook his head.

Arnold, who was the most leader-like amongst them, spoke with a slightly blushed face.

“The Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild was the guild that we were associated with until we joined the Amaranth troop. It was a significantly big place that spread its name just a few years ago, but it has currently fallen. But even so, it is a guild that various big and small mercenary bands are still associated with.”

Benson, who was standing next to him, added on.

“We knew that my lord has been recruiting mercenary bands on the side. We wondered whether it may help, so we wished to inform my lord.”

Arnold nodded his head.

“If my lord were to provide them a certain amount of funds each month, the entire mercenary guild will probably move to our fief.”

“Then tens of big and small mercenary bands will immediately become active with our fief as a base.”

Roan slowly nodded his head at the words that poured out without pausing.

“Alright. Try proceeding with the plan once.”

“Yes, please leave it to us, sir.”

Arnold clenched his fist as he lowered his head.

Then they exited the office only after bowing to Roan multiple times.

“Huu!”

A short sigh exhaled out.

“His face looked like he completely believed us, right?”

“Yeah. There weren’t any signs of doubt.”

The men talked with each other in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“This job is the last chance Sir Count Chase has given us. We have to catch Baron Tale’s eyes and pluck a high position for sure.”

At Arnold’s words, the other four young men nodded with nervous expressions.

The five young men who suggested the relocation of the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild.

They were in fact the spies that Viscount Jonathan Chase had planted in the Amaranth Troop.

At the moment when their lives were barely holding on from not having achieved much, they were given one last chance.

“Alright, let’s go meet the guild master for now.”

“That place has already been talked to, right?”

“Of course. I heard that Sir Viscount Chase had already prepared everything.”

They quickened their steps as they talked.

Meanwhile, Roan stayed in the office and was checking through thick files.

Austin, who had been standing by at the side, asked with a slightly worried look.

“Mercenaries are mens who are unruly from birth. Wouldn’t it be better to proceed more prudently on a guild-scale relocation?”

“Of course that’s how it should be.”

Roan nodded briefly.

While looking through the details of a document, he gave out a new order.

“Tell Keep to investigate the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild. In fact, tell him to infiltrate several members of the Tenebra Troop into the guild.”

“Yes, understood.”

Austin nodded his head and moved his feet.

At that moment.

Knock, knock, knock.

Along with the sound of knocking.

“President Chris has come.”

A welcoming news arrived.

“Tell him to come in.”

As soon as the permission was given, the door opened immediately.

Chris came into the room and lowered his head towards Roan.

Austin too exchanged brief greetings and exited the office.

“Thanks for coming all the way here.”

Roan offered a seat to Chris and sat on the opposite chair.

“No, it wasn’t much. Congratulations on brilliantly suppressing the rebellion.”

“It was all thanks to President Chris.”

Those words weren’t empty words.

Thanks to Chris sending Daiv’s fleet in a timely manner, and perfectly analysing and reporting Byron Kingdom Troop’s size and paths, the job was easily completed.

Roan shrugged as he stared at Chris.

“I did receive the news that you’ll be coming, but.....”



He still didn't know the reason why he came so suddenly.

Chris cheerily smiled as he answered.

“There were various events, so I took the opportunity to meet my lord. Anyhow.....”

From his back, he took out a bundle of documents and laid them out.

“This is the essential information that we've collected, analyzed, and organized during the time.”

“Thanks for the work.”

Roan glanced through the incredible amount of information and nodded his head.

Chris continued to speak.

“Also, we have checked in with the five merchants that we've been providing support. Mr. Tio of the transportation business and Mr. Lego of the loan business said that they won't be working with us anymore. Amongst the other three, Ms. Lidia of the lumber business and Ms. Eska of the restaurant business said that they will personally meet with my lord and then decide. And Mr. Ford of the mining business said he'll unconditionally follow my lord.”

“Everyone is more cautious than I thought.”

“That’s the unique trait of merchants. Ms. Lidia and Ms. Eska are currently waiting in the reception room.”

“Is that so? Then I should go meet them.”

When Roan was about to stand up from his seat, Chris suddenly shook his head.

“There’s one more thing I need to report.”

His expression and voice changed.

His look was slightly serious.

Roan sat down again and spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“It seems something has happened.”

Chris wordlessly nodded and then answered.

“Although the news hasn’t reached the capital, Miller, yet, but the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom recently held each other’s hands and attacked Pershion Kingdom.”

“Hmm.”

Roan let out a quiet groan.

This was a completely unexpected event.

‘There’s no way that there would be a war that I don’t remember. This was definitely something that hadn’t happened in the last life.’

He did somehow feel that the Byron Kingdom’s reinforcements to Elton Coat were too weak.

In fact, the Byron Kingdom’s main goals and interests were not the Rinse Kingdom, but the Pershion Kingdom.

“It seems that the Byron Kingdom has judged now to be the right time to invade the Pershion Kingdom.”

Since the greatest enemy nation, the Rinse Kingdom, was all out of its mind due to the throne succession competition and Elton’s Rebellion.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

Chris’ reported continued on.

“Here, the Istel Kingdom seems to have requested food assistance from the Byron Kingdom while suffering from the large war

reparations and deep drop in the crop yields. With military reinforcements in return.”

“Hmm.”

Roan once again leaked a groan.

‘In the end, did this war happen because of me.....’

The intensification of the throne succession competition, Elton’s Rebellion, and the Istel Kingdom’s war reparations were all something that happened because of Roan.

‘How troublesome.’

He had expected the future to change based on the decisions he made.

But he didn’t know that a war that didn’t exist would have suddenly exploded out already.

It was much too fast than what he had thought.

“The one leading the Byron Kingdom Troop was Baron Noel Kyword, and the one leading the Istel Kingdom Troop was Viscount Peid Neil. Their strength was, with the two nations added together, a grand military might of one hundred thousand.”

The longer the report went on, Roan made a bitter smile.

‘So all the heroes that saved both nations from crisis had marched. And a military strength of one hundred thousand.....’

It was literally a horrible situation for the Pershion Kingdom.

Roan stared straight into Chris’ eyes.

“And the result?”

An answer obvious enough to make the question a waste of time would come.

However, Chris didn’t easily answer and merely swallowed his saliva.

“The Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom’s allied forces.....”

His eyes trembled sharply.

“Have lost.”

Boom.

Immediately, Roan’s eyes opened wide.

“They lost?”

His expression was one of disbelief.

“Yes. And it was a complete loss.”

Chris answered briefly.

“Just ho.....”

Roan tried to ask back but suddenly stopped.

“Ah!”

A quiet exclamation came out of his mouth.

Roan calculated within his head then soon nodded his head.

‘Right. If it’s now, then he should still be alive.’

At that time, Chris’ answer continued.

“I also didn’t know of him yet, but there is an incredible person in the Pershion Kingdom. His name is.....”

Roan gulped.

His heart rapidly jumped.

His face blushed brightly.

The one person amongst many whom Roan admired in the last life.

The one person who Roan couldn't personally see but felt more idol-like because of that.

“Manus.....”

Chris spoke the name in a quiet voice.

Roan unconsciously whispered within himself.

‘..... Pershion.’

Manus Pershion.

The second prince of the Pershion Kingdom and a majestic general.

‘The man whom God loved.....’

In the last life, Manus' nickname was the man whom God loved.

Perfect looks, an outstanding talent, and a noble character.

God has given him everything.

Word for word, he was the man who received God's love.

However, God had loved him simply too much.

'Because of that, he wasn't left in the mortal world for very long.'

Manus Pershion.

At the age of merely twenty five, he left the world at a young age.

While helping out the relief for the poor, he had caught the the disease known as the worst disease, the Tarzes disease.

'Yes, so this is when he is still alive.'

He had momentarily forgotten him due to his short life.

And at the timely moment, he heard Chris' voice.



“Manus Pershion. He is a young man who is twenty four this year.”

# Chapter 135: Triumphant Return (4)

---

‘Twenty four.’

Roan let out a short sigh.

‘There’s only one year left.’

Time was tight..

Even when a person from the same Rinse Kingdom was hard to influence, the person this time was Pershion Kingdom’s prince.

‘But even so, I don’t want to leave him to die.....’

Various plans brushed through within his head.

Roan soon bit his lips.

‘Even if I remember all sorts of events, accidents, wars, battles, and people, in truth, there are too many things that I’m missing.’

He had completely forgotten about such big events and accidents, incredible people, and wondrous treasures that he wondered just how he had forgotten about these things.

But that was just how memories were.

If he didn't pay attention, they slowly sank beneath the surface.

It was the same with the memories of Manus Pershion.

Even though he definitely and clearly remembered who he was, he was completely unaware of him until he had heard Chris' story.

'If it wasn't for Chris, I probably would have only realized it after he had died.'

He was careless.

Because he had only used necessarily memories based on the situations at hand, but in reality he had let the important things pass by.

'I should pick a day sometime and organize the important memories.'

Roan pushed aside the distracting thoughts within his head and turned to Chris.

"How long would it take for the results of the war to spread?"

"It will take at least ten days."

Including the Rinse Kingdom, all the kingdoms on the continent still weren't officially using intelligence organizations.

Instead, they utilized the method of border guards taking the news from the outside and reporting through regular soldiers.

Due to that, the quality of the information itself was low and the speed of the report was also significantly slow.

Although couriers, messenger riders, and information agencies were occasionally used, they weren't comparable to Agens, which already had systematic structure and skilled agents.

‘Hhm. Ten days.....’

It was neither long nor short amount of time.

‘I have to set an advantageous field before that.’

And a field that stands out by itself wasn't good.

It must fit well with the plans that Roan had already set up.

‘Hmm.’

It was difficult.

There was a limit from working alone.

‘I should talk with Clay about it.’

If it’s Clay, he should be able to come up with an excellent scheme or an unusual plan.

Roan organized his thoughts and then gave Chris a new order.

“For now, investigate Prince Manus Pershion and the Pershion Kingdom. Don’t overdo it too much either.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Chris slightly lowered his head.

“Then, should we go meet the young merchants?”

“Yes. They are waiting in the reception room.”

Chris nodded his head as he stood up.

While exchanging stories about the Pershion Kingdom, the two left the office.

Kuung.

The door closed and Roan and Chris disappeared from sight.

A bird that was sitting on the windowsill, as if it was waiting, flapped and flew out.

---

Lidia of the lumber business and Eska of the restaurant business were much more younger and brilliant women than what Roan had thought.

As expected of the individuals who Chris chose, they were daring and overflowing with confidence.

But that didn't mean that they weren't courteous.

Lidia and Eska, in their conversation with Roan, meticulously asked back all the crucial questions and answers.

Until sundown, the questions and answers continued on.

And finally.

“Lidia Lumber Co. will follow Sir Baron Tale.”

“Eska Restaurant will follow Sir Baron Tale.”

The two people decided to attempt a grand business with the continent as their customers.

They had accepted Roan's offer.

Roan then took out an enormous amount of supply and investment funds on the spot and greatly rejoiced.

And at the same time, he made an organization called Tale Commerce Division and took Lidio Lumber Co., Eska Restaurant, and Ford Mining Co. under it.

'Here, the Sale Company will take on the transportation business, and.....'

Once he purchase the Istel Kingdom's cheap farmlands with the newly prepared finances, he should be able to obtain a solid economic base.

'I need to create a new company and send it to the Istel Kingdom. By now, all sort of farmlands will be on sale at dirt-cheap p.....'

When his thoughts had reached that point, Roan suddenly opened his eyes wide.

'Istel Kingdom and Pershion Kingdom.....'

Suddenly, a method to create an advantageous field while associating with the Pershion Kingdom appeared in his head.

Although it hasn't taken complete shape yet, at least a rough and hazy outline came out.

‘I should call a meeting.’

Roan wasn't a genius.

Especially on topics besides war and battle, he was no better than ordinary people.

However, he wasn't embarrassed of asking and learning the things he lacked.

Roan proposed to meet someday later to Lidia and Eska and then immediately called a meeting.

Excluding Austin who was at the Elton fief, Hundred-man Commander Harrison, Brian, Clay as well as other prominent geniuses and several ten-man commanders attended the meeting.

For a while, the story of the Byron Kingdom, Istel Kingdom, and the Pershion Kingdom's war continued.

“Hmm. Manus Pershion.....”

“It seems an incredible person has appeared.”



All of them let out quiet exclamations.

Roan nodded his head.

“Right. He is an incredible person. But this isn’t the time to simply be awed.”

As soon as his words finished, Clay faintly smiled.

“You’re planning on bringing him to our side.”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. I plan to win over Prince Manus Pershion’s heart.”

Gulp.

All of them gulped with nervous expressions.

A baron from a commoner background who just entered the world of nobles planned to face a prince of a different nation.

It definitely won’t be easy, no it would be a really difficult work.

“For now, I’ll tell you the plan I have thought up.”

For a while, Roan laid out the plans that roughly set the framework.

Clay, as well as various others, nodded and shook their heads from time to time, and showed various responses.

The story that went on for a while finally ended.

“What do you think?”

Roan cautiously asked.

With quite serious faces, the people pondered for a moment and then slightly nodded their heads.

“It doesn’t sound too bad.”

“But the current state is too sketchy.”

Roan wordlessly nodded his head.

That was something he also agreed on.

At that moment, Clay, who had been deep in contemplation, cheerfully smiled and opened his mouth.

“I have supplemented my lord’s plan with few things, would you

be willing to hear it?”

And following that, a meticulous and solid scheme was calmly laid out.

The more Clay’s story continued on, the people showed greatly shocked expressions.

‘He made all that up just like that on the spot?’

‘It’s a perfect scheme as if he had known and prepared beforehand.’

The story Clay laid out was just that incredible.

Even Roan, who usually hid his expressions well, couldn’t hide the surprise on his face.

‘Incredible.’

A sincere astonishment.

Beyond his nature and values, he had to at least admit Clay’s talent.

“How does it sound?”

Clay, who had finished his story, carefully asked.

Roan gazed at the people within the meeting room.

Every time they met his eyes, they lightly nodded their heads.

They all approved of Clay's scheme.

Roan inhaled deeply and look straight into Clay's eyes.

“Alright. Prepare it fully.”

“Yes. Please leave it to me.”

Clay slightly lowered his head and clenched his fist.

‘It's a chance.’

From the merits he raised in the rebellion suppression before, his office was raised from supply administrator to the chief administrator.

However, Clay couldn't be satisfied with the current state.

He wanted to go up to at least the Chief troop administrator or an administrator position that presided and administered over the entire administration of the fief.

‘Of course, that also isn’t my final goal, but.....’

An even higher place, an even higher position, an even higher power.

Clay’s goal was at a much higher place.

‘Thanks to a lark passing me the good news, it seems I had grabbed a fine chance.’

A peculiar smile hung from his mouth.

---

“Manus Pershion?”

Simon creased his brows.

It was because the news Roan had brought was simply too shocking.

‘Even the news that Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom allying together and attacked the Pershion Kingdom is an incredible thing, but.....’

The Pershion Kingdom won instead thanks to Manus’ actions?

It was something hard to believe.

“Have you ever heard rumors about Pershion Kingdom’s second prince?”

At Simon’s words, Viscount Tio Ruin searched through his old memories and replied.

“Although I have heard that he was bright from the young age, it wasn’t to a point of being special. Instead, the First Prince Reitas is known to be a very outstanding prince.”

“Right. I had also heard rumors of Reitas.”

Simon, as well as numerous nobles, nodded their heads.

That was also the same for Roan.

‘If it’s Reitas, he is Pershion Kingdom’s next monarch. He was a brave and brilliant king. But he too.....’

Lived shortly.

He had suffered from an unknown disease and then left the world at the age of forty.

Subsequently, the Pershion Kingdom was divided into four smaller nations.

The story after that was unknown.

‘Since I also died not too long after that.’

The inside of his mouth somehow felt bitter.

‘Anyhow, for the two brothers to have died from diseases. The fate of Pershion’s royalty is quite trag.....?!’

When his thoughts arrived at that point, it felt as if lightning bolted through his head.

‘Perhaps?’

A one frightening theory rose in his head.

‘Were they not natural deaths by diseases?’

No doubt it was simply conjecture, but the probability of such was also enough.

One of the biggest differences between the last life and this life was the point that the royalty seen from afar and from close up were greatly different.

‘Possibly, the place more vicious than the battlefield may be the

palace right here.'

The place teeming with those who wanted to be the king and those who wanted to make them king.

'If the Pershion royalty isn't very different from here, there is a high chance that secret strife had happened over the competition for the succession for the throne. But who had diseased those tw.....'

When his thoughts had continued on to that point, he heard Simon's voice.

"Baron Tale. So are you saying that you'll go meet him, Manus Pershion?"

"Ah..... ah, yes. Before the news reaches the other princes, I believe that it would be good to approach from our side first."

Roan quickly cleaned up his complicated thoughts and lowered his head.

While rubbing the tip of his chin with one hand, Simon submerged himself in contemplation.

"Hhm."

It wasn't a bad proposal.



But it also wasn't especially that attractive.

“The Pershion Kingdom is located far away from our Rinse Kingdom. Is there any special need to hold hands with such a far away country?”

Roan raised his head and looked at Simon.

The light in his eyes was serene.

With a composed voice, Roan answered.

“Between our Rinse Kingdom and the Pershion Kingdom, there is the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom. Originally, it is the basics of strategy to befriend a faraway nation and attack the countries that are closer.”

Simon nodded his head.

“Right. Those words certainly aren't wrong. But wouldn't the king of the first prince be better if we are to befriend the nation?”

“That is.....”

Roan momentarily hesitated his words.

If possible, he felt like revealing everything he knew of the future events.

‘In the last life, the current king, Ave Von Pershion, announced the First Prince Reitas as the king right after Manus died next year, then stepped back as a backroom old man. If the same things were to happen in this life, it isn’t really a good choice to line up behind the king.’

But the First Prince Reitas also wasn’t a good choice.

Simon also knew of that reason.

Roan organized the thoughts within his head and replied.

“The Pershion Kingdom’s King Ave Von Pershion is an extremely incompetent person. Furthermore, he is a corrupted king who frequents extravagance and pleasure as daily work. Lining up with an individual like this isn’t a very good choice.”

It was true to a certain degree.

Rather than looking after politics and administration, he was rapt over wine, women, and gambling.

One of the reasons the Byron Kingdom attacked the Pershion Kingdom was actually Ave’s incompetence.

In fact, even the Pershion Kingdom's citizens found it amazing how great sons like [Reitas and Manus were born from that dog-like Ave](#).

The author plays around with the proverb 호부견자, which translates word for word tiger-father-dog-son and means bad sons born from great father, and calls Reitas and Manus 호자, meaning tiger-son or great sons, and calls Ave 견부, meaning dog-father and bad father. The funny thing is that this play doesn't seemed to be considered actual Korean by the dictionary.

Roan continued to speak.

“In the case of First Prince Reitas Pershion, I'm sure that sir knows why he isn't such a good choice.”

Immediately after Roan finished his words, Simon spoke in a gruff voice.

“He's an intimate friend with Kallum.”

The Rinse Kingdom's Third Prince Kallum Rinse and the Pershion Kingdom's First Prince Reitas Pershion were buddies who had studied together.

When the continent's sage Pienes called together the princes of each nation and taught them, they had befriended each other while studying together and were known to have continuously exchanged letters.

Simon exhaled a short sigh.

“In the end, befriending Manus is the inevitable choice.”

At those words, Roan shook his head.

“That isn’t so. I can assert that this will be the best choice to make.”

“Best..... how could you be so sure?”

Simon, whose information on Manus was completely nonexistent, asked back with a somewhat doubtful look.

Instead of an answer, Roan quietly stared into Simon’s eyes.

His eyes were full of certainty.

Simon looked into those eyes then soon nodded his head.

“Good.”

The tips of his mouth slightly rose.

“Baron Tale. Do as you wish.”

The permission was finally given.

Roan deeply bowed his head.

“Thank you very much, sir.”

Roan’s trip to the Pershion Kingdom was decided just like that.

The meeting between Manus Pershion, the man who had received too much of God’s love and left the world too early, and Roan, who had once again gained a chance at life for an unknown reason.

The two people, who had obvious and distinctly different lives, were going to meet.

At least at that point in time, Roan completely hadn’t expect what kind of event will happen to him.

# Chapter 136: To Pershion Kingdom (1)

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Roan hurried his preparations to leave.

But that didn't mean that he was simply leaving straight to the Pershion Kingdom.

First, he had to go back to the Tale Barony along with the newly born Tale Legion.

‘I must make all the preparations at there.’

It would be troublesome if Second Prince Tommy Rinse or Third Prince Kallum Rinse's factions become suspicious of his actions.

Due to that, each and every action of his was careful.

Then.

“My lord. You have a guest.”

Onil's voice, who was managing the temporary mansion, was heard.

Faintly smiling, he continued to speak.

“It's Princess Aily.”

Tuk.

The hands, which were moving busily to clean up the office, abruptly stopped.

Brushing off the dust on his clothes, Roan walked towards the door.

“Where is she?”

“She is in the mansion’s garden.”

“Why not guide her to the reception room?”

“That place is also still being cleaned up, so it is quite dusty.”

Roan nodded slowly at Onil’s words.

His feet kept moving faster.

Onil glanced at that sight, and then stepped back and lowered his head.

Not noticing him at all, Roan hurriedly headed towards the mansion’s garden.

“Ah.....”

A quiet exclamation naturally came out.

At a shade canopy located at one side of the garden.

Princess Aily Rinse was underneath it.

She, in a plain dress, looked so graceful and relaxed that only the time around her seemed to flow slowly.

“Princess.”

“Ah, Sir Baron Tale.”

Meeting each other's eyes, the two bowed their heads.

Roan, with a soft voice, politely asked.

“What bring you all the way here?”

Aily showed a cheerful smile that those words as she replied.

“I heard that you'll be leaving soon. So I came to say goodbye.”

“Ah..... thank you very much.”



Roan unknowingly let out a quiet exclamation.

‘Leaving.....’

He was simply so busy that he hadn’t had such thought.

No, instead of leaving he had thought of it as ‘returning’ to the Tale Barony.

But.

‘Leaving is right. At least in this situation.....’

Leaving and returning.

The feelings the two words gave were too different.

Roan wordlessly stared into Aily’s eyes.

Lights holding unexplainable feelings met and flowed between their eyes.

‘Ah.....’

Aily soon shyly smiled and slightly lowered her head.

“I pray that only good things will happen to you from now on.”

Roan nodded his head and replied.

“I too will pray that princess will only be happy.”

At those words, Aily snickered and hid her small red lips with her right hand.

“It’s as if we’re people saying their last farewells.”

“Is it?”

Roan asked back as he cheerfully smiled

Then, after hesitating for a moment, he carefully continued his words.

“I will make sure to come visit once if I come back to Miller.”

“Yes. I’ll be waiting.”

Aily immediately answered but then promptly redden her face with a thoroughly surprised look.

‘What do you mean I’ll be waiting?’

Her heart loudly jumped.

Roan, as he watched her, unconsciously made a bright smile.

Courage appeared in his heart.

“And if you are fine with it, please come visit the Tale Baro.....”

When he had spoke to that point.

“My lord.”

He heard confident voice.

A truly familiar voice to the ears.

It was Clay.

“Hm.”

Roan couldn’t quite finish his words and turned his head to look at Clay.

Clay first greeted towards Aily and then looked at Roan.

“The preparations are complete.”

It was a report that the preparations to head towards the Tale Barony were finished.

“Okay. I got it.”

Roan lightly nodded his head.

Clay looked back and forth between Roan and Aily for a moment, and then went out of the garden after giving a respectful farewell.

“Is that person perhaps Clay?”

With a cautious voice, Aily asked.

In the capital, Miller, Roan’s subordinates also spread their fame as much as Roan.

Especially his adjutant Austin; Harrison; Brian, who was the kingdom’s swordsman who received high expectations; and Clay, who joined a bit late but showed outstanding and excelling schemes and unique plans, were notably famous.

Roan looked towards the direction Clay disappeared to and nodded.

“Yes. He is.”

At those words, Aily wavered with a slightly hesitant look then carefully spoke with a quiet voice.

“Although it’s true that he is a person with outstanding talent..... please don’t give him all of sir Baron’s trust.”

“What do you mea.....?”

As Roan hesitated his words, Aily formed a bitter smile.

“To me, Clay’s heart can’t be seen. I can’t tell whether its inside is black, or white. This kind of case is...”

Her expression slightly turned stiff.

“A first.”

“Hmm.”

Roan leaked a short groan.

He could more or less notice what Aily was trying to say.

‘Don’t trust him too much, is it.....’

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Princess’s words, I’ll bear it in mind.”

Aily wordlessly lowered her head.

‘Clay. A person whose heart couldn’t be seen.....’

Her eyes for looking at people were indisputable.

That wasn’t a sort of instinct.

‘It’s the first time I’ve experienced this since I earned this power.’

Her heart felt heavy.

Aily held her small hands evenly together and deeply inhaled.

‘There is a need to keep watch. Some kind of problem may happen to Sir Baron Tale.’

A foreboding thought filled her head.

Her heart felt even heavier.

Then.

“Thank you for worrying about me.”

She heard Roan’s voice.

Suddenly, the oppressing feelings that filled her head and heart disappeared as if it was a lie.

“Huu.”

A sigh of relief pushed through her small red lips and flew out shortly.

There was a strange power in Roan’s voice.

The kind that relaxed people’s hearts and make them happy.

Aily didn’t know it yet, of course, but that was something that only applied to her.

For a while, Roan and Aily stared at each other without saying any words.

No, there was no need to speak.

The two's feelings were passed to each other as if they were absorbed.

Like that, Roan and Aily promised of the next time and parted.

Roan prepared meticulously for one more day, and headed towards the Tale Barony as soon as the sky brightened.

Simon and the nobles who follow him came out to the mansion to see him off.

But the thing that made Roan happier than anything else were the castle's residents who were lined up following the street and all the way out of the gate.

They, to Roan who looked after them all the while staying in the capital unlike the other nobles, held strong feelings of gratitude and respect.

Until Roan and the Tale Legion's soldiers couldn't be seen, the castle's citizens clapped and cheered at them.

From the north that they left, a cold wind blew.

A chilly northern wind.

The season was now entering winter.



---

In the middle of the mountains that neither the moonlight nor the light of the stars reached.

Pdduk!

A small bird somehow flew around between the trees.

A moment later.

Kiig!

The small bird sat down on the tree that just began to grow and let out a sharp cry.

An inky black space where not even a single presence could be felt.

At that moment, a small torch appeared and pushed aside the darkness of the space.

“A message bird at this time.”

The message bird denoted the birds that personally passed words instead of letters or objects.

As an extremely special bird, it was hard for most people to see nor use without permission.

A rough and wild looking man soon appeared beneath the torch.

Extending his right hand towards the bird, he murmured unintelligible words.

Kiig! Kig! Kigigigik!

Then, the small bird went up on top of the man's palm and, as if it was telling a story, chattered without a pause.

The cries of the bird shattered the silence in the middle of the mountain.

“Hmm.”

The man let out a quiet groan.

The story the message bird had passed was considerably surprising.

“There isn't a need to hide anymore?”

He creased his brows and contemplated for a moment, then lightly shook his head.

Kig!

The small bird left behind a short cry and flew higher and higher into the night sky.

The man quietly whispered as he chased that sight with his eyes.

“It looks like he sent message birds to all the places that are reachable.”

Probably by now, the message birds should have arrived at the friends, the kinds, and the brothers who were living and hiding in deep places all over the world.

Although that number wouldn't be very great even so.

The man shook and unlit the torch, then murmured with a quiet voice.

“Tale Barony, is it..... should I try going there once?”

His voice was hesitant.

It was simply that difficult of a decision to make.

“Well, there's still time.”

According to the story the message bird passed, there was still a

plenty of time left.

The man slowly hid his body into the darkness.

Silence once again covered the mountain.

---

In the Tale Barony, there still was no lord's castle nor any proper castle.

Although the Mediasis village, which was the center of administration and politics, had a significantly large size, it only had a false wall built with trees stacked high instead of a solid wall.

“Once the lord comes back, we should raise the lord's castle and the castle walls first.”

Hundred-Man Commander Semi, who was administering the entire barony's public order after Roan left for the capital, Miller, looked at the shoddy false walls and shook his head.

“We should also build forts at the strategic points.”

“And repair the streets.”

“The training ground should also be expanded.”

The hundred-man commanders and ten-man commanders all chipped in a word.

“Come to think of it, the training ground raised quite excellent results despite being so small.”

“You’re right. All of them became dashing regulars.”

The hundred-man commanders spoke praises and looked at one young man.

“It’s all thanks to the new recruits, who worked diligently.”

The young man bashfully smiling and being humble was, in fact, Glenn.

In the last several months, he, who was appointed as the supervisor of the training ground, had given it his all to train the newbies.

Thanks to that, the greenhorns, who used to be no more than a mere mob, were able to be reborn as regulars.

As the result, the Amaranth troop that was left in the Mediasis Village was able to achieve grand results in both quantity and quality.

“When the lord sees this, he should be so surprised, right?”

Numerous hundred-man commanders nodded at Semi’s words.

They turned towards the long and straight street that stretched inside the village.

On the street, magnificent soldiers were filed up one after another.

And behind the soldiers, the people of the Mediasis Village and nearby villages had come out and waited for Roan.

It was an incredible crowd of people.

“It should be about time for the lord to arrive.....”

Semi looked towards the village’s western entrance and scrunched his nose.

At that moment.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

The watchtower’s bell noisily rang.

Finally, Roan and the Amaranth Troop had appeared at the end of the western field.

Suddenly, a strange heat circled the entire village.

That heat brought blazing lava to mind.

It was sense of an incredible energy that seemed like it'll immediately explode being condensed.

The Amaranth troop including Semi as well as the ordinary villagers all held back the heat within their chests and watched the western entrance.

And finally.

Flap!

< TaleLegion. >

The lead carrying the legion flag entered the village.

< Amaranth Troop. >

< Roan Tale. >

And following that, the troop flag and the commander's flag shined their brilliance.

And right behind that.

The person that they've been waiting for so much finally showed himself.

Roan Tale.

Riding on a robust war horse, he appeared with a regal look.

Instantly.

“Waaaaaaah!”

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

“Tale Legion! Tale Legion!”

Cheers poured out.

The heat that was held in their chests exploded out at once.

It was to the degree that bodies would stagger from the vigor.

Roan brightly smiled as he raised his right hand.

‘I have come back.’

A fresh feeling of pride and longing stormed.



It was also the same for the Amaranth Troop's soldiers who came back from the capital, Miller, following Roan.

“Has everyone been well?”

“I'm back!”

“Have you heard the news about us?”

Towards the soldiers that lined the sides of the street, they shouted and waved.

On their face were obvious looks of bottomless delight.

Meanwhile, the soldiers who became a part of the Tale Legion after the rebellion suppression made bewildered faces at the incredible welcome.

‘Just what.....’

‘The popularity is amazing.’

‘To think commoners would like a noble this much.’

It was something hard to imagine in other places.

Feeling a sense of pride that appeared for no reason, they raised their heads that they had momentarily lowered up high.

‘I’m no longer a rebel. I’m a Tale Legion soldier.’

‘I’ll bury my bones here!’

The courage in their hearts soared.

Their shoulders opened up on their own and strength was put into their steps.

Slowly but truly confidently, the procession continued.

‘Glenn has done well.’

Roan looked at the soldiers that formed long lines on the either sides of the street and faintly smiled.

Their postures were straight and the light in their eyes was good.

Although there probably were areas that were lacking compared to the established Amaranth troop, with a bit of work, they would be able to become the strongest regulars in the surrounding region.

“My lord!”

When he arrived at the end of the street, the hundred-man commanders, including Semi, as well as the ten-man commanders neatly lined up and saluted.

Roan dismounted from the horse and walked towards Semi.

“All of you have excellently carried out the jobs you were assigned.”

“We have simply given our best.”

Semi answered as their representative.

He looked straight into Roan’s eyes and continued his words.

“We have heard the news through Agens’ agents. We truly congratulate you.”

“Congratulations!”

The other soldiers soon followed and shouted at the top of their lungs.

Roan cheerfully smiled and nodded.

“Because you guys were here, I was able to do the things I had to do with ease. All of you have done well.”

At those words, Semi and the numerous hundred-man commanders showed greatly moved expressions.

Recognition.

They had received Roan's recognition.

Although merit evaluation and awards were good, there was nothing that felt better than to be recognized for their abilities and hard work by their lord.

“Waaaaa!”

“Welcome back, sir!”

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

Listening to the cheers that still continued to fall down, Roan lightly closed his eyes.

A tender feeling wrapped his entire body.

A familiar and longed for feeling.

With his eyes still closed, he quietly whispered.

“Yes. This here is my home.”

## Chapter 137: To Pershion Kingdom (2)

---

Thankfully, numerous empty houses were prepared in Mediasis Village and the nearby lands.

This was thanks to the engineers who had tirelessly constructed houses and buildings even while Roan was away at the capital, Miller.

The soldiers who had followed Roan and newly moved to the Tale Barony were able to arrange residences without any trouble.

This, to them, was a great and new kind of shock.

The houses that they were newly distributed to them were several times cleaner and better houses than what they used to live in.

Once again, they decided to bury their bones in the Tale Barony for Roan and for themselves.

While the house distribution and the legion organization went on, Roan checked all sorts of reports and documents that were piled up and solved the problems concerning security and administration immediately on the spot.

And while that went on, Chris came back to the fief together with the three merchants of the Tale Commerce Division, and after that, Austin, who was guarding the Elton fief, returned with a

portion of that region's residents.

Finally, the member's of Roan's house, family, brothers, and comrades all returned home.

Although there wasn't much time, that didn't mean that he could suddenly leave to the Pershion Kingdom.

Before that, there were preparations and works that needed to be done.

Amongst them, the very first was the Tale Legion's official inauguration, troop restructure, administration of groups and appointments for officers.

"We officially inaugurate the Tale Legion with fifteen thousand strong as a basis."

The inauguration and the appointment ceremony was immediately prepared.

For the commander of the legion, Roan, a Baron of the Rinse Kingdom and the lord of the Tale Barony, was appointed.

For the vice commanders, Austin and Semi were appointed and were each promoted to three-thousand-man commanders.

Along with the two people, parts of the original hundred-man

commanders were promoted to thousand-man commanders and Roan had separately reformed the Amaranth Troop as his personal troop.

“Austin. I appoint you as the Tale Troop’s vice commander as well as three-thousand-man commander, and confer the name Pieves as the troop name.”

“I swear my loyalty to my lord!”

Austin kneeled down on one knee and received the command baton with two hands from Roan.

He, with his head down deeply, shed tears.

‘I’m a vice commander.....’

The days of the past rose in his mind.

The day he was integrated into Roan’s newly made squad when he was living as a common soldier who was unable to even become a squad commander.

The days he roamed the harsh and bleak battlefield with Roan.

In the end, he had came up all the way to this place, and that insignificant spearman become a vice-commander of a barony.



“Austin. I look forward to continue working with you.”

Roan grabbed Austin’s shoulder.

“Huuhuhuhk.”

In the end, Austin couldn’t hold himself back and cried.

The soldiers, lined up below the stage, each rubbed the eyes that became hot with the back of their hands.

Roan’s heart also trembled from catharsis, but he exerted a smile and took a deep breath.

Austin hung the baton on his belt and went back to his place.

Following that, it was Semi’s turn.

“Semi. I appoint you as the Tale Troop’s vice commander as well as three-thousand-man commander, and confer the name Impasse as the troop name.”

“I swear my loyalty to my lord!”

Semi also got down on one knee and received the command baton with two hands from Roan.

He too couldn't stop the emotions that welled up.

As even Semi, who was rugged and stout, shed tears, the appointment ceremony hall soon turned into a sea of tears.

But they were certainly not sad and sorrowful cries.

They were cries of joy and tears of happiness shed by those who achieved their desires through adversity and hardship.

“I look forward to continue working with you.”

Roan's voice broke through the sound of weeping and filled the appointment ceremony hall.

Even after that, cries broke out every time thousand-man commanders and hundred-man commanders were appointed.

But only one person, Clay, brightly smiled and savored his happiness when he was appointed as the administrative manager that overlooked the entire fief's management.

Like that, the appointment ceremony ended.

A total of one hundred and fifty hundred-man commanders, fifteen thousand-man commanders, and two three-thousand-man commanders were appointed.

Besides this, people like Clay and Onil, who showed their excellence in administration, finance, management and such, each received ranks and positions befitting their abilities to pursue perfection in the fief's management that had been rather lax.

Roan stood on top of the stage and gazed at the soldiers who were lined up.

Although everyone's tears had stopped, their eyes and cheeks were flushed red.

“All of you did well up until this point.”

His voice was calm.

“But this isn't the end. There is still much more to the path we must go, and we do not know whether that path will be much more perilous and difficult than the one we've walked until now.”

Bit by bit, his voice became stronger.

Gulp.

Fifteen thousands soldiers unconsciously gulped.

Roan stared straight at them and continued his words.

“You only need to trust me and follow as you’ve done until now. I too, as I’ve done until now.....”

His voice turned smaller once again.

But the voice filled with passion and sincerity was burning hot instead.

“Will trust you and step forwards.”

The moment his words finished, cheers and roars exploded out.

“Waaaaah!”

“Long live Roan Tale!”

“Long live the Tale Barony!”

“Long live the Tale Legion!”

Sounds of cheers echoed throughout the land and the sky.

In the start of the winter when the cold northern wind blew.

The Tale Barony was born anew.

---

The meetings, which were ran without any differentiation

between regular, emergency, and military meetings, were also reorganized based on their purposes after the appointment ceremony.

The hundred-man commanders, who had attended the meetings every time, were changed to attending only in the military meetings.

Due to that, when Roan had opened a special meeting concerning the trip to the Pershion Kingdom, the attendees were limited to the three-thousand-man commanders Austin and Semi, troop commanders of the Amaranth troop and thousand-man commanders Harrison and Brian, the administrator Clay, the president of Agens Chris, and the vice-captain of Tenebra troop Keep.

“First, we need to create a company through the Tale Commerce Division that could purchase and run the Istel Kingdom’s farmlands.”

Everyone nodded at Clay’s words.

His words continued on.

“Once the company is formed, the four of us, the lord, thousand-man commander Harrison, thousand-man commander Brian, and I, will disguise as merchants and head towards the Istel Kingdom.”

Clay pointed at the map on the table.

“Currently, the Istel Kingdom is suffering from an extreme shortage of food. Due to that, it is much easier for grain merchants to cross the borders compared to other merchants. It is to a point that even us, Rinse Kingdom’s people, who they aren’t very amicable with, can cross the borders with ease.”

This was the truth.

Roan, Clay, and the others planned to use this very point.

“After that, as I had presented before.....”

Clay calmly explained the plans that were fortified and constructed even stronger in the last few days.

All of them nodded their heads without any special reactions.

It was plan that was that difficult to find any faults in.

Roan, after hearing the entire plan, gazed at everyone’s faces and cautiously opened his mouth.

“If things go according to the plan, we should be able to return to the fief in two months. Until then, Austin, Semi, and Chris will work together to run the fief.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Austin and the others answered in one voice.

Roan inhaled deeply.

“Good. Then immediately create the grain company.”

Everyone slightly nodded their heads and moved to carry out the works they were each assigned.

At that moment, Chris asked with a careful voice.

“What should we name the company?”

Although it didn't seem like something special, it was quite an important problem.

All of them turned towards Roan.

Roan thought for a moment, then brightly smiled and gave a short answer.

“Let's go with Charity Trust.”

“Ah.....”

With a quiet exclamation, Chris nodded his head.

Charity Trust.

It was a name that somehow felt just right at the heart.

---

Charity Trust's founding was taken charged and proceeded by Chris.

He, with the help of the three young merchants Lidia, Eska, and Ford, created a grain company of a rather large scale.

The role of the owner was decided to be temporarily managed by Eska, who ran the restaurant business, and Clay was appointed as the head of the caravan that would manage the group until the Istel Kingdom.

Once the company was founded, Clay went around the Lancephil County and the surrounding regions and purchased an incredible amount of grains.

Meanwhile, Chris went around the Tale Barony as well as the Lancephil County and the surrounding fiefs and was issued the license for the company and the permit to cross the borders.

And on top of this, he let loose the agents and spread the rumor that the Charity Trust was originally a company with a significantly long history.



Thanks to that, it became impossible for the Istel Kingdom to grasp the Charity Trust's authenticity even if it were to suspect it.

And when Roan was completely focusing on preparing to cross the border, the news of the Byron Kingdom, the Istel Kingdom, and the Pershion Kingdom's war reached the capital, Miller.

The capital, Miller, literally became a scene of chaos.

Even though the news that the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom allied to attack the Pershion Kingdom was shocking, at the news that they were instead completely defeated, the capital was flabbergasted.

These reactions, however, calmed down faster than expected, and the reason for such was the three princes, Simon, Tommy, and Kallum, had turned people's attention towards someplace else.

Simon had the need to turn people's attention to someplace else so that Roan could safely enter the Pershion Kingdom, and in the case of Third Prince Kallum, he didn't want to turn people's eyes and ears on him since he was friends with a Pershion Prince.

But it was unknown why Tommy tried to cover up the news and turned the attention elsewhere.

Anyhow, these reactions and news of the capital were, through Keep's Tenebra Troop members, passed directly to Roan.

‘This is why politics is difficult.’

As they each held each other back, nothing significant happened in reality.

But even if it was so, he couldn’t waste time.

“We leave for the Istel Kingdom in four days.”

Finally, the order had come.

For this, Roan led the Amaranth troop and headed towards Nuperu Village located at the edge of Poskein Lake.

Nuperu Village was where the Amaranth Navy was located at, and this trip was to fool people’s eyes.

Here, Roan, Harrison, and Brian schemed to pretend subjugating Poskein Lake with the Amaranth troop.

And in reality, they planned to disguise as merchants and cross over to the Istel Kingdom after joining up with the Charity Trust.

If the plan succeeded, people wouldn’t form any particular suspicion even if Roan couldn’t be seen for a while.

“My lord. Please be careful.”

Daiv bowed deeply at the waist with a worried look.

Roan, on the other hand, cheerfully smiled and nodded.

“Daiv. I plan to subjugate the Poskein Lake the moment I come back. Make sure to finish the preparations by then.”

“Yes. Please don’t worry.”

Daiv answered with a voice full of confidence.

Because they had to pretend Roan was subjugating Poskein Lake either way, they had to constantly lead the fleet and roam Poskein Lake without a pause.

In that process, the sailors’ skills in building as well as steering ships would grow significantly.

“Please worry only about your own health, my lord.”

Daiv once again deeply bowed.

Seeing off by Daiv, Roan left the Tale Barony together with Harrison and Brian.

Their destination was Lancephil County’s easternmost region.

There, the Charity Trust was already standing by with a humongous amount of grains.

On the fourth day of walking day and night.

Roan was finally able to rendezvous with the Charity Trust.

“Thank you very much for your work.”

Clay, in a clean attire, lowered his head.

He, as the head of the caravan managing the band, didn't wear shabby clothes like Roan, Harrison, and Brian.

Roan nodded while smiling cheerfully.

“From now on, act befittingly as the head of the caravan. Since I too will act like a porter.”

Who knew when someone may be watching them from somewhere.

Clay faintly smiled and nodded.

“Yes. Please don't worry.”

His smile became much deeper.

‘I’m confident at those things.’

He didn’t quite say those last words and swallowed them.

Roan, aware or perhaps unaware of Clay’s such thoughts, inhaled deeply.

“Then. Should we depart? Caravan head sir Roy.”

Roy meant Clay.

Clay nodded his head, then got on top of a wagon in the middle of the caravan.

“Let’s depart.”

When he ordered with a quiet voice, the entire caravan soon began to move.

Durguruk. Durguruk.

The carts carrying incredible amounts of grains extended on endlessly.

Like that, the journey continued on for two days.

The band now passed through the Rinse Kingdom's border gate and was crossing the buffer zone.

“It's the border gate!”

A loud voice was heard from the lead.

Suddenly, several merchants gulped with nervous expressions.

Roan, who had been walking alongside a wagon, saw that sight and faintly smiled.

“Don't worry. Since we really are going to the Istel Kingdom to buy and sell grains.”

Of course, they did plan to do other things too, though.

“Yes. My lo..... no, I got it. Henry.”

A merchant carelessly spoke then quickly changed his words.

Henry was the name that Roan decided to use in this operation.

At that moment, the caravan, which had been tirelessly moving, finally stopped.

The lead of the caravan had reached the check point's entrance.

Soon, unpleasant looking soldiers held spears and approached on either sides.

They gratuitously checked below the wagons, moved and searched through the grain bags, and glared their eyes.

Puuk!

Amongst them, there were some who poked at the bags with the tip of their spears.

Although bits of grains poured out, no one showed dissatisfaction.

If they weren't careful, they could be nitpicked and get held up.

“There's no problem with the goods.”

The soldiers who were inspecting the grain bags shouted aloud.

Then they soon approached where the bits of grains poured out, grabbed a handful, and put them in their pockets.

‘I heard that food shortage was serious, but it seems it's more serious than I thought.’

Roan inwardly shook his head as he watched that sight.

Meanwhile, the gate captain Dose stood next to the wagon Clay was riding on and was checking the company license and permit to cross the border.

“Charity Trust?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“I’ve been working at this gate for almost ten years but never heard of it.”

His eyes were suspicious.

But as if it was a question he already predict, Clay calmly replied.

“We originally did business at the Rinse Kingdom’s north.”

“And?”

At the words that asked again, Clay made an embarrassed look.

“It’s rather a bit to answer something like this, but because they said that selling grains in Istel Kingdom will make a big profit..... cough.”



At those words, Dose creased his brows but didn't harrassed or bully them.

But he repeatedly checked the license and the permit that don't really have much to see multiple times.

Clay, who had been watching, took out a small pouch from his chest pocket.

“Come to think of it, this is something we picked up while coming here, so please find its owner.”

“You picked it up?”

Dose slightly opened the pouch.

It was a pouch that evenly had gold and silver mixed in.

A bribe that was prepared beforehand.

Dose brightly smiled to a point of showing all his teeth and nodded his head.

“Good gracious, you're quite a good natured fellow unlike the young ones these days. I'll definitely make sure to find its owner.”

“Yes. I’ll trust sir captain. And.....”

Clay pointlessly glanced left and right, then spoke in a quiet voice.

“I’ll live a small wagon behind, so please share with your subordinates.”

In the dreadful food shortage, tens of grain bags were an incredible bribe.

Dose’s mouth was now hung from his ears.

“Hhm? Cough. No well there’s really.....”

Clay, with a smile still on his face, shook his head.

“No no. We will probably have to cross this gate a lot from now on, so we’re telling you beforehand since it looks like sir will be troubled each time because of us.”

“Good grace, you really are a good natured friend.”

Dose clenched his fist and drummed his chest.

“Don’t worry about crossing this gate from now on. I’ll especially take care of it.”

“Oh my. Thank you very much.”

Clay pointlessly fussed as he lowered his head.

Like that, the two shared a rot-smelling chat for a while.

And while that went on, a small pouch of money was passed on once more.

With a completely giddy face, Dose shouted aloud.

“Remove the wooden fences! The Charity Trust is passing!”

As soon as he spoke those words, the wooden fences that were blocking the gate were moved to the sides.

Clay abruptly poked his head out of the wagon and winked.

“Then, we’ll greet you again next time.”

“Yeah! Be careful and do come back!”

Dose brightly smiled as he waved his hand like seeing off an old friend.

Clay watched that sight for a long time, then soon disappeared himself into the wagon.

“Filthy bastard.”

The face that was brightly smiling until now completely disappeared into nothingness.

Clay clicked his tongue with a completely twisted face.

“Cht cht cht. It’s because of incompetent bastards who only tries to fill their stomachs like him that the ordinary citizens are starving to death.”

Although Clay did have the great desire to rise in the world and gain fame, his goal was also to create a rich and powerful nation that anyone can live well at the fundamental level.

Of course, it was a problem that his methods and process greatly differed from Roan.

‘Once I reach an even higher place, I will hunt down all those things and cut off its necks.’

Edification, enlightenment, and education were all not needed.

‘They’ll all act good if ruled with an iron fist.’

That was Clay's thoughts.

Meanwhile, Roan, who was walking along with the wagons, was crossing the Istel Kingdom's border gates much later.

Although the Istel Kingdom troops around him watched sharply, there was no one who recognized Roan.

Even though Roan had spread infamy as the Crimson Ghost, the people who knew that appearance were a small minority.

Furthermore, because even that rumor spread as having all red hair, eyebrows, and eyes, there was no one who could see the Roan of now and realize that he was the Crimson Ghost.

However.

"Hhm. It's strange....."

A youthful looking young man with big eyes amongst the gate's soldiers muttered in a quiet voice.

He was looking at Roan's back that was slowly getting further away.

One of the soldier who were next to him tapped his shoulder and asked.

“What’s strange?”

At those words, the young man with the large eyes pointed at Roan’s back and answered.

“Over there. Doesn’t it look like the people around him are standing like they are escort him?”

“What? Escort?”

The soldier creased his brows and stared for a long while at the place the young man pointed at.

But he soon tilted his head.

“Well. I don’t get it at all.”

“Is it?”

The young man once again chased Roan’s back with his eyes.

But the caravan band had already went far away.

The soldier who was talking with the young man hit the back of the young man’s head.

“Oi, Pichio. That’s always your problem. I don’t know if it’s that

your eyes are good or your instincts are good, but you're looking at everything with suspicious eyes because of it."

"But it really looked strange....."

The young man, Pichio, hesitated at the end of his words.

He was still chasing with his eyes the caravan band that couldn't even be seen anymore.

'I should check one more time when they come back the next time.'

Just in case he may forget about it, Pichio rolled the same words inside his mouth multiple times.

'Charity Trust, Charity Trust, Charity Trust.....'

A light glinted in the large eyes.

## Chapter 138: To Pershion Kingdom (3)

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‘Hmm.’

Roan swallowed back a groan as he stared at the scenery around him.

The Istel Kingdom was suffering from an even more grievous food shortage than he had thought.

Haggard and dried out corpses frequented the sides of the road that the caravan band was passing through, and the smell of death emanated heavily from the villages they sometimes stayed or passed by.

The Istel people pouncing up madly and begging for food whenever they saw the caravan was a frequent event, and the assaults by thieves and bandits continued endlessly.

‘The food shortage will continue until the autumn two years from now.’

Although the mysterious and sudden drop in the crop harvest would improve starting next year, it simply wasn’t possible for the Istel citizens’ situation to improve with just a single year’s worth of good farming.

‘Next year and the year after that. I have to create a footing in the Istel Kingdom by then.’



And that footing was the very purchasing of the Istel Kingdom's farmlands, more specifically the long term leasing of the farms.

Currently, the Istel Kingdom's farmers as well as nobles were putting out the farms, whose fertility had fallen as far down as it could go, as clearance goods.

However, there was no one in the Istel Kingdom that had the rooms to purchase them.

No, even if there was someone, there was no one who would purchase the useless lands that wouldn't grow anything even if one planted the seeds.

In the end, the Istel Kingdom had reached a point where it allowed even foreigners to purchase the farms.

But, not as a complete sale but as a fifty-years long lease.

Its situation was desperate enough to fall to such means in order to secure a source of revenue.

But despite so, the number of people who stepped up to purchase the lands were a minority.

Even the outsiders believed that the Istel Kingdom's lands were abandoned by, and cursed by a god.

‘We will lease those very lands wholesale.’

At the moment, the price had already fallen as far as it could fall.

Although others may sneer and point describing it as a foolish act, it mattered not to Roan.

It was because he knew that the fertility would rise once again starting next year.

At that moment.

“We can see Ceres Castle!”

The middle-aged man at the lead shouted aloud.

At the end of the extensive road, an awesome and grand castle appeared.

‘That is the very capital of the Istel Kingdom, Ceres.’

Roan unconsciously gulped.

Including both the last life and the current life, it was a place he was visiting for the first time.

The size of the Ceres Castle was stupendous.

It seemed to be multiple times greater than the Rinse Kingdom's capital, Miller.

‘Since the Istel Kingdom's national strength is originally much stronger than our kingdom.’

The Istel Kingdom was a rich and powerful nation that built its strength upon its astronomical grain yields.

Currently, even its national strength had become low as that crop yields fell.

Meanwhile, the caravan's lead had reached the first sentries and came to a stop.

“You guys, are you grain merchants?”

The gaunt-looking sentries asked with slightly elated faces.

Clay opened the wagon's door and answered while poking only his head out.

“Yes. We brought plenty of all kinds of grains.”

As soon as he spoke those words, the sentries waved their hands

and shouted.

“Pass! The crop market is near the east gate!”

A hint of desperation could be felt from his voice.

Not anywhere else but the very capital’s inspection was relaxed like so.

It was a situation where even the capital’s sentries left the questions for later and passed if one was a grain merchant.

Clay lowered his head deeply to bow and then closed the wagon’s door.

“It’s the grain merchants!”

“Look at those bags!”

When they entered the castle, the residents flocked up like a swarm of bees.

But unlike other the people of other villages, they didn’t unwarrantedly touch the goods nor block the road.

They were simply elated from seeing the incredible number of grain bags.

“How, how much have you brought?”

“Is there more to come?”

They hoped that the grains would be spread plentiful enough so that the price of the food would fall.

Roan merely showed a bitter smile, unable to say any words.

‘Although the amount we brought is quite a lot, there’s no way that the price of food would drop because of it.’

There was the fact that the foods were simply too scarce, but the even greater reason was in fact the black market.

Currently, the Istel Kingdom was directly controlling and running the grain market to allocate and replenish the deficient grain supply.

At the same time, it was trading the grains at a fixed price to stop the price of the grains from exploding up.

To the merchants who were trying to leave an even bigger profit, this market management means by the Istel Kingdom weren’t attractive.

Due to that, black markets specializing in only grains appeared all

over the kingdom.

This black market had brought an explosive inflation of grain prices, and by the time the grains passed through countless merchants and were sold to the citizens, an incredible price that no one could possibly purchase was attached.

Although the Istel Kingdom had labored extensively to curb the black markets, it couldn't achieve any results due to the simply great number of markets and spontaneous opening and closing times.

Consequently, the price of the grains refused to fall below a certain price and continuously soared, and the ordinary citizens holding empty stomachs became the norm.

If Roan wanted to create a large profit, using the black market instead of the proper grain market was much more effective.

‘But we are using the proper grain market.’

To him, it was more important right now to leave an impression of the Charity Trust as a fair and trustworthy company than leaving behind a profit.

While thinking of this and that, the caravan band arrived at the grain market near the east gate.

“What may be the company’s name?”

A squalid looking manager glanced at the grain carts and asked.

With a cheerful smile, Clay showed the company license.

“It’s Charity Trust.”

The manager wrote down the name into a log, then waved his hand.

“Calculate the quantity!”

The moment he ordered, the market employees crowded around and began to count the number of grain bags.

While that went on, the market manager began talking with Clay and negotiated the price.

No, in truth it was merely negotiate in name, and was no more than simply announcing the predetermined price.

“Okay. Let us sell it at that price.”

Clay nodded his head without much contemplation.

“Yes? Ah, yes.”

The manager made a little surprised expression.

It was because he was the first merchant who sold the grains without any complaint.

“Okay. It’s good that the work could be done quickly.”

The manager quickly completed the document while smiling cheerily, and handed it to Clay.

It was because he was worried that he would perhaps change his mind.

Clay thoughtfully checked the document in his own way and signed at one side of the bottom corner.

Soon, the grain bags were moved from the wagons they brought to one side of the market.

“It’s quite more than I thought?”

“With this much, usually the merchants would sell it at the black market.”

The laborers whispered amongst themselves while hauling the bags.



Roan too chimed in enthusiastically while hauling the bags like them.

That was, from anyone's eyes, look of a company laborer without a doubt.

Thanks to that, there was no one who suspected Roan.

Once the transaction was finished, the caravan group, including Roan and Clay, headed towards the outskirts of the capital.

They rented out an old inn a whole.

Because there was quite a large number of company members, it wasn't something suspicious.

“Although we sold them at the proper grain market, we were left with a larger profit than we expected.”

“That must mean that the food situation is that bad.”

Roan made a bitter smile at Clay's words and shook his head.

‘It looks like they raised the purchasing price of the grains since the food situation isn't good and because of the black market, but..... although it was an unavoidable choice, the Treasury will soon reach the bottom if they continue buy up grains like this.’

Even without that, the Istel Kingdom was paying an incredible amount of war remuneration due to repeated wars and losses.

While Roan was thinking of various thoughts, Clay asked with a careful voice.

“My lord, must we really purchase the farmlands? Right now, the Istel Kingdom’s farmlands have completely lost their fertility and it’ll be fruitless regardless of what kind of crop seed we plant.”

Clay, who thought of himself as being smarter and more discerning than others, was very pessimistic of the work this time.

‘This is no different than just throwing away money.’

Buying the lands inside the Rinse Kingdom instead with the money earned from the grain trade would be much more effective.

Although they wouldn’t be able to buy a large amount since the price of the land was simply too expensive, at least the chance of crop failure was much lower.

Roan shook head head while smiling cheerfully.

“Don’t worry. My eyes are without fault. The Istel Kingdom’s farmlands will regain their fertility starting next year.”

His voice was full of certainty.

“If my lord says so, then it must be.”

“I simply follow my lord’s orders.”

Harrison and Brian didn’t hold questions anymore.

But.

“Hmm.”

A look of restlessness was still plain on Clay’s face.

He wanted to check for a clear evidence and reason.

But even so, he couldn’t just push and corner Roan.

“Since the price of the farms aren’t expensive, there won’t be a big loss even if a problem possibly arise.”

It was a comment with the failure in mind.

Roan faintly smiled and simply nodded his head.

“Sure, just think of it that way.”

At those words, Clay slightly lowered his head.

“Then, I will personally go out to purchase the farms starting tomorrow.”

“Please do.”

Roan lightly replied.

For four days starting tomorrow, it was scheduled for Clay to personally go purchase the farms.

After that, they would entrust the works to the real merchants who came with them, and Roan, Harrison, Brian and Clay planned to go over to the Pershion Kingdom after disguising their identities once more.

Roan looked around at everyone and spoke in a quiet voice.

“We are currently no different than in a hostile nation. All of you keep your heads straight and make sure not to make a mistake.”

“Yes, understood.”

All of them answered in one voice and lowered their heads.

Roan inhaled deeply as he looked at that sight.

‘Nothing special needs to happen.....’

A small wish.

Perhaps because that wish had reached the sky, nothing special had actually happened to Roan and his group.

But at the place far away from them,

A strange crack was breaking apart in the Pershion Kingdom.

Although it wasn’t certain, it certainly was something special.

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Pershion Kingdom’s Capital Althus Castle.

The Althus Castle’s north gate was wide open and the inside of castle churned with an incredible wave of crowds.

On each sides of the newly maintained street, they lined up one after another and wore exhilarated faces.

At that moment.

Vvuuuuu!

With the sound of horns, a group of people appeared at an enormous triumphal arc at the end of the street.

The head of the group, the man on the snow-white horse, was a handsome young man overflowing of grace.

With a gentle smile on his face, he looked towards the north gate.

“Un? It’s the First Prince.”

“Prince Reitas has personally came out.”

Some of the castle’s residents recognised the young man and whispered.

The young man, he was in fact Reitas Pershion, famed as the First Prince of Pershion Kingdom and as a remarkably outstanding talent.

Originally, he was highly popular amongst the residents of the capital, Althus, and all the citizens of the kingdom.

Because the current king, Ave Von Pershion was simply so incompetent, the expectations for Reitas, who was outstanding in various ways, was unlike any others.

But.

“Anyway, when is Prince Manus coming?”

“It should soon be about time he arrive.”

“Kuu! To destroy the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom’s allied forces all by himself!”

“He’s really amazing!”

The castle’s residents soon turned their heads and stared at the north gate.

With completely elated faces, they fussed about.

The person the castle’s residents were waiting for was in fact Manus Pershion.

The saving hero of the kingdom, Manus had defeated the Byron Kingdom and Istel Kingdom’s allied army and was finally returning in triumph after reorganizing the border region.

The people’s eyes and interests were all headed towards Manus.

Reitas, who was standing in front of the triumphal arc, was already outside of their attention.

“Hmm.”

Reitas’ gentle smile slightly shook.

The tips of his eyes trembled sharply.

‘Manus.....’

The little brother’s name stayed between his throat and the top of his mouth.

One side of his chest ached bitterly.

‘In the end, you have come out to the world.’

Something hot and large sat down in the middle of his chest.

A short wave appeared in his deep and calm eyes.

‘Although the people of the world holds me up as a talent or whatnot, but.....’

Reitas knew.

That the real genius was his little brother Manus Pershion.



‘My beloved little brother, I have truly despaired when I couldn’t win against you with my talent.’

Reitas and Manus’ relationship was close.

Reitas cherished his little brother Manus and Manus followed his older brother Reitas well.

But as the two continued to grow, that relationship had twisted strangely.

Although Manus still looked up to Reitas and followed him, Reitas was slowly distancing himself from Manus.

He was afraid.

That he would be eaten alive by Manus’ unbelievable talent.

‘I had hoped that you would go on a journey or simply read a book without being interested in politics or power.....’

Thankfully, Manus didn’t show himself to the outside world as Reitas’ wish.

He had simply passed free and quiet days absorbed in reading and journeying that he enjoyed.

But the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom's invasion had changed everything.

‘When everyone said to consent to the humiliating terms and end the war, you alone insisted on fighting against them.’

Although everyone had called it insane, Manus led a legion and marched alone, and perfectly defeated the enemy forces.

‘And then, you became the kingdom's, the citizen's hero.’

The presence-less Second Prince Manus spread his fame as the hero who saved the kingdom.

‘Hu.’

Reitas let out a short sigh.

‘My little brother, my beloved little brother. Just what should I do with you?’

If not careful, he could have the seat as the next king snatched away by Manus.

To such a degree, Manus' fame was inconceivably great.

Reitas' worries became deeper.

At that moment.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

With a bell sound, an enormous legion showed itself outside the castle gate.

Finally, Manus and the Manustima Legion he leads arrived.

< Pershion Kingdom >.

The flag of the kingdom entered the castle gate first.

< Manustima Legion >.

< Manus Pershion >.

The legion flag and the commander's flag followed behind.

And finally.

“Waaaaaah!”

“Manus! Manus!”

“Manus Pershion! Manus Pershion!”

The saving hero of the kingdom, the Second Prince Manus Pershion appeared wearing a silver armor.

Although he looks similar to Reitas, he somehow exuded an impression of a mischief.

But his eyes were clear and deep, and a leisure and grace could be felt from his every movement of the hand and feet.

“Thank you everyone! Thank you for coming out like this!”

Manus brightly smiled as he waved at the castle’s citizens.

“Hm?”

And while he was doing so, he spotted Reitas at the end of the street a moment later.

“Giddyup!”

Manus quickly spurred his horse and sprinted up towards Reitas.

Dududududu.

The sound of horse hooves noisily rang out.

With Reitas in front of him, Manus pulled his reins and got down onto the ground like flying.

Boom!

The weighty armor shook greatly.

Not minding that, Manus walked towards Reitas.

Reitas watched that sight quietly for a moment, then slowly got down from his horse.

When he took about two steps towards Manus, suddenly, Manus kicked off the ground and flew.

Puuuk!

A rough hug.

Manus brightly smiled and hugged Reitas roughly.

“Brother! I went and came back!”

A sight that simply couldn't be seen as an etiquette of the royalty.

But it was an honest look without a hint of a lie.

Reitas stood still for a moment, then carefully hugged Manus' back.

“Yeah, you’ve done well.”

He spoke with a soft voice.

Like that, the brothers stood still and passionately hugged each other for a while.

Then.

“Waaaaah!”

The citizens threw up an incredible cheer.

And at the same time.

“Manus! Manus!”

“Manus Pershion! Manus Pershion!”

Everyone chanted Manus' name.

From nowhere did Reitas' name rang out.

Reitas tightly hugged Manus and buried his head on his shoulder.

The face that had been gently smiling turned stiff.

He let out a short sigh.

‘Ah..... my beloved little brother Manus, I.....’

His heart ached.

‘Can't seem to leave you like this.’

Once more, a short sigh leaked out.

The sigh rode Manus' shoulder and disappeared like a wind.

# Chapter 139: To Pershion Kingdom (4)

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“You bastards! Walk properly!”

“You there, keep your head down! Only look at your feet while you walk!”

Cold and angry shouts hit the ears.

The soldiers on horses moved back and forth and glared.

The hundreds of people, with their wrists and ankles tied with hard ropes, moved their feet with their heads down.

Their appearances were literally a mess.

Their hairs were disheveled and grimy.

They looked horrendous.

But despite that, their faces somehow looked elated.

“You bastards! Don’t smile!”

One of the soldiers on the horses saw that look and shouted angrily.



The people tied up in the ropes erased their smiles with effort and kept their heads down.

“Sons of bitches. So you’ve won the war, is it? I’ve half a mind to cut off all of their heads, but..... tch!”

The soldier who shouted clicked his tongue with a regretful expression.

Another soldier came up and shook his hand.

“Don’t talk nonsense. The moment we chop off their necks, thousands of our prisoners captured by the Pershion Kingdom side will lose their lives.”

“I know! I know that, and that’s why we’re sending them back so meekly like this!”

The two conversed with heavily contorted faces.

Their identities were the soldiers of Istel Kingdom’s Central Corp.

“Damn it. Those bitches of the Istel Kingdom.”

One of the soldiers spat.

The people walking along while tied up with ropes shrank themselves even more in case they got caught up in any unnecessary spark.

They were the Pershion Kingdom's soldiers who were captured by Istel Kingdom army in the war with Istel Kingdom and Byron Kingdom.

In another word, prisoners.

They were prisoners of war.

‘We’re now going home!’

‘We won the war and even kept our lives!’

The captives exhaled short sighs.

Those were sighs of relief.

Right after the war ended, the Pershion Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom began negotiating the prisoner exchange.

Thankfully, the negotiation finished without a fault.

It was because the Pershion Kingdom, the victorious nation, suggested to exchange each nation's prisoners without any special

conditions.

The Istel Kingdom, whose number of prisoners was much greater, immediately accepted those terms.

“Sons of bitches. We will definitely return this humiliation one day.”

The Istel soldiers spat out curses.

The Pershion prisoners, without showing any reactions, simply hurried their steps.

‘We just need to be patient for just a bit, just a little bit longer.’

The Pershion Kingdom was now right in front of their noses.

Their hearts raced rapidly and their faces flushed red.

From the dreadful war, they were able to miraculously return alive.

Amongst those prisoners, men with familiar faces were there.

‘It’s much more easier than I had thought.’

The person who was keeping his head down and moving along

just like the others was in fact Roan.

He disheveled his hair, coated his skin with charcoal, and was heading towards the Pershion Kingdom while mixed amongst the other prisoners.

Of course, Harrison, Brian, and Clay could also be seen behind Roan.

‘Everything is going according to plan.’

The Pershion Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom had just ended a war.

Obviously, any private travel through the borders was completely restricted.

It wasn't possible to cross over from the Istel Kingdom to the Pershion Kingdom by ordinary means.

Clay, who had already predicted such a situation, proposed one solution.

It, was to use the prisoner exchange between the two kingdoms.

Even though the plan itself was an extraordinary plan, Clay's talent, who was actually carrying out the plan, was even more outstanding and prodigious.

After meticulously analyzing the executives of the prisoner exchange, he used both a carrot and a stick by luring in both those who were greedy for wealth and those whose backs were fishy.

Once he spread the riches and blackmailed them, they fell and became Clay's puppets.

Thanks to that, Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay were able to uneventfully mix in with the prisoners and head towards the Pershion Kingdom.

‘We just need to cross the border.’

Once they cross the border, there was no more need to hide their identities.

No, instead, confidently revealing their identities would be much easier in proceeding with the job.

Roan tightly kept his head down and busily moved his feet.

The soldiers and the prisoners crossed the Istel Kingdom's border gate and moved towards the middle of the buffer zone.

“Ah.....”

The prisoner walking at the lead let out a quiet exclamation.

A flag that they had longed for so much was standing up straight in front of them on the opposite side.

< Pershion Kingdom. >

“Kuuhk.”

“Huuhuhuhk.”

The captives who saw the kingdom’s flag all cried out tears.

“Damn it! Quiet down!”

“Shut up!”

The Istel soldiers roared at them, but the cries didn’t die down easily.

But even so, they couldn’t beat or verbally abuse them as they wished.

Below the Pershion Kingdom flag, more than two thousand soldiers were lined up.

One wrong move and a battle could start.

In the end, the Istel soldiers could only push forwards the captives tangled in ropes forwards.

“Damn it. Pershion bastards. Get the hell out of here!”

Several soldiers couldn't hold themselves back and spat out curses.

Once the captives departed from the Istel Kingdom side, an incredible number of prisoners from the Pershion Kingdom side also began to move.

Unlike the Pershion prisoners who numbered in the hundreds, the Istel Kingdom prisoners reached several thousands.

Just by seeing this, it could be guessed just how perfect of a victory the Pershion Kingdom had achieved.

“Move quickly!”

“Don't even look behind you!”

The prisoner exchange finished rapidly without any incidents.

“Booooo!”

“Waaaah!”

The moment the prisoner exchange ended, boos and cheers noisily echoed from each sides.

In any case, there was zero possibility of a battle starting in the current situation.

Since that would mean the start of another war.

Because of that, both sides' soldiers and prisoners could cheer and jeer as much as they wanted.

The side that won, the Pershion Kingdom, cheered and the side that lost, the Istel Kingdom, jeered.

A noisy battle of sounds went back and forth for a while.

“Alright. This much is enough.”

“Let's go back!”

The two sides, as if rehearsed, returned through each sides' border gates.

The ropes that bound their wrists and ankles had already been untied a while ago, but that didn't mean they could get out of formation as they wished.



“There may be the enemy spies. Check the identities at the gate.”

Because there were numerous cases of mixing in and sending spies during a prisoner exchange, it was a process that always had to be done.

Although this wasn't quite an agreeable procedure in Roan's position, there wasn't any need to be concerned.

‘It was exactly because of a situation like this that I received Prince Simon's permission before coming.’

Currently, Roan hadn't come to Pershion Kingdom for personal reasons.

He was, at that moment, a formal diplomat who came to the Pershion Kingdom as a representative of the First Prince Simon of the Rinse Kingdom.

The border gates appeared as he thought of various things.

The executive of the prisoner exchange only then lined up the prisoners at one spot, and ordered the soldiers to check their identities one by one.

“Soldier Rams of the Camet Troop Third Squad, Northern Regional Corp Second Corp.”

“Squad Captain Corey of the Ilian Troop Tenth Squad, Northern Regional Corp Third Corp.”

“Soldier.....”

The identity check proceeded quickly and precisely.

One of the soldiers stood up in front of Roan.

“Name yourself and your affiliation.”

He spoke in a cold and businesslike manner.

Roan cheerily smiled and put a hand inside his chest pocket.

From deep inside, he took out a dirty cloth.

“What’s this? I said name yourself and your affiliation.”

The soldier frowned at that sight.

Roan paid no attention to him and carefully opened the dirty cloth.

Inside, there was a clean piece of cloth sewed on with highly

beautiful and elegant drawing and writing.

That was in fact the emblem of Regate, symbolizing Simon's status and prestige.

“I said name yourself and your affiliation!”

The soldier shouted once again.

As the situation became noisy, multiple soldiers and the executive swarmed up.

With fierce eyes, they glared at Roan.

‘A spy?’

The lights in all of their eyes were saying so.

Roan, without minding them, raised up the emblem and spoke with a confident and soft voice.

“I am Baron Roan Tale, representative of the Rinse Kingdom's First Prince and the great lord of the Regate, Simon Rinse, and an official diplomatic agent.”

Boom.

Immediately, silence fell through the area.

The Pershion Kingdom's soldier, all with confounded looks, stared at Roan.

The one who broke the silence was Roan.

“Guide me to the capital, Althus.”

A dauntless and daring mannerism and speech.

A look that naturally exuded dignity.

Roan didn't lose spirit even in front of a foreign kingdom's soldiers.

That was the true bearing of a great general.

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“A representative of Rinse Kingdom's First Prince Simon?”

“Yes. He says he is Baron Roan Tale.”

“Roan Tale? By Roan Tale, perhaps.....”

“Yes. However we look, it seems he is the Crimson Ghost.”

“Hmm. The Crimson Ghost.....”

A short groan leaked out.

The person who leaked the groan was the Pershion Kingdom’s first prince, Reitas Pershion.

‘The Crimson Ghost showed up at our kingdom?’

He too had heard a lot about the Crimson Ghost, Roan Tale.

Reitas raised his head and looked his aide and a noble of the the kingdom, Baron Baite Inges.

“Are you certain that he isn’t a representative of Rinse Kingdom’s king but the First Prince Simon?”

“It is certain. They say that he had definitely named himself so.”

Reitas creased his brows.

‘Not the king, but the first prince sent a diplomat?’

It was ridiculous statement.

“And the purpose of the visit?”

“He said that it is for friendship between the two kingdoms. He is currently coming to Althus Castle.”

“Hmm.”

Those words weren't something that he could believe so easily.

The Rinse Kingdom was currently in a middle of a competition for the succession of the throne.

It wasn't a situation where any one prince could show diplomacy.

‘Then that must mean there is another underlying motive besides creating a friendship between the two kingdoms.....’

And a goal that is advantageous for Simon, a goal that Simon needs at that.

Reitas fell into thought.

‘The timing too is strange.....’

Until now, there was no significant dealings between the Pershion Kingdom and the Rinse Kingdom to speak of.

Since there is the Byron and the Istel between the two kingdoms and because of the long distance, there was no real need to trade.

Suddenly, Reitas' eyes widely opened.

‘Perhaps is it because of Manus?’

Reitas' face stiffened.

The reason that the Rinse Kingdom, and the First Prince Simon at that, who should be in middle of a competition for the throne, had sent a diplomat.

Considering the various circumstances and the timing, there was a high probability that it was related to Manus.

‘Is the goal not a friendship with our kingdom but with Manus?’

It wasn't a bad choice from Simon's position.

‘Since that side should know that Kallum and I are friends.....’

But even so, it couldn't be helped that the situation itself felt irritating.

‘An attitude that ignores me, the kingdom's first prince.’

Of course, this was only if Reitas' prediction was correct.

'I should watch for now.'

He raised his head and turned to Baite.

"I don't know what kind of scheme it is, but he is the kingdom's honorable guest for now. Greet him courteously."

"Yes. Understood."

Baite immediately lowered his head then exited the office.

Reitas, who was left alone, rubbed his forehead with his right hand and closed his eyes.

'Simon, Roan.....'

The two names rolled within the mouth.

'The things are slowly getting bigger.'

And at a much faster speed than what he thought.

Reitas exhaled a short sigh.



‘Is there truly no other way.....’

For an instant, a pained look flickered past.

But soon, a cold and sharp air gathered in his eyes and mouth.

‘It cannot be helped. Since I can’t have the seat taken away even if there is no other choice.’

His face was a one that looked to have firmly decided on something.

That day at that moment, Reitas cleared up one concern that had tormented him.

‘I’m sorry.’

The same words circled inside him again and again.

But only Reitas could know whether those were his true feelings or not.

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“Althus Castle is quite plain.”

Brian looked outside the carriage and muttered.

Clay smiled cheerfully and answered.

“It is since the Pershion Kingdom is a small nation compared to our Rinse Kingdom, the Byron Kingdom, and the Istel Kingdom.”

“Is it? Even so, I thought it was a kingdom with quite a long history.”

Bryon looked at Clay and tilted his head.

Clay closed the book he was reading and turned to Brian.

“The Pershion Kingdom was also a strong kingdom that once conquered the continent’s northeast. But as inept kings ruled over multiple generations, rebellions endlessly appeared from various regions and was divided into tens of big and small kingdoms in the end.”

“Ah, I know of that story. Afterwards, Lloyd Von Pershion came to rule, conquered most of the small nations, and raised the current Pershion Kingdom.”

“Yes. But despite so, they had lost more than half of their lands compared to before. And the one who united those other lands and raised a new kingdom was the very Madison Von Light. This is the founding story of the Light Kingdom currently at the continent’s northeastern end.”

Brian nodded at Clay's words.

It was because he remembered the continent's history he had heard during his days at the academy.

At that moment, Harrison, who had been listening to the story, squinted and asked.

"Then, the Pershion Kingdom and the Light Kingdom must be sworn enemies, no?"

As soon as he spoke those words, Roan and Clay answered at the same time.

"No, instead, they're significantly close."

"That isn't so. Instead, their relationship is more closer to brother nations."

At those words, Harrison made a slightly surprised expression.

"How is that so, sir?"

He tilted his head as if he simply couldn't understand.

"That's because in the last several decades, the king of Light.....'

The moment Roan's words reached that point.

The Coachman's voice was heard.

“We have arrived at the capital, Althus Castle. But.....”

His voice was slightly flustered.

At that moment, an officer riding on a war horse approached next to the carriage.

“Prince Reitas Pershion has come out to greet you! We need to stop the carriage.

It was a completely unexpected welcome.

No, situation.

“Then do so.”

Roan answered briefly then straightened his clothes.

Clay faintly smiled and cautiously spoke.

“It seems the Pershion Kingdom's First Prince is also [feeling a bit](#)

[hot.](#)”

Korean phrase 몸이 달다, literally means “body is heated” and is synonymous with “anxious”

Roan formed a peculiar expression at those words and shook his head.

“Perhaps. We won’t know until we meet him. Whether he is heated.....”

The carriage’s speed gradually slowed down.

Roan looked out the window and murmured with a quiet voice.

“Or whether he is ice cold.”

Whatever it was, it wasn’t an easy situation.

But if it was the latter.

‘We may have to worry about our lives.’

# Chapter 140: To Pershion Kingdom (5)

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“Oh! Baron Tale. You’ve done well coming all this way.”

Prince Reitas Pershion widely opened his arms and offered a warm greeting.

Roan slightly lowered his head.

“Greetings to Prince Reitas Pershion. I am Roan Tale.”

“I have heard much of the Crimson Ghost. They say that you are excellent in not only strategy and tactics but also in skills as a warrior.”

Reitas and the Pershion Kingdom Army hearing of the Crimson Ghost’s rumors were thanks to the Istel Kingdom prisoners.

In the process of collecting information related to the Istel Kingdom, they had naturally learnt of the stories about the Crimson Ghost Roan Tale.

‘He’s different than what we heard. They said that his hair, eyebrows, and eyes were red.....’

Reitas stared straight into Roan’s eyes.

“That is an excessive complement, sir. I was simply lucky.’

Roan faintly smiled and lowered his head.

Reitas nodded and stepped to the side.

“I’ve heard that you’ve went through some trouble crossing the border. For now, let us go greet his majesty the king, then enjoy a banquet.”

“Thank you for your considerations.”

Roan slightly lowered his head and then entered the carriage Reitas had prepared.

‘Reitas Pershion.....’

Today was the first time that he had personally seen Reitas.

In the last life, he had received the crown from his father, King Ave Von Pershion, and completely transformed the Pershion Kingdom into a powerful nation.

‘Including the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom, they conquered over one hundred castles.’

Due to this, the Byron Kingdom had to neglect the border with the Rinse Kingdom in order to face the Pershion Kingdom.

At the same time, the Rinse Kingdom attacked the Byron Kingdom in such state, taking tens of castles.

‘Perhaps that too may have been one of the reasons the Great Warring Era started.’

Roan slightly raised his head and looked at Reitas, who was staring outside the window.

A handsome face and a rugged appearance.

He certainly exuded the presence of a prince.

But.

‘Somehow, there is an uncomfortable feeling.....’

Was it perhaps because he was experiencing the Rinse Kingdom’s throne succession competition and knew of the tragic future of the Pershion royalty?

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

‘For now, I must greet the Pershion King and then meet Prince Manus.’



That was the goal of this visit.

Even while Roan was thinking about other things, the carriage busily continued on and soon entered the palace.

“Everyone is waiting.”

Reitas got off the carriage first and then headed towards the grand hall in the middle of the palace.

Harrison, Brian, and Clay, who had followed behind separately, looked at Roan with slightly tense expressions.

Faintly smiling as if to say there is no need to worry, Roan slowly walked forwards.

‘It’s plain just like the capital.’

The Pershion Kingdom’s palace was smaller and plainer than Rinse Kingdom’s palace.

It was a point that vividly showed the difference in their national strength.

The guards, who were already waiting at every place they went through, opened the door.

Without pausing even once and walking on, they arrived in front of the hall where the king and the ministers were waiting.

Reitas lightly glanced back at Roan and nodded, then lightly clapped his hands.

Suddenly.

Kuuuuuung.

The gigantic doors opened to the sides and the inside of the grand hall revealed itself.

‘Hhm.’

Roan unknowingly swallowed back a groan.

The grand hall that spread out in front of his eyes shocked him for two reasons.

The first was its splendor.

Unlike the capital or the palace that he had seen until now, the inside of the grand hall was adorned with all kinds of jewels and gold.

It was to the point where his eyes hurt from the light the jewels

shined.

‘I had heard that the current king was extravagant, so it must be because of that.’

Roan smiled bitterly and stepped inside the grand hall.

Immediately, a suffocating and sweltering heat assaulted his entire body.

The second reason he was shocked from seeing the inside of the hall.

That was because of the incredible number of nobles and military commanders who lined the two sides of the hall.

Standing straight in attention, all of them stared at Roan and his companions, and the light in their eyes was fierce and blistering.

‘They must be wondering what the goal of the visit is.’

There had been no significant contact between the two sides for decades.

Since Roan had visited not as a representative of the king but the first prince in such a situation, It was obvious that they would be quite suspicious.

“That man is the Crimson Ghost?”

“Isn’t he completely different than what we heard?”

“Furthermore, he’s too young.

“Is he really that Crimson Ghost who is said to have defeated the Istel Kingdom army?”

The nobles and the commanders murmured.

But completely ignoring them, Roan walked up in front of the throne and kneeled down on one knee.

“I greet your majesty the King Ave Von Pershion.”

An elderly man sat crookedly on the throne

A face that looked much older than his actual age, hazy eyes, and a pose that sagged powerlessly.

It was a look that simply drained all the tension of anyone who saw him.

That man was Ave, the current king of Pershion Kingdom.

“So you came from the Rinse Kingdom?”

A sudden informal reception.

It was discourteous.

But Ave didn't think important of honor nor courtesy.

Leaning his chin on his right hand, he asked again with an annoyed look.

“For what reason did you come all the way here for?”

With his knee still kneeling, Roan answered.

“It is to create a friendly relationship.”

“Friendly relationship? When our kingdom and the Rinse Kingdom are far apart from one another?

And even though you talk of making a friendly relationship, you came not as the king's but as the first prince's proxy?”

“That is.....”

For a while, Roan meticulously explained the principle of befriending a faraway nation and attacking the ones near. 1

Furthermore, he expressed how the two could check the Istel Kingdom and the Byron Kingdom if the two allied.

On top of this, he stressed that this visit of friendship was a great mission that the First Prince Simon had undertaken after raising various deeds.

Ave, after listening for a while, soon shook his hand.

“That’s it. Stop. Talk with the ministers instead about such headache-raising stories.”

He then smacked his lips and stood up.

“I’ll entrust this matter to Reitas..... no.”

Ave, who had spoke up to that point, contemplated a bit and then opened his mouth again.

“I’ll entrust this work to Reitas and Manus. These two people, take care of it on your own.”

Then he soon moved his feet and exited the hall.

It was a truly disrespectful manner for facing a diplomat of a foreign nation.

But Roan didn't show any particular reaction.

‘Either way, I didn't expect much from King Ave.’

Instead, he was worried that the incompetent man would hold him back, but since he stepped back on his on, Roan felt much more relieved.

But Reitas' expression, who had in fact been entrusted the heavy duty, was not good.

‘Together with Manus.....’

If it was like before, Reitas would have undertook all the big and small works of the kingdom and manage them.

Ave, the incompetent king and father, held no interest in politics.

Everything was Reitas' to take.

He had enjoyed that and had also thought proud of it.

‘Is even the King now bearing Manus in mind.’

His mouth felt bitter.

But even so, he didn't explode in anger nor show any signs of

discomfort.

‘Since that’s something only amateurs do.’

Reitas breathed in deeply and turned to the nobles and the commanders lining up on the sides.

“Since we have separately prepared a banquet, everyone, please do be sure to attend.”

“Yes. We shall do so.”

Everyone lowered their heads and answered.

From a glance, their expressions looked as if they were following all of Reitas’ orders.

However, they were each absorbed in complicated thoughts.

‘Should I be following Prince Reitas, or Prince Manus.’

‘Who is taking the leadership of the politics?’

The Pershion Kingdom’s nobles, just like the Rinse Kingdom’s nobles, had also began to weigh the two princes.

This was a slightly faster development than what Roan had



experienced in the last life.

Although, he himself didn't know of this truth.

“Baron Tale. I shall guide you to the banquet hall.”

“Thank you very much.”

Roan stood up from his seat and lowered his head.

‘I should be able to naturally meet Prince Manus.’

If the banquet opened up in a large scale, Manus too, who had been jointly entrusted this topic, would attend.

However, that was a miscalculation.

In the banquet that would open up from then on, a strange experience awaited.

Soon, with Reitas and Roan at the lead, numerous people moved their feet towards the banquet hall.

Clay, who had been quietly watching, silently kept his place and then discreetly headed outside the grand hall.

‘As expected, the mood of the palace is unusual from Prince

Manus' prominence.'

From the moment he had heard that Manus had defeated the Byron and Istel's allied army and saved the Pershion Kingdom, he expected that the events would flow bizarrely.

'The thing called power, you simply can't let go of it after tasting it once.'

In Reitas' position, it was a situation where he had to share the power, that he had all but grasped, with his brother.

No, it was a situation where it may be all snatched away.

'And here, if the numerous nobles and powerful families attach themselves to one of the two princes.....'

Possibly, an event even more ferocious than the Rinse Kingdom's throne succession competition may happen.

'At least our Kingdom has three princes so it's possible to keep each other in check, but.....'

The Pershion Kingdom only had two, Reitas and Manus.

If one person's power became too big, the other could only be swallowed.

‘First, I must grasp the mood of the capital, Althus, and the palace.’

With calm and composed eyes, Clay quickened his steps.

Flap.

He lightly shook his two hands.

It may seemed like a meaningless movement from a glance, but.

Flutter.

Five small birds flew up above his head.

They circled above Clay’s head, then soon scattered in every direction.

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The banquet was at an incredible scale enough for all the nobles and commanders gathered at the grand hall to attend.

Roan sat opposite of Reitas and tilted their drinks.

Next to him sat Harrison, Brian, and Clay, who had appeared late.

On the other side sat the kingdom's duke, marquis, and count.

'To think that I would share drinks and seats with a foreign kingdom's prince and nobles.'

Harrison unknowingly gulped.

On the other hand, Brian and Clay were greatly relaxed.

As the banquet progressed, they instead went around and chatted with the Pershion Kingdom's young nobles and military commanders.

Thanks to them, the banquet blossomed further the longer it went.

But wherever one went, there would always be someone who would break the good mood.

"Hmph! So even the rumors of the Crimson Ghost were all empty rumors."

A rather loud noise rang throughout the banquet hall.

The people who had been laughing and chatting searched the owner of the voice and turned their heads.

“Kuhu. What great drink!”

The one who once again shouted aloud was a man with a massive build.

Reitas, who was tipping his cup at the table, slightly frowned.

“Viscount Corin. It seems you’ve drank too much.”

He admonished in a quiet voice.

“There’s still more to go before I get drunk, sir!”

The massively built man, Viscount Harvey Corin, once again chugged the cup and slammed down on a table.

Boom!

Several delicate nobles, from the sudden shock, shrunk their bodies.

“The Istel prisoner bastards said that the Crimson Ghost literally brought to mind a war god. They have said that he, with a single spear, controlled the soaring flames like his own limbs and handled hundreds of enemies like playing with kids. Not only that, he is said to have not only stopped all of Istel Kingdom’s attacks but also assaulted their supply storage and led the war to victory.”

Although they was slightly exaggerated, those words were all true.

With slitted eyes, Harvey stared at Roan.

“And so I had thought that Baron Roan Tale, who is called the Crimson Ghost, would be a general with incredible skills. But when I look at him today, this is no more than a child who still smells of.....”

“Harvey Corin!”

Reitas cut into his words and roared.

“Khhm.”

Harvey couldn't quite finish his words and coughed.

But that didn't meant that his complaints had ended.

Filling up his mug, he muttered in a quiet voice.

“Since the Istel bastards didn't have much to show, they had blown up the rumors like that. Perhaps even Prince Manus defeating the Istel bastards wasn't such a hard thing.”

Manus' name abruptly came out of nowhere.

“Do stop yourself now.”

Reitas once again admonished him.

“Yes. Yes. Understood. From now on, I'll have my mouth shut tight.”

Harvey repeatedly nodded his head and then emptied his cup in one shot.

Reitas looked at that sight and made an awkward smile towards Roan.

“Baron Tale. Please forgive this disgrace. Viscount Harvey Corin has become drunk and had made a slip of his tongue.....”

The moment he spoke to that point, a young military commander, who had been tipping his cup while sitting at one side, abruptly stood up.

“Viscount Corin! No, Commander Corin! Were those words just now denouncing Prince Manus' military achievement?”

The moment he spoke those words, several young commanders also echoed his voice.

“I don’t think that should be something a sir who had consistently been losing early on in the war should say, though?”

“Prince Manus is someone who had saved the kingdom with a disadvantageous strength. He isn’t someone who should be hearing such critique.”

“Commander! Please take back your statement just now!”

The mood turned turbulent in an instant.

Harvey, who was emptying his cup with his mouth shut, exploded out a crazed laugh.

“Hahaha! You green bastards! So the children who just went out to the battlefield are pointing their fingers to a great commander of hundred battlefields!”

He then slammed violently down on the table.

Kaang!

“You’re overly arrogant and impudent just because you became a bit famous these days!”

Harvey suddenly jumped up from his seat and glared at the young commanders.



Then, the older commanders followed and stood up from their seats.

“Right! Commander Corin, you said it well. Even without it, I’ve not liked these young ones jumping around without knowing ups and downs.”

“The fledglings who had only been out on the battlefield for two, three years dare to treat us like some senile old men?”

“Have you forgotten all the achievements that we put our lives on and fought for!”

The mood turned even more tempestuous.

Between the preexisting commanders and the young commanders, a sharp atmosphere roared.

But for some reason, Reitas didn’t show any sign of attempting to intervene.

With his eyes closed, he was holding up an empty cup.

He looked to be in thought.

From a glance, it looked to be so.

But.

‘Viscount Harvey Corin. You’ve done well.’

Inwardly, he was smiling.

Harvey’s discourteous action was all Reitas’ plot.

‘So the faction following Manus is already this much, is it.....’

To discriminate those supporting Manus amongst the nobles and the commanders, he purposely started an fuss.

He had thought that if he used Roan, who was called the Crimson Ghost amongst the Istel Kingdom soldiers, he could naturally create the episode.

‘Hmm.’

Reitas let out a short sigh.

He slowly opened his eyes and put down the cup he was holding up.

“Baron Tale. It seems our commanders have all become drunk. I’ll have to end the banquet at this point.”

“Yes. I have already had plenty to drink.”

Roan slightly lowered his head.

Then, he soon led Harrison, Brian, and Clay, and exited the banquet hall.

Even in that while.

“Aren’t you saying too much!”

“How dare the immature one!”

The banquet hall was greatly clamorous.

“Huu!”

Roan, who went outside, spat out a long sigh.

He then turned to Harrison, Brian, and Clay, and asked shortly.

“How is it?”

“Yes?”

Harrison and Brian, not understanding his meaning, tilted their

heads.

But only Clay formed a faint smile and answered.

“However it is, it’s strange.”

“As expected.....”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

Smiling faintly, he whispered in a quiet voice.

“It seems Prince Reitas probably intends to use me as a chess piece.”

# Chapter 141: Veiled Strife (1)

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“As expected, there are more than we thought.”

“Yes. Amongst the young nobles and warriors, half of them support Prince Manus.”

“Hmph!”

The owner of the cold laugh was Prince Reitas Pershion.

Receiving the report of the scribes he had stationed at the banquet hall, he creased his brows.

‘It’s already a significant number just with the ones who openly support him. If I include those who support him secretly or are hesitating between me and Manus, that number should increase further.’

His heart felt heavy.

‘I thought that they said I’ve also done quite well until now.....’

In fact, he had excellently ran the kingdom’s management in place of the incompetent king.

The result wasn’t bad either.

Although it was a bit lacking compared to the neighboring countries, he was confident that it could stand up as equals with them if he continued to devote his strength.

‘I thought that they all approved and followed me.’

When Manus suddenly achieved the incredible deed, the foundation that he had thought to be strong began to shake from the roots.

What made it more bitter was the fact that Reitas knew the reason why.

‘Manus knows how to steal other people’s hearts.’

It wasn’t a technique.

That was a type of a gifted talent and charisma.

Without any special acts or words, he could turn the people around him to his supporters.

Now that that kind of guy had, intentionally or not, stepped up onto the political stage, it was natural that people’s attention would focus on Manus.

“And Baron Tale?”

“For now, there is no sign of him contacting Prince Manus.”

“Continue to watch him.”

It had only been two days since the banquet ended.

If Roan’s goal of the visit was related to Manus, it should more or less be a time that he showed some kind of movement.

“And to Manus and his close aides, increase the surveillance perso.....’

When he had spoke up to that point.

Knock, knock, knock.

The sound of knocking on the conference room door rang out.

“Who is it?”

One of his close aides, Baron Baite Inges, asked in Reitas’ place.

“It’s Katz, sir.”

Baronet Katz Hamner was the head butler who managed the

mansion that Reitas resided.

Baite turned his head and looked at Reitas.

When Reitas nodded his head, Baite answered in a loud voice.

“Come in.”

The moment he spoke those words, the conference room’s door opened carefully.

From between the narrowly opened door, an old man in late middle age, Katz, extended his head in.

“A person came from the Boen Guild.”

“Boen Guild?”

Reitas, who had been staying quiet, creased his brows.

One of the close aides tilted his head.

“If it’s Boen Guild, isn’t it a thieves guild?”

“Yes, that is correct. It’s the largest guild in the kingdom.”



Katz answered with a polite expression.

Reitas stared straight at Katz.

“For what business did he come to me?”

“He has brought an important letter. He said that the Prince had to personally check the letter’s sender and the contents.....”

“Hmm.”

Reitas leaked a quiet groan.

It wasn’t something that could be comprehended easily.

Boen Guild was the largest thieves guild in the Kingdom.

Obviously, the guards as well as even the Kingdom’s troops were chasing the bastards’ backs with light in their eyes.

‘There is no way that they don’t know that we plan to arrest every single one of them.’

But for them to visit him despite that must mean that this was significantly important matter.

Reitas nodded after ending a short contemplation.

Seeing that sight, Katz slightly lowered his head and disappeared.

A moment later.

Kkiiig.

The conference room's doors opened cautiously and an ordinary looking young man appeared.

Stepping up in front of Reitas, he kneeled down on one knee and lowered his head.

“I greet your highness Prince Reitas Pershion.”

“You said there's an important letter?”

He went straight to the point.

Reitas didn't wished to have a long talk with likes of a lowly thief.

This was the very difference between him and Manus.

Although the person himself completely didn't understood why that became a problem.

“Yes. It is a letter delivered with the cooperation of three guilds, including us, Boen Guild.”

“Three guilds? Who is the sender?”

Reitas frowned as he asked.

Even the close aide nobles, including Baite, had curious expressions.

The young man, with his knee still kneeled and head lowered, placed his right hand inside his chest pocket.

Chang!

Immediately, the commanders around him pulled out their swords in reflex and pointed them at his throat.

“The letter is in the chest pocket.”

The young man, with a slightly nervous look, very slowly took out the hand he put inside the chest pocket.

A small and thin envelope came out between the tips of his fingers.

“Here it is, sir.”

Although his voice shook a bit at the end, he wasn't frightened.

One of the commanders snatched the letter and politely passed it to Reitas.

Reitas glanced over the outside of the envelope.

There was nothing written there.

Rip.

When he opened the mouth of the envelope and took out the letter, he could see tightly written contents.

It was a familiar handwriting.

For a long while, Reitas carefully perused the letter's content.

The more he read, a smile kept creeping up on his mouth.

That was, somehow, a sinister smile.

“Huhuhu, so is that so.....”

Reitas folded the letter and placed it inside the envelope once

again, and then turned towards the young man.

“You’ve delivered an important letter well. I shall grant a handsome compensation.”

“Thank you very much.”

The young man once again lowered his head and then exited the conference room with a young noble.

Baite asked in a cautious voice seemingly as if he was waiting.

“What kind of letter is it, sir?”

At those words, Reitas faintly smiled and muttered in a quiet voice.

“It’s a letter from an old friend.”

The smile on the tip of his mouth became even darker.

“A friend living in a very far away place.”

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“Although it’s plain compared to the Miller Castle, this is a truly clean and well organized city.”

“Yes. And even the residents’ expressions seem very good.”

The people who were quietly chatting as they walked the streets inside Althus Castle were Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay.

After the banquet ended few days ago, they were walking around the inside of Althus Castle, the capital of the Pershion Kingdom, and broadening their experiences.

Since they had come far, they were determined to learn at least a single thing.

Of course, they were fully answering invitations of Reitas or powerful nobles.

“Anyway, is there still no response from Prince Manus’ side?”

“Yes. we’ve sent a letter several times, but there is no answer.”

At Roan’s question, Clay quickly answered.

Currently, Roan had sent a letter several times in order to meet Manus.

Although he couldn’t carelessly extend his hand due to analysing the surrounding moods, since it was the goal of the visit, it was more or less time to meet Manus.

But for some reason, there was no reaction from Manus' side.

‘How troublesome.’

But even so, he couldn't thoughtlessly go visit Manus.

That was an act that went against courtesy, but most of all, it could drag in excessive attention from Reitas if he were to pointlessly raise a fuss.

‘Even without that, the number of spies around us increased.’

Using the Kalian's Tears and Flamdor Mana Technique, Roan had noticed those who circled around or stayed near him.

‘Do I have to find another way.....’

Roan fell into deep thoughts as he walked the streets bustling with crowds.

At that moment.

“You bad Istel guys! Die!”

“We are the brave Pershion Kingdom army!”

“Waaaaa!”

Childish voices hit his ears.

At a small vacant space at the end of a street, small boys and girls were gathered playing make-believe war.

All holding shoddy sticks and pieces of planks, they divided into three groups and repeatedly touched and separated.

One of the children who looked like their leader raised a stick up high.

“My name is Manus Pershion! Take my sword!”

That very boy seemed to have taken the role of the protagonist.

When he swung his stick, the children standing in front of him all collapsed.

The surprising thing was that amongst those children, a tall and mature young man was there.

“For a fully grown man to play a make-believe war with children..... he is an interesting young man.”

Brian brightly smiled and whispered.



Harrison and Clay too nodded their heads and made amused expressions.

Meanwhile, the young man who fell playfully grasped his chest and rolled on the ground.

“Ugh!”

He even let out a pained groan.

“Waaaah! Prince Manus beat the Byron and Istel allied army!”

“Hurray! Hurray!”

The children who followed the leading child raised their hands up high and cheered.

Then, the boys and girls who had fallen also stood up instantly, came together, and cheered

The young man who rolled on the ground also shouted along with the children and cheered.

“Hahaha!”

A hearty laugh filled the empty lot.

Suddenly, the young man who had been jumping around like a mischief noticed Roan and his group standing at the entrance of the lot.

He instantly stood still, then stepped away from the children and walked towards Roan.

Tap, tap.

Even though the surrounding was definitely noisy, it felt as if he could clearly hear the sound of his steps.

Roan quietly stood still and stared at the face of the young man who approached.

Boom.

A feeling as if his heart suddenly dropped.

The tips of his eyes trembled sharply.

‘This young man.....’

He could feel an intense trembling from deep within his body.

That was also the same for the young man.

‘This man.....’

He stood in front of Roan and quietly stared into his eyes.

Roan and the young man, the two stared at each other without a word.

And as if they planned beforehand, they both formed bright smiles.

Roan could tell.

‘It’s this person.’

He slowly bowed at his waist.

“It is an honor to meet you.’

He spoke in a calm voice.

“Prince Manus Pershion.”

The instant he spoke those words, Harrison, Brian, and Clay, who had been behind him, hurriedly lowered their heads.

‘Manus?’

‘That young man is Prince Manus Pershion?’

They slightly creased their foreheads.

Clay especially had an expression that simply couldn’t believe it even more than them.

‘Even though my lord shouldn’t know Prince Manus’ face?’

It was an incomprehensible situation.

At that moment, the young man, who had been standing still, lowered his head and spoke in a soft voice.

“I am also honored to meet you, Baron Roan Tale.”

The young man, he was truly Manus Pershion.

And he too noticed Roan’s identity instantly.

It wasn’t because he knew the face.

He could feel and become certain the instant he saw him.

Roan and Manus once again raised their heads and stared at each other's face.

‘This person.....’

The two people, at the same time, thought the same thought.

‘Isn't an ordinary person.’

The tips of their mouths slowly went up.

Roan and Manus.

The meeting of the two heroes who would shake the continent was formed suddenly like so.

Along with an intense echo.

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“Kallum, at least for this time, let us combine our strengths.”

“Yes, older brother Tommy. Since we have lost the lead to elder brother Simon this time as well.”

Within a brilliant reception room.

In the middle, Tommy and Kallum sat facing each other and were exchanging a secret conversation.

“Damn it, to think he would find the news of Pershion Kingdom’s war so much earlier than us.”

Tommy spat out a swear with a look mixed with irritation.

After Roan had left to Pershion Kingdom, the news of the Pershion Kingdom, the Byron Kingdom, and the Istel Kingdom’s war reached the capital, Miller.

The appearance of a prominent hero called Manus Pershion fiercely heated up the Rinse Kingdom.

Obviously, talks of forming a friendly relationship with the Pershiono Kingdom came out of numerous ministers’ mouths.

Kallum had thought of it as a chance.

Using Reitas, who was a close friend with him, he planned to raise a big achievement.

But at that moment, Simon stepped up to the front.

On that spot and with a confident and proud attitude, he revealed the truth that he had already sent Roan to the Pershion Kingdom.

“Huu, that sly man.”

Kallum exhaled a short sigh.

“Thanks to that, only we’ve been marked as incompetent ones again.”

Tommy’s face twisted even further.

But he soon looked at Kallum and formed a peculiar smile.

“But this time, things should go well thanks to you.”

“I never expected that I should receive Reitas’ help in this way.”

Kallum quietly muttered and then leaned his chin on his folded hands.

Realizing that he was a step behind Simon, he quickly allied with Tommy.

It was because the gap in the throne succession competition would widen too much if they lost even the achievement this time.

Using the thieves guild under Tommy’s influence, Kallum sent a secret letter to Reitas.

“I have also meticulously wrote the information on Harrison, Brian, and Clay who are said to have went with him.”

“Right. We shouldn’t make light of those guys. Especially that guy called Clay.”

“Yes. Since even Reitas wouldn’t have thought that a druid could possibly have appeared again.”

The fact that Clay was a druid was widely known around the capital, Miller.

That was because he had personally revealed himself as a druid when he rounded up the Janis information agency in one move.

“The leak in the information on our side too, it must all be that guy’s work.”

“And because of that, didn’t we now put up a mana barrier like this?”

The two people looked at each other and made acrid smiles.

Around the meeting room, small mana stones shined light.

Tommy and Kallum then grabbed cups of wine.



“Then, should we await the good news?”

Kallum nodded at Tommy’s words.

If the work this time goes well, Simon’s spirit would fall flat.

“It should be quite a sad news for older brother Simon.”

Kallum cheerfully smiled and moved his cup.

Chang.

The cups touched each other and a clear sound rang out.

Even while tipping their cups, Tommy and Kallum didn’t take their eyes off of each other.

The two were thinking similar thoughts.

After brother Simon, it’s your turn next.’

‘After elder brother Simon, older brother is next.’

\*\*\*\*\*

From their first meeting, Roan and Manus felt a strong attraction towards each other.

Although the two wanted to immediately move to another place and talk, Manus suddenly received a summon from the palace and could only promise of another day.

“I’ll definitely make sure to invite you.”

After talking with him, they found out that, unexpectedly, Manus wasn’t able to check the invitations Roan had sent until now.

It was because there was almost no time in which he spent inside his mansion after returning to the capital, Althus Castle.

Watching Manus leaving towards the palace, Roan made a faint smile.

“He is a much better person than I thought.”

Harrison, who was near him, nodded at those words.

“Yes. I had never expected that he, even with the status of a prince, would be playing along with commoner children.”

“And furthermore, with the children of the soldiers who died in the war this time.....”

Brian formed a peculiar look as he added on.

Manus was completely different person than the royalty he knew of.

‘The nameless soldiers who could only die due to his order. For them, Manus lowered his head.’

Roan breathed in deeply.

The heart that trembled and ached calmed down.

Manus searched and visited the people who lost their fathers, husbands, older and younger brothers, and so on from the war and lowered his head.

He absolutely didn’t care whether they were royalties, nobles, commoners, or slaves.

To him, they were all one family.

‘If Manus lives and blossoms his abilities.....’

The Pershion Kingdom would join the ranks of the strongest nations in the continent’s northeast.

“Anyway.....”

Roan, who had been thinking of various thoughts, turned his head and looked at Clay.

“A sudden summon to the palace, isn’t it strange?”

Furthermore, he could feel the surrounding personnel that were spying on them jolt intensely.

Clay stepped tightly close to Roan and nodded his head.

“Yes. This does not feel very good, sir. Most of all.....”

With a quiet voice, he added on.

His face was somewhat serious.

“The birds have all died.”

## Chapter 142: Veiled Strife (2)

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“That the birds have all died means.....?”

“It probably means that Prince Reitas’ side has noticed something, sir.”

Roan, Clay, Harrison, and Brian returned to their residence and secretly chatted.

Roan also knew that Clay was using birds to collect information.

This was because Clay had reported it afterwards.

Although it was something that was acted on before the report, he didn’t have any particular plans to reprimand him.

This was because understanding the information of the surroundings when in a faraway nation became that great a strength.

“Is there a proof that Prince Reitas’ side is responsible for this?”

Brian, who was next to him, asked cautiously.

Clay slowly nodded his head.

“According to the information they have sent before they died, it is certain. Prince Reitas has called mages and been searching for the signs of druids.”

“Ah.....!”

Brian leaked out a quiet exclaim.

Roan, who was submerged in thought, asked Clay with a quiet voice.

“Then does this mean your identity has become known even here?”

“Yes. The possibility of that is high.”

Harrison frowned at those words.

“Persion Kingdom’s intelligence strength doesn’t seem that great, though?”

Clay nodded his head.

“Yes. That is correct. Compared to us, the Persion Kingdom’s intelligence strength is at a paltry level.”

“Then how.....?”

“There are plenty of methods to find out my, no our identities regardless of one’s intelligence strength. For example, Someone may have purposely told them our identities.”

The light in his eyes calmed down coldly.

But the tips of his mouth at least were slightly raised.

It was a strange smile.

Brian, who had been listening, asked in a cautious manner.

“By someone.....?”

Clay answered without a hesitation.

“In this situation, the possibility of it being Prince Kallum Rinse is high.”

Clay.

Just from the fact that the birds he let out for espionage had died, he had instantly inferred who had intruded on the current situation.

Roan nodded his head.

“The probability of Prince Kallum sending a letter to Prince Reitas, who is his friend, is plenty enough.”

“The problem is.....”

With a slightly serious voice unlike him, Clay spoke up.

“There is almost zero possibility that he had only wrote about our identities in the letter.”

“What do you mean?”

Harrison slightly creased his forehead.

Clay faintly smiled.

“It means that if I was Prince Kallum, I would have also written in a frightening request.”

“Hmm.”

Roan let out a quiet groan.

He understood the meaning of Clay’s words right away.



“The situation is flowing complicatedly. Then is it impossible to get information on Prince Reitas’ side anymore?”

In such a situation and in a foreign country, especially within a territory of someone who may be an enemy, losing one’s eyes and ears was a greatly dangerous thing.

Clay contemplated for a moment, then exhaled a short sigh.

“Huu. It isn’t such that there isn’t any method, sir.”

“Hhm?”

Roan wordlessly stared into Clay’s eyes.

Clay calmly gazed at that stare, and then slowly lowered his head.

“Please leave Prince Reitas’ side to me. I will.....”

Already, confidence overflowed in his voice.

“Become my lord’s eyes and ears.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“As expected, it is so.”

Within a reception room inside the palace, Clay formed a strange smile.

As a member of a foreign envoy, his access to the palace was on the freer side, but he couldn't roam beyond the restricted areas.

For this reason, Clay, at an area that is allowed access, raised all of his senses and observed the aura within the palace.

‘The number of mages are approximately ten.’

As expected, it was all because of the mages that the birds, which had undertaken the espionage mission, had died.

‘Their skills are about third circle.....’

If so, it wasn't too hopeless a situation.

‘I wanted to refrain from doing this since it seriously hurts after doing it once, but.....’

Clay bitterly smiled and entered a well groomed flowerbed outside the reception room's terrace.

It was a sight that, if someone saw, one would click his tongue asking just why would anyone go in there.

A moment later.

Meow.

With a cute cry, a cat suddenly jumped out.

It shook its body back and forth, then soon crossed the garden and ran towards the palace.

Long time passed after that, but Clay, who had entered the bush, did not show up again.

Like that, the sun went down and darkness fell.

Meow.

A cat's cry tore through the silence of the night and echoed.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’ve finally become able to formally greet you, sir.”

“Yes. This took much longer time than we expected.”

Roan and Manus sat inside a simple reception room and chatted.

After their chance meeting at the street, the two were able to meet two days after that.

Manus bashfully smiled and showed an apologetic look.

“Because there were too many places calling me here and there, I simply wasn’t able to make any time. I apologize.”

“Yes. It should be quite a busy time for you, sir.”

Roan cheerily smiled and shook his hand as if to say it’s okay.

‘It’s all because of Prince Reitas’ ploy.....’

The light in his eyes instantly settled down.

‘Prince Reitas is intentionally impeding the meeting between Prince Manus and me.’

This was the truth that he found out through the spy report in the last few days.

For now, only that much was for certain.

‘Clay has been working hard.’

Regardless of his values, right now, he was doing his utmost for Roan.

“Anyway, the Istel Kingdom troops seemed to shake and tremble whenever the story about the Crimson Ghost came up.”

“It’s all an empty name.”

At Manus’ words, Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“Rather, I was greatly surprised. To think you would defeat the Byron and Istel’s allied army alone. You really are amazing.”

“There wasn’t much that I did. It was all thanks to the soldiers who fought well.”

This time, Manus smiled as he shook his head.

For a time, the two shared stories about wars and battles.

At first, it was about the war between the Pershion Kingdom, the Byron Kingdom, and the Istel allied army, and then the story about the Rinse Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom’s war followed.

“Oh! So the information troop’s part was truly great in assaulting the supply storage.”

At the utility of the information that decided the outcome of the war, Manus showed a great interest.

Due to that, the stories naturally began to center around Roan.

From the numerous monster expeditions before the war with the Istel Kingdom to the recent Poskein Exodus and the suppression of Elton Coat's rebellion, various stories of wars and battles continued.

"It's truly amazing. To think you would think up an idea to use a fleet in that situation. And the tactic of dividing the legion in half and disguising them as the enemy troop too is amazing."

Each time Manus heard the stories, he greatly exclaimed in awe.

In this process, Roan thought that he was quite similar to himself.

'Despite being a royalty, he doesn't discriminate between people.'

It was as if watching someone of a commoner background.

A feeling of becoming calm and openness.

That was also the same for Manus.

‘His outstanding talent is one thing, but the person himself is truly great.’

Perhaps because he was a noble from a commoner background, he had no prejudice when facing a person.

Most of all, the two people both understood that people were the most important thing.

Furthermore.

“Baron Tale. When I was experiencing the war this time and constructing camps.....”

“That really is an interesting idea. From what I know, in the Estia Empire’s tactics division.....”

Even the figures of Roan and Manus deeply studying and analyzing topics that most royalty and nobles would consider below them were the same.

“Then for this.....”

“Instead like this.....”

Thanks to that, the pleasant conversation continued on without heed of the passing of the time.

In no time, darkness settled outside the reception room.

“Hahaha! Today truly was fun. I didn’t notice the time passing.”

Manus opened his shoulders wide and blossomed a laugh.

“Yes. It really was an enjoyable time to me as well.”

It wasn’t simply fun.

Through the various conversations over numerous topics, there were much that he had learned or realized.

The two heartily laughed for a while, and then stared straight at each other’s face.

For a moment, a silent flowed.

The first one to spoke up was Roan.

“Prince Manus. I look forwards to working with you.”

They were sudden and unexpected words.

But Manus cheerfully smiled and shook Roan’s hand.



“Same here.”

Roan and Manus’ gazes fiercely met.

Roan’s plan to somehow form friendship with Manus succeeded extremely easily.

There wasn’t any need for complicated schemes or petty tricks.

The two people’s hearts resonated and they both felt a strong pull towards each other.

That was simply what fate was.

But suddenly, Roan had a certain thought.

‘Then was it not meant to be in the last life?’

He definitely thought that he was reliving the same life.

But could a fate change?

Tangled thoughts filled his head.

But Roan soon shook his head.

‘Whatever it may be, it’s fine just to have met a good person.’

Now was simply a time to be honestly happy and rejoice.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Is that so? So they ultimately met.....”

Reitas rubbed the tip of his chin with one hand and frowned.

Roan and Manus’ meeting was immediately reported to Reitas’ ears.

Already, he had planted significant number of spies in Manus’ mansion and its surrounding.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter anymore whether Baron Tale’s goal is friendship with Manus or not.’

Reitas fingered the letter, that he had put on top of the table, with the tip of his fingers.

A letter from a friend living far away.

‘Kallum. I will proceed with the work as you have asked.’

The sender of the letter was in fact Rinse Kingdom’s Third Prince

Kallum Rinse.

A sinister smile hung from Reitas' mouth.

'You will be the Rinse Kingdom's next king, and I will become the Pershion Kingdom's next king.'

In the letter that Kallum had sent, it was written to help each other for that purpose.

It wasn't a bad deal from Reitas' position.

Also.

Most of all, Kallum's offer was something that Reitas could never refuse.

In truth, Roan was someone who didn't matter at all from Reitas' position.

For him, it was a situation where he just needed to take Manus' life, who could endanger his throne.

But the suspicions that he would receive when that happens.

The suspicion that the older brother had killed his younger brother, that was the very problem.

If he killed Manus, that suspicion would forever follow him like a tail.

‘Kallum, you truly are amazing.’

Reitas mouthed a vicious smile.

On Kallum’s letter, a method that he hadn’t even thought of was written down.

‘Erase both Roan’s group and Manus, and fabricate Roan as a foreign spy who came to assassinate Manus!’

The dead speak no words.

In short, it was to blame all the crime on Roan.

Various schemes quickly passed through Reitas’ head.

Just in time, a good idea appeared.

The smile that hung from his mouth turned darker.

“Katz. I’m opening an emergency meeting. Pass the summons.”

At Reitas' words, the head butler Baronet Katz Hamner quickly exited the office.

A moment later, Baron Baite Inges, who acted as his close aide, as well as numerous nobles and commanders gathered one after another.

Reitas moved the location to the meeting room, then explained Roan and Manus' current situation.

“Now that the two have met, we cannot delay the time any further.”

Reitas placed Kallum's letter on the table and formed a vicious smile.

“There is no need to worry of the consequences.”

With slightly tense looks, they all gulped.

Reitas glanced through them and spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“Now, I will share the plan with you.”

It was a somewhat icy voice.

“I plan to make Roan Tale the assassinator of Manus.”

“Ah.....!”

Quiet exclamations leaked out from here and there.

For a while, frightening schemes were spread out.

Gulp.

Every nobles and commanders gulped with nervous looks.

Reitas, who had finished his story, looked around at them and shrugged.

“What do you think?”

Baron Baite Inges answered faster than others.

“It, it’s excellent, sir!”

“It’s good.”

“If it goes according to the plan, everything should become perfect.”

The nobles and the commanders echoed a moment late.

Reitas widely smiled and nodded his head.

“Good. Since a rough outline has been made, do try and set up a proper plan. Since we have to finish the work before Roan Tale leaves.”

“Yes. Understood.”

The nobles and the commanders smiled sinisterly as they lowered their heads.

At that moment, a black shadow reflected through the window outside Reitas' meeting room.

Flinch.

Everyone abruptly turned their heads.

The most swift one amongst the commanders opened the window and looked outside.

Meow.

With a quiet noise, a cat ran away on top of the windowsill.

At that sight, the commander exhaled a short sigh.

“It was a cat.”

His voice was as if it was trivial.

But Reitas instead turned with a stiff face towards the mage that was sitting with them.

Understanding Reitas’ meaning, he soon shook his head.

“It isn’t it. There is no smell of a druid. It probably was really just a cat.”

“Then that’s good.....”

With a slightly relieved look, Reitas nodded his head.

After learning of the fact that one of Roan’s group named Clay was a druid, it became a situation where he doubted every animal.

Reitas pushed down on the table and stood up from his seat.

“Good. Then all of you each devote yourself to your mission.”

“Yes. Understood.”



All of them answered in one voice as they lowered their heads.

Reitas looked at them and whispered in a quiet voice.

“If I become the king, I will grant all of you high peerages and expansive fiefs.”

The instant he spoke those words, the faces of those who were within the room glowed red.

A powerful authority and incredible wealth.

If they could make Reitas the king, they could grasp it all.

The air of viscid greed and ambition blew.

\*\*\*\*\*

After their last meeting, there were more times when Roan and Manus spent together.

In that time, they discussed through all sorts of subjects including personal works as well as politics, economy, society, strategy, tactics, and more.

Today as well, Roan went to Manus the instant the day

brightened.

“Baron Tale! You’ve also come early today. Then should we first have a cup of tea?”

Manus warmly smiled and welcomed Roan.

It was the same look as always.

Usually, Roan would brightly smile here and ask for latua tea.

But for some reason, Roan’s expression today was horribly dark.

“Prince.”

“Yes?”

At Roan’s serious face that he had never seen until now, Manus formed a worried look.

In a quiet voice, Roan spoke as if to whisper.

“There is something I have to tell you privately.”

“Hhm. Understood.”

Instead of asking what it is, Manus slowly nodded his head and called away the people near them.

The two headed to Manus' office.

Tap. Tap.

The steps sounded unusually loud today.

“Did something happen?”

Manus sat down on one side and cautiously asked.

Roan couldn't easily answer and quietly stared at Manus' face.

‘I've contemplated for days whether I should tell him or not, but.....’

He couldn't reach a clear decision.

But.

‘It's already the third day since I received Clay's report. If I hesitate any longer, Prince Manus will be in danger.’

In the end, he could only say it.

This wasn't a rational decision but an emotional one.

Roan stared straight into Manus' eyes.

“Prince.”

“Yes. Please speak.”

As if to say he is ready to hear any words, Manus made a faint smile.

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

“How much do Prince Manus trust Prince Reitas?”

“Yes?”

Instantly, Manus' expression froze stiff.

The smile that hung from his mouth disappeared as if wiped clean.

With a greatly twisted face, he stared at Roan.

No, he glared.

Until now, he hadn't seen Manus' face like this.

Roan once again let out a short sigh.

“Prince. Right now, Prince Reitas is.....”

When he spoke up to that point.

Boom.

Manus suddenly stood up from his seat.

Roan stared at Manus with a slightly shocked expression.

Manus looked straight at Roan and spoke in a quiet voice.

“Please leave now.”

“Yes?”

When Roan asked back, Manus abruptly shouted aloud.

“I said please leave now!”

“Prince. But please listen to my.....”

“I do not want to hear it.”

Manus cut off his words and walked up in front of the door.

He opened the office door and stepped aside.

It was a clear order to leave.

Roan tried to speak up again, but saw Manus’ expression and closed his mouth.

Manus’ expression was greatly complicated.

Anger, sadness, emptiness, despair.....

The unpleasant emotions were chaotically mixed together.

But amongst them, Roan could feel one emotion clearly.

‘He is sorry.’

Because of that, he couldn’t bring out up any more words.

Roan slowly moved his steps and went out of the office.

Boom.

As if it was waiting, the door closed.

The wind pushed Roan's back.

As if to say to hurry and go.

“Huu.”

Roan exhaled out a long sign.

The inside of his head was disheveled.

At that moment, he couldn't understand Manus' reaction.

‘The situation is.....’

His lips parched drily.

‘Flowing badly.’

That at least was certain.

But even so, he couldn't give up.

It wasn't as if there was no other way.

‘For now, I should knock against it.’

Roan tightly clenched his fist and moved his steps.

Tap. Tap.

The steps echoed through the corridor.

Much louder than before.



## Chapter 143 : Veiled Strife (3)

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The history was no different than a board with perfectly set process and result.

Although he didn't knew it at the time, seemingly insignificant things often were the cause or the starting point of incredibly great events in retrospect.

And when such seemingly insignificant things and seemingly unrelated things pile up and up, they soon become the history.

‘The thing called history is much bigger and heavier than I had thought.’

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

He wanted to shake that perfectly set board called history.

No, to be exact, he wished to flip the board that would become history.

‘Prince Reitas cannot become the Pershion Kingdom’s king like in the last life.’

Because of that, he tried to save Manus Pershion.

‘Prince Manus doesn’t have to become the next king. But at least,

he has to.....’

When his thought reached that point.

“He didn’t even try to listen, sir?”

Harrison and Brian asked with slightly shocked faces.

Roan nodded instead of answering.

On the other hand, Clay had a rather composed look.

“If he had that much reaction to the words asking how much he trusts Prince Manus.....”

He spoke in an indifferent voice.

“Then it must mean that Prince Manus has already recognized on his own the complex problem between himself and Prince Reitas.”

“As expected, is it so.....”

Roan made a bitter smile and exhaled a short sigh.

The mood became heavy.

Clay, who had been still, opened his mouth with a little odd expression.

“My lord. This is something I wish to tell you now that the situation has become like this, and in truth, I had a one point of question ever since when I first heard of the work this time.”

Roan quietly stared at Clay as if to tell him to say it.

Clay faintly smiled and continued his words.

“If the goal was for the principle of befriending a faraway nation and attacking the ones near, the current situation is enough. Although Pershion’s king is incompetent and the friendship between Prince Reitas and Prince Kallum is close, the ones who reconnected the severed connection between the two nations are us. Anyone and everyone will recognize that deed.”

This was the truth.

The incompetent Pershion King had granted them a letter with a content about strengthening the two countries’ friendship. This was because the royalty as well as many nobles felt danger at the Byron Kingdom and Istel Kingdom’ invasion this time.

As Clay had said, the situation was such that they would have raised big merit even if they returned right at that moment.

“There’s no need to go out of our way and be so concerned for an

utter stranger, and especially for Prince Manus who is a prince of a foreign kingdom. Furthermore, Prince Reitas is currently aiming for lord's life as well. Although Prince Manus' situation is pitiable, our lord's safety is more important from our position. I think it would be better for us to step back at this point and return to our kingdom."

At those words, Harrison and Brian nodded their heads.

According to Clay's intelligence, Reitas planned to ask Roan for an academy lecture.

Of course, that was a trap.

'Also.....'

Roan's interest in Manus was on the excessive side.

Because his talent is outstanding?

Even so, he was a foreign kingdom's prince.

From Rinse Kingdom's position, he was an existence that could turn into an enemy at any time.

Clay's words continued.

“With this much, even Prince Simon would be satisfied. If Prince Manus reacted that violently, then let us leave at this point. If we stay any longer, we may be done in by Prince Reitas’ side.”

At those words, Roan slowly shook his head.

“No. We must save him.”

His voice was calm but resolute.

Slightly creasing his brows, Clay cautiously asked.

“Is there perhaps another goal, sir?”

“That.....”

Roan looked back and forth between Clay, Harrison, and Brian, then spoke in a quiet voice.

“I will tell you at a later date. Now, now isn’t the time just yet.”

“Hmm.”

Clay leaked a quiet groan.

On the other hand, Harrison and Brian slowly nodded their heads and then no longer held any interest.

Looking at them, Roan inwardly exhaled a sigh.

‘I can’t just thoughtlessly tell them about the future, and.....’

A slightly complicated look reflexed on his face.

‘Once Prince Reitas climbs onto the throne, the next is Prince Kallum Rinse’s turn.’

The decisive reason that the third prince Kallum Rinse was able to step ahead of the two older brothers and climb to the throne.

That was because that there was Reitas’ help.

Reitas, who rose to the throne ahead of Kallum, extensively supported and backed his friend Kallum.

‘I didn’t quite realize it in the last life, but now that I looked at it.....’

That was a very well-set up board.

When Reitas became the Pershion Kingdom’s king, Kallum used the principle of befriending a faraway nation and attacking the ones near.

No, in truth, that was closer to a military alliance.

Together with Reitas, Kallum attacked the Byron Kingdom from the South and the West and took tens of castles.

Word for word, it was an incredible military achievement.

‘As Prince Kallum won again and again in the war with the Byron Kingdom, Duke Francis Wilson, who had been a neutral faction, joined Prince Kallum’s faction.’

For generations, Duke Wilson’s house held incredible hostility towards the Byron Kingdom.

Especially in case of Francis, his hostility was incited especially greatly because his father had fallen in a war with the Byron Kingdom.

‘Prince Kallum could only look pleasant in his eyes.’

Ultimately, the balance between the kingdom’s four dukes fell, and the throne succession competition leaned towards Kallum.

‘And with Prince Tommy suddenly dying and King Reitas Pershion on a winning streak, the throne ultimately became Prince Kallum’s.’

And Simon became the Mad Monarch.

‘And if we look at Prince Reitas and Prince Manus’ current situation.....’

It felt as if Manus and Tommy’s deaths were deeply related to Reitas and Kallum.

Manus’ death, Reitas’ ascension to the throne, Kallum’s meteoric rise, Tommy’s death, Kallum’s ascension to the throne.

And.

The Great Warring Era.

It felt as if the things that seemed seamlessly unrelated from a glance, the events that Roan hadn’t noticed in the last life were all twisted together as one.

It literally was an excellently set board.

And that became the history.

‘If Prince Kallum becomes the next king, I will be driven to a corner.’

There is no reason for him to keep Roan, who as Simon’s close aide, alive.



No, he was already trying to kill him.

‘I must keep Prince Manus alive.’

Manus’ death that became the starting point of everything.

He aimed to stop that.

He aimed to flip the history from the last life.

‘And.....’

The light in Roan’s eyes calmly settled down.

There was one more reason that he was trying to save Manus.

‘If I will stay as Prince Simon’s subordinate, Prince Manus may not be necessary. Since I just need to check Prince Kallum like now. But for me to become a monarch.....’

He needed Manus.

Roan’s dream was a monarch of a kingdom.

‘With the current situation, I should shape up a foundation with

the Tale fief as the center.'

Meaning that if he ultimately raised up a country, he could only clash with the Rinse Kingdom.

Whether that was through a just process or treason, or whether that the person he clashed against is Simon, Tommy, or Kallum.

To Roan, Rinse Kingdom was a wall that he had to one day overcome.

'The moment I raise a nation, the surrounding kingdoms will all thoroughly become enemy nations.'

If the situation became so, there would be a limit to finding a collaborator within the Rinse Kingdom.

And the situations for Istel Kingdom and Byron Kingdom were obvious.

Once it became a war of a kingdom against a kingdom, a monarch against a monarch, he needed an appropriate reinforcement.

To Roan, Manus was someone who had the possibility of becoming that very such collaborator.

'The most outstanding person amongst those who I can currently form friendship with.'

Everything was a preparative move for the future.

A preparatory move for a future called a monarch.

Of course, he didn't knew that the situation would flow like this.

It was truly an incredible danger.

But if he thought of it differently, it was also an incredible opportunity.

‘If I could just turn this issue around, the position of the Pershion Kingdom’s future monarch would be Prince Manus’ to take.’

Once he organized his thoughts, an even more resolute determination arose.

‘I must save Prince Manus.’

At that moment, he heard Clay’s voice.

“If you truly must save Prince Manus that much, we would need to hurry, my lord. It seems like Prince Reitas’ side is almost done with their preparations, you see.”

“Hmm.”

With a quiet groan, Roan nodded his head.

“I can only go back and meet him again.”

“Sir, you are going to go meet him again even though you’ve been chased out like that?”

Harrison slightly frowned.

To him, Roan was more important than Manus.

Roan faintly smiled and stood up from his seat.

“Something like face isn’t important when saving a person.”

“But my lord.....”

Harrison and Brian called out to Roan with stiff expressions.

Roan nodded as if to say it’s okay, then turned to Clay.

“Clay. You watch Prince Reitas’ movements a bit more meticulously.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Clay lightly lowered his head.

Roan then moved his steps out of the office.

As the situation was such, he had to go find Manus once again.

When he just came out of the residence.

“Un?”

Roan’s eyes opened widely.

Outside the door, a familiar face could be seen.

“Prince Manus.....”

The young man who was standing still in the darkness was Prince Manus Pershion.

Roan quickly lowered his head.

Manus, who was looking at Roan with a complicated expression, slowly approached and lowered his head.

“I’m sorry about what happened in the morning.”

His voice was quiet and deeply heavy.

As if he had resolved on something, he exhaled a long sigh and then spoke in a quiet voice.

“The story Baron Tale was going to say..... let me hear it.”

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‘Someone like me would’ve been better if I was a fool.’

From when he was young, Manus had such thought.

He cursed his preeminent talent.

The reason was simple.

‘Brother, my older brother Reitas is slowly distancing himself from me.’

As a member of royalty, and especially as a prince who was second in line to the throne succession, Manus was aware that his great talent would become a seed of conflict.

It was something unrelated to his own desire.

‘If I showed a great talent, people who follow me will definitely appear.’

A faction would be formed if people gathered, and tragic things, completely regardless of Manus’ will, would happen if a faction was formed.

That would also include that Reitas.

In the end, a situation where brothers who loved and cared for each other point their swords towards each other would arise.

‘To avoid such situation, I had lived a life where I only read books and went on trips.’

He didn’t went out of his way to show off his ability.

He also had no interest in politics or authority.

He simply wished to cheer his brother Reitas on and live a quiet and peaceful life.

But as the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom invaded, that dream was shattered into dust.

‘Since I couldn’t watch the sight of the kingdom falling down just to hide my talent.’

In the end, Manus went past the nobles who only voiced for surrender, led a legion by himself, and went on a counterattack.

He went through the west and the south and perfectly defeated the invading army.

As he wished, he saved the kingdom.

But because of that, he earned the fame, people, and power that he didn't desire.

And.

'As I had worried, I lost my brother.'

He strived to heal their relationship.

He ignored numerous offers and vows of loyalty from nobles and commanders.

In congratulatory celebrations and various banquets, he only showed his face and exited.

Instead, he went around the castle and lived along with the commoners.

Although he did form friendship with Roan due to a fated and



strong pull, he avoided everything that his brother Reitas may be guarded against.

‘Of course, I knew that even so, I could never be close to my brother ever again.’

He was also aware that his brother Reitas’ guard had become even more intense.

But even so, he hadn’t expected even the situation that Roan had just told.

“Th, that’s ridiculous.”

The end of Manus’ voice shook.

His head felt dizzy.

Looking at Manus’ face that turned white, Roan spoke in a calm voice.

“It may be hard to believe, but it’s all true.”

“Hmm.”

Manus leaned his head on his right hand as he closed his eyes.

In a completely dispirited state, he murmured as if to whisper.

“I knew that brother was guarded against me. But only to that much. It’s just that we’ve become a bit far apart. Never, brother would never.....”

Manus opened the eyes he had closed and stared at Roan.

“He would never kill me.”

Although he had spat out the words, his heart greatly shook.

It was a situation where even he wasn’t sure.

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

“Prince Manus, please listen well. When tomorrow lights up, Prince Reitas will probably call you quickly. And he would request you to go as a expedition commander to the villages in the Northeast region because monsters are attacking the villages.”

“An expedition commander?”

“Yes. It would be a request to go as a commander to command the regional troop of the Northeastern corp. And.....”

Roan’s story continued on for a while.

But Manus would only continue to shake his head.

“Even so, I can’t believe it.”

That was a kind of defiance and rejection.

No, it was a vain hope that he wished to believe so.

“Ah! Could it perhaps be that corrupt nobles near older brother Reitas had incited him? Right, that should be right. This must be something that they had closed brother’s eyes and ears and schemed on their own.”

The vain hope paralyzed his reason.

‘His feelings for his brother were this deep.’

With a regrettable expression, Roan exhaled a short sigh.

“Okay. Then let us act like this.”

To persuade Manus, he spread out a new plan.

Manus, who had heard the entire story, nodded his head with a slightly tense look.

“Alright. Let’s do as Baron Tale said.”

“Thank you very much.”

At the success that he finally reached after a long talk, Roan exhaled a sigh of relief.

Once all the story was done, Manus stood up from his seat.

“Hhm.”

Momentarily, he lost his balance and stumbled.

The psychological shock was that great.

“Your highness, are you okay?”

Roan quickly supported Manus.

Manus tapped the back of Roan’s hand that held his arm.

“Baron Tale.”

“Yes. Prince.”

When Roan replied, Manus quietly murmured in a completely

dispirited voice.

“I wish that our plan will become something pointless tomorrow. No, I wish there won’t be a call from older brother Reitas tomorrow. No.....”

His expression was sorrowful.

“I wish that tomorrow wouldn’t come.”

Roan couldn’t say anything.

He could only, quietly, stand and support Manus.

Like that, the two hushed their breathing as they stared at the passing time.

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“Is that true?”

Reitas made a slightly surprised look.

Baron Baite Inges, who acted as his close aide, brightly smiled as he nodded his head.

“Yes. Baron Tale said that he wished to participate in the

monster subjugation expedition instead of participating in an academy lecture.”

“Hhm.”

Reitas nodded his head with a slightly odd expression.

The things were flowing in a direction he hadn’t even thought of.

‘I had requested him for an academy lecture because asking Roan Tale, who is a foreign diplomat from another kingdom, to participate in the subjugation expedition was too willful, but.....’

While asking Manus for the role of commander to the regional troop of the Northeastern corp, he had separately requested Roan for a special lecture at the Distou Academy.

Distou Academy, located about a half a day away northeast of the capital, Althus Castle, it was the best academy in the Pershion Kingdom.

Because it was located deep within mountains for the academy students’ study, it wasn’t easily accessible.

‘I planned to take care of Roan Tale and Manus separately and then tie them together to disguise it as an assassination, but.....’

Thanks to Roan choosing to participate in the expedition rather

than the special lecture, the work actually became easier.

Reitas faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Good. Send him a good horse and an armor, and pass on a message thanking him.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Baite cheerfully smiled as he immediately exited the office.

Reitas stared at the sunlight pouring down through the office’s window outside.

“The winter sun is truly nice.”

His voice was somewhat elated.

The smile that hung on his mouth became slightly thicker.

“Is the hazy throne becoming slightly clearer.....”

His heart raced.

It felt as if an enormous wall that stood in front of his eyes had disappeared.

“Manus. Forgive this brother.”

He resolved to kill him and even raised a plan to kill him.

And today, he would carry out the plan.

Although he had intentionally and firmly resolved himself, it couldn't be helped that a corner of his heart ached quietly.

But even so, he had no plan to stop.

Reitas couldn't take his eyes off the sunlight that poured down.

Outside the window, there wasn't a speck of cloud in the sky.

Without even a small movement, he sat on his seat.

He only waited for a happy news.

Like that, the time passed and passed again.

The sun that was in the east leaned towards the west.

But from the window facing the south, the sunlight still continued to pour down.



At that moment.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

With a sound of knocking on the office door, Baite appeared.

His face was slightly elated.

He hesitated for a moment, then carefully opened his mouth.

“A news that the work was successfully carried out arrived. Would you like to depart now?”

It was the news that he waited and waited for so.

But for a while, Reitas didn't answered.

With his eyes still full of turbulent light, he was looking at the winter sunlight.

“Prince. Should we simply tell them to transport the corpse here?”

Baite once again asked carefully.

Reitas only then faintly smiled and shook his head.

“No. We should do according to the plan. I’ll depart now.”

“Yes. Then I will have the horses ready.”

Baite lowered his head and then exited the office.

Reitas, who was left alone, slowly stood up from his seat.

His eyes were still on the sunlight.

With a quiet voice, he murmured as if to whisper.

“At least, it’s good that the day he left isn’t cold.”

Reitas inhaled deeply, then slowly moved his feet.

A step, a step.

With each step, his face full of smile blossomed.

‘It’s a step I’ve already made.’

He made the decision.

The consequence following the decision was also something that he had to carry.

‘I cannot stop or go back now that I’ve come this far.’

In the first place, he wouldn’t have even started if his resolve was only that much.

His steps became faster.

Exiting the office, he unhesitantly stepped towards the mansion’s front door.

Strong steps as if he would never stop.

Reitas clenched his fist.

‘I will become the Pershion’s king.’

In front of the throne, ties of blood were insignificant.

His eyes were already blinded by authority.

## Chapter 144 : Veiled Strife (4)

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Compared to how the Pershion Kingdom's western and southern regions suffered damage from the chaos of the war, the situation at the northeastern region was on a bit better side.

But even so, it wasn't always a peaceful place either.

This was because various monsters thrived around the widely spread forest.

Due to that, Pershion Kingdom had a separate regional troop that undertook monster subjugation.

But with the Byron and Istel Kingdom's invasion, the regional commanders who oversaw the monster subjugation were all transferred to the front line and a gap was created.

Through that gap, the monsters were attacking the northeastern region's villages.

This was the very false situation that Prince Reitas Pershion convinced Prince Manus Pershion of.

“It's over the hill on the right, sir.”

Baron Baites Inges spoke with a slightly nervous look.

He didn't particularly say what was there.

Since either way, Reitas would also know.

Clop. Clop.

The sound of horse hooves rode the northern wind and spread.

About twenty knights followed Reitas and Baites' back.

"Hhm."

Reitas, who climbed up onto the hill, leaked out a quiet groan.

Even though it was something he had already resolved himself plenty for, the sight that spread out beyond the hill stabbed his eyes and tore through his heart.

'Manus.....'

The corpse lying face down on the ground.

Although there were several corpses next to it, Reitas was instantly able to recognize Manus.

He slowly went down to the bottom of the hill.

His gaze was stuck on Manus' back.

Clank.

Getting down from his horse, he moved his feet.

A slightly distanced spot from Manus.

He couldn't go closer than that.

"Manus."

The end of his voice shook.

"Hhm."

Reitas needlessly coughed once and stared straight at Manus' back.

"I had no choice but to kill you."

It was an unavoidable choice.

"I was born to be a king and lived to become a king. To such me, you were an insurmountable wall and an unbearable pain."

And so, he could only destroy it.

“It would’ve been better instead if you weren’t born.....”

They were words streaked with his innermost feelings.

With a short sigh, Reitas shook his head and raised his right hand.

“Collect Roan Tale’s corpse and Manus’ corpse. We will disguise it as if a foreign noble had assassinated Manu.....”

The moment he spoke up to that point.

Rustle.

Reitas doubted his eyes.

Manus’ corpse that was lying with its face on the ground intensely shook.

“Uuh!”

“Wha, what the!”

Baite as well as the knights behind him became startled and yelled.

That is to say, Reitas hadn't seen it incorrectly.

“Just what is.....”

With a frown, Reitas stared at Manus' corpse.

Rustle. Rustle.

Manus' corpse shook up and down several times, then pushed up the ground with two hands and stood up.

That was not a corpse.

“Older brother Reitas.”

The quiet and troubled voice was definitely Manus'.

Standing straight on two feet, he stared at Reitas' face.

“You really.....”

He looked as if he was suppressing a burning thing within his chest.



“Tried to killed me.”

He didn't believe it.

He didn't want to believe it.

But everything was revealed to be true.

“Huu.”

Manus exhaled a long sigh.

“How are you alive?”

Reitas frowned as he asked.

Although he was momentarily taken back, he soon regained his composure.

“That is.....”

When Manus had spoken to that point.

Rustle. Rustle.

The corpses that were spread around all moved up and down.

“Huugh!”

“What!”

Baite and the knights gasped at that sight.

A moment later, Roan and Clay as well as the young commanders who escort Manus brushed dirt off their clothes and stood up.

Amongst them, there was not a single person dead.

No, there wasn't even anyone who was hurt.

The blood on their clothes were surely of other people's.

Seeing that sight, Reitas formed a bitter smile.

“It seems I've thought too easily of you. Manus.”

Manus shook his head at those words.

Turning around to Roan, he opened his mouth.

“No. Instead of me, brother underestimated Baron Tale. Since

this is all his work.”

Already, there was strength in his voice.

“Hmm.”

At those words, Reitas looked at Roan with a quiet groan.

Roan quietly stared back at that burning gaze.

‘In the end, it became like this.’

In the end, Manus’ wish wasn’t realized.

Suddenly, he heard Manus’ voice.

“Did you really have to do it like this?”

“Yes. This was the best.”

Reitas calmly replied.

For a moment, Manus clenched his teeth, then spoke as if to spit out each and every word.

“If brother asked me to disappear, I would’ve done it. If you told

me to live as if I was dead because I'm getting in the way and bothering you, I would have done it."

In the first place, he had no interest in politics or authority.

If Reitas wanted it, he would have done it like so.

Reitas quietly stared at Manus, and then slowly shook his head.

"That's living like one was dead, not dead."

He widely opened his arms.

"Manus. You are truly brilliant and have an incredible talent, but you in fact know nothing of politics and authority. You'll live as if you are dead? Then do you think everything will be solved? Far from it."

Reitas' voice slowly became bigger.

"The faction that supports you will await your return. They'll increase their power, strengthen their foundation, and struggle to place you at the top of authority. They may even point their swords at me."

"That's just a conclusion brother arbitrarily thought and came to."

Manus creased his brows.

At those words, Reitas made a faint smile.

In a quiet voice, he spoke as if to whisper.

“Manus. The people of the world are a lot closer to me than you. They obsess over things like authority, wealth, and honor. It means that even if you act noble by yourself, the things around you will ultimately create a mess.”

Reitas pointed at Manus.

“As long as you live, the seed of strife won’t disappear. As well as the unease and powerlessness that suffocate me.....”

He took two steps back.

At the same time, the knights who were lined up behind him walked forwards.

On Manus’ side, there were only about ten with Roan and the young commanders together.

Compared to him, the knights numbered more than twenty.

“Older brother Reitas.”

Manus was calm.

“I wished to believe in brother. But that belief was amusingly shattered like this.”

A light circled in his eyes.

That was a cold and hard light.

It wasn't the light of Manus who lived soft and complacently saying good things are good.

“You were anxious because of my talent? That I was an insurmountable wall? So you could only kill me?”

He looked straight into Reitas' eyes.

“Don't say such cowardly words.”

“What?”

Reitas unknowingly asked back.

It was that he was slightly flustered since this side of Manus was a first.

Manus continued his words.

“Light Kingdom’s founder Madison Von Light had five younger brothers below him. They were all excellent individuals. Especially the third younger brother Plapp was much greater genius than King Madison. Then did King Madison kill him? Far from it. King Madison gave Plapp the command right to command the entire army. After that, Plapp led that army, led countless wars and battles to victory, and set up the foundation for the Light Kingdom to be found.”

“That is.....”

When Reitas tried to say something.

“Brother.”

Manus cut him off.

Fire flickered in his eyes.

“Brother isn’t fit to become the king.”

“For you to say something like that, amusing.”

Reitas snorted.

Not minding that, Manus continued to speak.

“Could a man afraid of his own brother lead a country? That’s what is truly amusing.”

The words became a thorn and pierced Reitas’ chest.

Manus looked at Reitas with an expression full of pity.

Reitas couldn’t take that expression and look.

Reitas temperamentally shouted.

“Manus. Die already!”

Irritation soared.

Although he had seen through the trap and survived, the opportunity was still there.

If he were to definitely end the things now at least, there won’t be any problems.

“So you’ll kill me after all?”

“Now, we cannot turn back.”



At Manus' question, Reitas answered shortly.

“Huu.”

Manus let out a short sigh.

“Where could brother's soldiers waiting to ambush and kill me and Baron Tale have gone?”

A suddenly thrown question.

Unexpectedly, Reitas answered with a calm look.

“You guys probably took care of them.”

As soon as he said those words, a hill rising up to their right became uproarious.

“Prince!”

“My lord!”

The thing that suddenly appeared without a commonplace troop flag was a single troop with Harrison and Brian at the head.

The troop, made up of about five hundred soldiers, had been hiding themselves after cleaning up Reitas' soldiers who were waiting in ambush.

“Our side's soldiers number over five hundred.”

Manus spoke in a coldly composed voice.

“Brother has no more chance.”

At those words, Reitas shook his head.

“No, the chance is still there. Since I could kill you before they come down the hill.”

“Try it if you can. Since I don't have any thought of stepping back anymore than this.”

His expression and voice were resolved.

Manus had thrown away the vain hope that he held towards Reitas.

Reitas didn't wait any longer and waved his right hand.

“Kill him.”

A cruel order fell.

Tat!

Twenty knights kicked the ground simultaneously.

Although the soldiers on top of the hill began to move a moment later, the distance was rather far.

“Die!”

The knights screamed and pounced.

At that moment.

Puuk!

Suddenly, a black and long pole hit the ground a step in front of them.

“Huugh!”

“Kuk!”

Two knights, who had been running fiercely, couldn't quite dodge and rolled on the ground.

“Wha, what!”

With ferocious spirit, the knights glared with their eyes.

Suddenly, an elongated stick soar through the air and left behind an afterimage.

“Huugh!”

“Damn it!”

Dodging the pole stabbing through their gaps, the knights shook their body left and right.

Amongst them, there were some who swung their swords and parried the pole away.

Paat!

With a hazy afterimage, a young man stood in front of the knights.

The owner of the black pole.

He was Roan.

“I’m sorry, but the ones who will be dying aren’t us, but.....”

He turned his wrist.

Chang.

At the tip of the black pole, a long spearhead shot up.

The Trivias Spear had revealed its full form.

“You.”

Tat!

The instant he finished his words, Roan kicked the ground.

The long spear that had tore through the knights’ gaps instantly shrunk.

“This bastard!”

“To dare to come at us alone!”

The knights thought that Roan was throwing around reckless courage.

Then.

Pat! Pavat!

In front of the knights' eyes, a ball of light about two fingers big appeared.

“Kuugh!”

“Ugh!”

At the sudden situation, most of the knights squinted their eyes and turn their heads.

‘I’ve did it.’

Roan inwardly cheered.

It was because the light spell using the Brent’s ring had shown effectiveness even in a real fight.

Using the Kalian’s Tears to read the flows of knights’ mana, Roan shook his spear following them.

The sharp spearhead danced and pierced through the bodies of knights done in by the light spell.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

Death throes.

Four knights, without even offering a decent resistance, fell.

“Hhm.”

“Ah.....”

Manus and the young commanders who followed him leaked out a quiet exclamation at the scene that suddenly happened.

They stared at Roan’s back that stood in front of them.

‘Is this the skill of the Crimson Ghost?’

‘What was that light just now?’

Gulp.

They subconsciously gulped.

They felt slightly confused.

Roan of now was different than Roan they knew.

He was a person who always shared various stories of numerous subjects with a friendly smile.

He felt more closer to a scholar than a warrior.

But Roan of now was.

‘Emanating a thick smell of blood.’

‘This kind of pressure isn’t something that’s naturally made.’

It was an incredible pressure that could only be earned after walking through the battlefields for tens of years.

Right now, Roan was radiating such pressure from his entire body.

‘It feels suffocating even when I’m standing behind him.’

Manus fully opened his chest and breathed in.

Considering how he himself was feeling such pressure, Reitas’ knights in front of Roan must have been breathless.



Manus bitterly smiled and picked up a sword that was on the ground.

“Let’s start as well.”

“Yes. Understood.”

The young commanders quickly took up swords.

Moving their feet, they stood on Roan’s two sides.

Seeing this sight, Reitas flashed a cold light from his eyes.

“We don’t need the others. Focus only on killing Manus.”

“Yes!”

The knights answered in one voice and then kicked off the ground.

Glaring at the knights rushing towards them, Roan spoke in a quiet voice.

“Prince Manus. Will you be fine?”

“Yes. I have already resolved myself.”

Manus answered with a composed look.

Roan glanced at him and the young commanders once, then nodded his head.

“Then, should we put an end to this work?”

The instant his words ended, everyone kicked the ground.

Taat!

Roan and Manus as well as the young commanders and Reitas' knights violently rushed at each other.

And finally.

Boom!

With an explosion, the two group merged with each other.

Chang! Chaang! Chang!

Sparks flew along with the metallic noises.

A tie.

Although the number on Roan and Manus' side was much smaller, the overall situation was equal.

The reason was.

Spaat!

“Kuuk!”

Due to Manus of brilliant swordplay and.

Ssskuk!

“Kuugh!”

Roan of precise and destructive spearmanship.

As if they had matched themselves before, they showed a natural coordination and pressured on the knights.

And all the while, the troop, which was coming down the hill, was almost upon them.

Reitas moved his gaze away from the chaotic battle spreading in front of his eyes and looked up at the blue sky.

‘The winter sun is still nice.’

But it felt different than the sunlight he saw from the office window.

If the sunlight from then was warm, the sunlight of now was cold.

The northern wind tore through his clothes and entered.

It was cold.

Sseureng.

He pulled out the sword on his waist and slowly moved his feet.

His gaze was once again towards Manus.

‘I will personally cut off your neck with my own hands.’

If they just looked at their skills swordsmanship, Manus was a step, no several steps above him.

But.

‘You cannot cut me, but I can cut you down.’

However much he made up words pretending to be cold, Manus was Manus.

Reitas thought so.

Clenching his teeth, he kicked off the ground.

The target was solely Manus.

Then.

Spaat!

A light flashed and then a spearhead popped out in front of his nose.

“Kuk!”

With his teeth clench, Reitas swung his sword.

As if it had been waiting, the spearhead in front of his nose abruptly moved back.

Swuung.

The sword amusingly cut the air.

“Hhm.”

His balance broke.

The spearhead that had backed off suddenly approached once more.

Needless to say, the owner of the spear was Roan.

“This is the end.”

Roan shrunk Traviass Spear’s length as he slowly approached.

Reitas looked straight into Roan’s eyes.

“Roan Tale. It seems the work has been spoiled because of you.”

Roan shook his head at those words.

“The thing that ruined your work is that squalid ambition of yours.”

“There is nothing squalid to ambition. It merely burns.”

Reitas put strength into the grip holding the sword.

He stared behind Roan at Manus, who was pressuring away the knights.

“Don’t intervene in a sibling affair.”

Reitas had a work he had to finish.

Roan twisted his wrist as he straightened his stance.

A cold smile hung from his mouth.

“Then in the first place, you shouldn’t have involved me in a sibling affair.”

He looked absolutely without a sign of stepping back.

Reitas stared straight into Roan’s two eyes and clenched his teeth.

And then.

“Roan Tale!”

Shouting at the top of his lungs, he kicked the ground.

The anger and despair he had been forcefully suppressing had exploded out at once.

Reitas' sword cut through the space with an incredible pressure.

“I’m not naive enough.....”

Roan smoothly moved his feet and quickly whipped his arms.

“To lose to an opponent who lost his calm, sir.”

Simultaneously, the spearhead jumped up as if flicked.

A light flashed between Roan and Reitas.

That was a light so blindingly bright and cold that it somehow felt even sad.



# Chapter 145 : Veiled Strife (5)

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A north wind blew.

At the place where a fierce battle occurred just a moment ago, a heavy silence fell.

Neither the sounds of metal nor shouts were heard any more.

Most of the knights who followed Prince Reitas Pershion had died during the battle, and few were captured alive.

Reitas, who had fought a decisive duel with Roan, was kneeling down with his eyes closed.

It was a complete defeat.

Reitas, who although may be lacking when compared to Manus but was also famed as a genius, was completely defeated in a duel with Roan.

Although the fault that he had lost his calm was also great, it also meant that Roan's skills weren't so trivial.

“P, pl, please let me live!”

The heavy silence broke.

The one who was yelling out aloud was Baron Baite Inges, who acted as Reitas' close aide.

With his knees on the ground, he shouted with a desperate expression.

“I, I only did as I was ordered! Please let me live! If you just let me live, I'll devote my entire body and swear my loyalty.”

He howled in a fussy manner.

Manus didn't even glance at him once and lightly raised his left hand.

Soon, a young commander approached and hit Baite's neck.

“Kuuk.”

Baite, who noisily clamored, lost his consciousness and fell.

Thanks to that, a heavy silence fell once more.

An unknown amount of time passed.

“How long do you plan to stay like this?”

This time, the one who broke the silence was Reitas.

Although he was kneeling, he didn't lose his spirit at all and neither was his expression nervous.

Instead, there somehow was composure.

It felt as if a tightly pulled string had been relaxed.

Manus, who was absently standing amongst the people, stepped forwards and approached.

“Older brother Reitas. Everything is now over.....”

The moment he spoke up to that point.

“Kill me.”

Reitas spat out the words with a composed voice.

He slowly opened his eyes that he had closed, and stared at Manus' face.

“Manus. If I remain alive, the nobles who followed me will seek the next chance. Kill me. That is the way of the victor and the fate of the loser.”

Reitas knew the bastard called authority very well.

But Manus was different.

“I’m different than brother.”

Everyone’s eyes turned towards Manus.

Roan was also amongst them.

‘Did his resolve perhaps weaken after coming this far?’

Although Roan always valued people the most, even he showed a cold-hearted and dispassionate look at least in battle.

Manus and Reitas.

This fight that fought over the throne was a more vicious war than any others.

If his resolve became weak and failed to put an end, he could leave behind a seed of great trouble.

But unlike Roan’s such worry, Manus’ expression was extremely hard and overflowing with strength.

It felt as if he had come to his own decision.

He stared straight into Reitas' eyes.

“I won't kill brother. Live, and properly see and feel. The sight of a true monarch.”

That was a kind of declaration.

A declaration greatly overflowing with determination and full of certainty.

“Hahahahahaha!”

Abruptly, Reitas exploded out a laugh.

He laughed for a long while, then shook his head with a cold and frigid face.

“Manus. You don't know authority. I said it, if I remain alive, the nobles who followed me.....”

At that moment.

“I.....”

Manus cut off his words.

The light in his eyes ferociously burned.

“Will grant fitting peerage and rank to anyone, even if they are nobles who support brother, as long as they are talented and have excellent character.”

He tightly clenched his two fists.

“Not Manus’ party, not Reitas’ party, but Pershion’s party.”

A strength entered his voice.

“We will become one under the name of Pershion.”

The moment his words finished, Reitas shook his head.

“Idiot.”

An excessive idealism.

The guy who was perfect in everything else was much too ignorant when it came to politics and authority.

Clicking the tip of his tongue, he stared straight into Manus’ eyes.

“Fine. If you truly believe that, then I will stay alive and clearly

watch your actions.”

His face was stiff.

“The day you regret will definitely come.”

Manus shook his head and returned the same words.

“The day of regret will definitely come. Not for me, but for older brother.”

The veiled strife was over.

Reitas who obsessed in power was disgraced, and instead, Manus who had no interest came to stand tall as the true power of the kingdom.

It was a completely unexpected event.

Regardless of whatever anyone said, the one who caused the biggest influence for the event to become like this was Roan.

‘I thought that it’ll be good even if he simply stayed alive.....’

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

He had thought that it’ll be a success if Manus at least stayed

alive and took on a role of checking Reitas.

But.

‘He became the sole successor.’

Moreover, Manus basically owed him a big favor.

Considering Manus’ personality, he would never lightly pass this away.

‘We ended up receiving a greater present than we’ve thought’

A support and friendship from the successor to the throne.

There was no present more reassuring than this.

But surprisingly, this wasn’t the end of the present.

Manus was a person with a much bigger heart than Roan had thought.

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The Pershion Kingdom’s capital, Althus Castle, was suddenly flipped over.



This was because the news that the First Prince Reitas tried to assassinate the Second Prince Manus and failed had reached them.

While transferring Reitas and Baite as well as the knights who survived, Manus arrested all who were related to the assassinate case.

In this process, the chatterbox flatterer Baite's role was greatly influential.

To survive, he fully revealed each and every sympathizer and accomplice.

It truly was a sudden event.

As the situation flew critically, the neutral faction's nobles, who had been eyeing Reitas' mood, all stepped up and supported Manus.

Like that, Manus came to dominate the entire political stage in an instant.

"Older brother Reitas has been decided to be exiled to Telroy Island."

Manus bitterly smiled as he shook his head.

Roan slowly nodded.

Telroy Island, located in the north of Pershion Kingdom, was an extremely isolated and small island in the Notunne Sea.

It was greatly far away from the capital, Althus, and was an incredibly hard place to approach.

‘I’m relieved at least.’

Roan inwardly let out a sigh.

He had needlessly worried that Manus may perhaps leave him near the capital and keep watch.

“Thank you very much for saving my life. I will never forget this gratitude.”

Manus lowered his head.

They probably weren’t light words.

He took out an object about the size of a palm wrapped in silk.

“What is this, sir?”

Roan carefully asked, but Manus merely smiled.

Roan carefully untied and opened the silk.

Soon, a metallic medallion engraved with numerous patterns and picture appeared.

“When a prince is born, our Pershion Kingdom create and give him a metallic medallion called Ates. You could call it a type of identification medal. That’s older brother Reitas’ ates.”

“Why would you give me such a precious thing.....?”

Roan asked while motionlessly stared at Ates.

Manus faintly smiled as he answered.

“If you request anything with ates, I will give you anything.”

“Ah.....”

Roan let out quiet exclamation.

A palm-sized metal medallion, ates.

This was the great gift that Manus was giving to Roan.

“Why would you grant me such a big gift without knowing what I’ll ask?”

Roan asked as he faintly smiled.

With a firm and composed way of speech, Manus answered.

“It’s okay whatever the request is. Since I would already be dead if it wasn’t for Baron Tale.”

A generous decision.

Roan quietly stared at Manus, then gently wrapped the ates with the silk and placed it within his chest pocket.

“Thank you very much.”

When he deeply lowered his head and gave his thanks, Manus shook his hands.

“No. It isn’t sufficient with just this much. Also.....”

He blurred the end of his words a bit, then stood up from his seat.

“I still have to thank Harrison, Brian, and Clay for their help. So.....”

Manus brightly smiled as he looked at Roan.

“I’ve been contemplating how to repay them, then a good method came up at a good time.”

“That is.....?”

Roan followed and stood up a moment late, and asked.

Manus answered as he walked towards the door.

“In the war with the Byron and Istel allied army, our Pershion Kingdom achieved a complete victory. We acquired an incredible number of captives and loot.”

Roan wordlessly nodded as he followed his back.

Kiiig.

The reception room’s door opened.

Harrison, Brian, and Clay, who had been walking about the hallway, quickly lowered their heads.

Manus added on as he looked at that sight.

“Although we returned all the prisoners, we didn’t return the

loot. We built a large vault in Althus Castle and stored them all in there.”

He turned his gaze and looked at Roan.

“I will open the vault to Baron Tale, Harrison, Brian, and Clay. Please choose and take what you like.”

“Ah.....”

Roan once again leaked out a quiet exclamation.

Just the ates alone was a great and precious gift.

He hadn’t expected at all for him to possibly open the loot vault, and not only to him but also Harrison, Brian, and Clay at that.

Roan slightly lowered his head.

“Truly, thank you very much.”

At those words, Manus made a slightly mischievous look.

“Please don’t be like that. Is the price of my life perhaps not even worth that much?”

“That is.....”

Roan made a slightly flustered-looking face.

But he soon brightly smiled and shook his head.

“Of course it isn’t.”

“Then, please receive my presents with happy feelings.”

Manus lowered his head, then turned to Harrison, Brian, and Clay.

The three people, who didn’t knew what was going on, merely blinked their eyes.

Manus loudly clapped.

Clap!

“Then, should we go?”

At those words, Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay rapidly moved their feet and exited the hallway.

When they rode a carriage outside the mansion and headed towards the outskirt of the Althus Castle, an enormous building soon appeared.

“Oh!”

“It’s a first time I’m seeing that big of a building.....”

“It truly is amazing.”

Harrison, Brian, and Clay looked out the carriage’s window and exclaimed.

Manus cheerfully smiled and spoke with an energetic voice.

“That is the very loot vault.”

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“Isn’t this just way too much?”

Harrison’s expression looked dumbfound.

Seeing the monumental amount of loot piled inside the vault, he clicked his tongue.

Although Manus said to take time to look around and choose anything that they liked, the amount was such that it looked like it would take days just to look around.



Seeing that sight, Manus faintly smiled as he opened his mouth.

“It’s because we’ve gather even miscellaneous things. During categorization process, we’ve separated and gathered the things we think are valuable deeper inside.”

“Ah, is that so, your highness?”

Harrison shyly smiled and scratched his head.

Manus walked ahead of them and headed deep into the vault.

Harrison, Brian, and Clay followed behind.

On the other hand, Roan stood at the center of the space piled full of sundry objects and slowly turned his body in a circle.

‘Most of them are things without much value.’

Right now, he was using the Kalian’s Tears and taking in countless visual information.

Without particularly walking up and checking, he was accurately analyzing the identities of the objects that were randomly organized.

‘As expected, there isn’t anything that particularly stands ou.....

hm?’

As he was taking his gaze away and about to walk away, Roan abruptly stopped and looked towards a corner.

‘That is.....’

As if possessed by something, he moved his steps.

At a space heaped and piled with big and small, and old and clean books.

Roan picked up a book that stood out amongst them.

< Vasis Mana Technique. >

The very thin book was a book of mana technique compilation.

‘The basic mana technique that represents the Byron Kingdom.’

The Vasis Mana Technique was in fact the most basic mana technique that one learned when attending academy knight school in the Byron Kingdom.

Although in the case of most warrior-nobles, their houses each had unique mana technique and had no reason to learn such a basic mana technique, but in the case of scholar-nobles and sons of

powerful families that aren't nobles, they needed the foundational mana technique that would strengthen their basics.

Consequently, there was the Batelein Mana Technique in the Rinse Kingdom and Datio Mana Technique in the Istel Kingdom.

But it was a mana technique in words only, and grasping the mana hole and moving the mana through the mana road was the all of this basic mana technique.

The most important part, accumulation of mana, wasn't possible.

Of course, since it was still a mana technique, it was certainly an object that would be hard to come across unless one was a student of an academy or a noble.

‘There's also Datio Mana Technique.’

Roan also picked up the Istel Kingdom's basic mana technique compilation that was next to the Vasis Mana Technique.

‘With this, I could let the fief's soldiers feel just what mana is.’

Currently, one of the Tale Barony's biggest problem was the lack of a knight order.

No, the knight order wasn't a problem but that there wasn't any

knight at all.

‘To be specific, there’s only Brian.’

But with just that much, he couldn’t exercise an overwhelming force in times of emergency.

The Vasis Mana Technique and the Datio Mana Technique could act as a breakthrough that could solve this problem.

Of course, there were also problems.

‘Would it be alright to train the soldiers in foreign kingdom’s mana technique?’

But even so, they couldn’t use Rinse Kingdom’s Batelein Mana Technique.

‘Since only the academy’s students and the nobles are allowed to learn the kingdom’s basic mana technique.’

The moment Roan begin to privately teach mana technique to the soldiers, the nobles nearby would all rose up like a swarm of bees.

‘Should I take it for now?’

Although there was no guarantee that he could teach them even if he brought it back, and it was the most basic mana technique that couldn't even accumulate mana, he judged that, even so, it would be much better than not having it.

‘But is it fine to choose two things?’

Roan awkwardly smiled and moved his feet.

When he walked into the deeper area of the vault, he could see Harrison, Brian, and Clay.

They also seemed to have found things they liked.

Harrison was tightly clenching a bow that, with just a glance, seemed to be strong and have incredible tension.

“It’s a bow I’ve never seen before, sir. I’m planning on comparing it to the ones I have.”

Roan nodded his head without a word.

Harrison didn’t simply shoot the bow very well.

Analysing and comparing various bows, he was repeating a research after research to build a slightly stronger bow.

‘Another kingdom’s bow..... certainly, it should help in the research.’

Roan turned his gaze and looked at Brian.

He was wearing an incredible heavy armor that looked strenuous just from a glance.

“It’s somehow a bit different than the one I usually wear, my lord. If we take time and analyze it, I think it could become a big help to our fief’s troops.”

At those words, Roan also wordlessly nodded his head.

There was something that Brian always said with a regrettable look.

That the Tale Legion centered around the Amaranth Troop was definitely strong but is only excessively light and fast.

He had greatly desired an establishment of heavy infantry troops that wore heavy armor.

‘The current heavy armors are impossible for regular infantry to wear. If it’s Brian, he should be able to solve that problem well.’

Roan once again turned his gaze and looked at Clay.

Unlike the others, he was holding a large chunk of jewel.

“It seems there wasn’t anything I needed, my lord. I will sell this and have it supplement the fief’s finance.”

It was an extremely Clay-like choice and decision.

Roan quietly nodded his head.

At that moment.

“It seems Baron Tale has also chose something.”

Manus brightly smiled as he approached.

Roan shyly smiled and answered.

“Shamefully, I ended up picking two things.”

“Hmm. Vasis Mana Technique and Datio Mana Technique..... would you be fine with such things?”

Manus instead asked with a worried look.

Even just in the vault, there were multiple books of Vasis Mana Technique and Datio Mana Technique piled up.

They were objects that had little value to that extent.

But there was nothing more valuable than them to Roan.

“I’m fine with just this much.”

“Hmm. Okay. If Baron Tale says so, then it couldn’t be helped. But instead, I’ll give both of them to you.”

“Thank you very much.”

Roan lowered his head.

Manus shook his head.

“I’m glad that it looks like everyone got what they wanted.”

That was his honest feeling.

He was truly glad that he was able to repay them at least like this.

Roan and Manus, Harrison and Brian, and Clay looked at each other for a while and smiled.

Like that, their relationship become slightly tighter and closer.



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Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay, who returned to their residence, sat down at the reception room and chatted.

“My lord. By the way, just why did you choose books of foreign kingdoms’ basic mana technique of all things?”

Brian, who had been drinking a cup of tea, asked with a confused look.

Roan looked at the two volumes of basic mana technique compilation piled up at one side of the table, and faintly smiled.

“I was wondering if I could teach the soldiers of the fief troop.”

“The foreign kingdoms’ mana techniques?”

Brian asked with a slightly shocked expression.

Then, Clay spoke in a calm voice.

“Since only the academy’s students and nobles can learn the Rinse Kingdom’s basic mana technique, it couldn’t be helped.”

He turned his head and looked at Roan.

“But the basic mana technique is only a half-done mana technique that can’t even accumulate mana. And because they’re foreign kingdoms’ mana technique, we cannot study it as we wish.”

“Yes. I know. But I took it just in case. Since a breakthrough may happen if we study the two mana techniques.”

At those words, Harrison and Clay quietly nodded their heads.

At that moment, Brian put down his teacup and cautiously asked.

“Would it be alright if I took a look, sir?”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

Once the permission was given, Brian slowly read the basic mana techniques of the two books.

A moment later, he murmured with a flat expression as if it was nothing.

“This might be usable if we alter it a bit.”

Brian raised his head and looked at Roan.

“Although the two mana techniques look different at a glance, the core of their studies are notably similar because they are really the most basic of basics. If we mix our kingdom’s Batelein Mana Technique here and add the mana accumulation method of a mana technique I know.....”

His voice slowly went down and soon became a soliloquy.

Murmuring to himself, he fell deep into analyzing the books.

Because it was Brian, who had chaotically learned all sorts of mana techniques from the young age, he could clearly see the core of the mana techniques.

But most of all.

‘Come to think of it, I had temporarily forgotten.’

Looking at Brian, who was ferociously concentrating, Roan made a hollow smile.

‘Brian Miles. Just how much of an incredible genius you are.....’

# Chapter 146 : Tale Barony (1)

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Roan hurried the preparation to return to the kingdom.

Before the news of Reitas and Manus' veiled strife reached the Istel Kingdom, they had to cross the border.

'Once the news of the strife spreads, my name will definitely come up.'

It wasn't quite a desirable situation from Roan's position.

If it was the Istel Kingdom that feared and despised him while calling him the Crimson Ghost, it was obvious that they would light up their eyes and guard the borders.

'Furthermore, we conveniently have a method to safely cross the border.'

It was literally a perfect opportunity.

Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay had decided to mix in with the Pershion Kingdom's negotiators, who were sent to the Istel Kingdom in order to mediate and negotiate the war remuneration problem and the overall cleanup issue.

The Istel Kingdom, which was the defeated nation, wasn't in a position to check nor guard against the negotiators from the

Pershion Kingdom, the victorious nation, as they wished.

Even if the Pershion Kingdom's negotiators played haughty and showed arrogant attitudes, their position was such that they could only clench their teeth and be patient.

This was because it may just influence the negotiation process.

Thanks to that, Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay could arrive at the Istel Kingdom's capital, Ceres Castle, without any notable problem.

“Then. Please give a good word to Prince Manus.”

The head of the Pershion Kingdom's negotiator group, Viscount Nills Fraiden, held Roan and repeatedly entreated.

This was because he knew that Manus and Roan had a very close relationship.

Nills wanted to catch Manus' eyes through Roan.

“I've put a bit of effort so that your journey won't be uncomfortable.”

Pointlessly glancing around, he handed a bulky bag of money.

Roan looked at that sight for a while, then soon shook his head.

“I’ll put in a good word, sir.”

Meaning that he didn’t need the bag of money.

He then turned around and went out of the building.

“Eh?!”

Nills awkwardly smiled and merely blinked his eyes without knowing what to do.

‘Should I chase? Or should I step back at this point?’

He simply couldn’t feel any inkling.

When he was hesitating with an anxious heart.

“You can give it me, sir.”

Clay extended his two hands with a friendly smile.

Nills hesitated for a moment, then passed the bag of money.

“Clay. I’ll be trusting you.”

“Yes. Please don’t worry.”

Clay shamelessly replied, then took the bag of money.

There were so much things that they had to spend money on from now on, so there was no need to refuse an easy money like that.

In return, they just needed to not do anything that was unjust or despicable.

Receive because they give.

But there is no return.

That was Clay’s thought.

Harrison and Brian, who were watching, inwardly shook their heads in amazement.

But even so, they didn’t feel like criticize nor condemn him.

‘Certainly, the parts we’ve lacked has been filled ever since Clay was appointed.’

‘He shouldered the work that others were reluctant to do.’

The petty, detestable, underhanded and materialistic works were all taken care of by Clay.

Because he was there, almost all of the Amarant troops and Tale Legionnaires were able to maintain aloof characters.

‘He’s certainly a genius.’

‘In various ways, he is a necessary genius.’

Already, Harrison and Brian also approved of Clay.

“Then we will now be going.....”

Clay, Harrison, and Brian said their farewell and exited the building.

Nills, who was left alone, unconsciously clenched his fists.

‘Alright! It went well!’

He trusted Clay without a single doubt.

It felt as if a bright and promising future was spreading before his eyes.



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While Roan, Harrison, Brian, and Clay left for the Pershion Kingdom, the Charity Trust had actively purchased the Istel Kingdom's farmlands.

No, to be exact, they had secured a temporary ownership through a long-term lease.

Although a single company was renting out an unusually and amazingly large amount of land, the Istel Kingdom did not take any action.

Instead, they introduced farmlands nearby the leased land and tried to promote more leasing contracts.

The Istel Kingdom's situation was just that difficult.

The crop yield that repeated to nosedive year after year, and the astronomical war remuneration payment from the two defeated wars.

The economy had already dropped through the floor.

"That is all."

"Good work."

Roan nodded his head as he received the report from Hodram, the Charity Trust's true caravan head.

The purchasing of the farmlands was much more successful than he had thought.

‘Starting next year, the crop yield will rapidly increase.’

If a future similar to the last life unfolded, Roan would become incredibly rich.

‘Huu.’

Roan breathed in deeply.

He felt happy and contented.

Of course, Clay still didn't understand the reason why they purchased the farmlands.

“Then.....”

Roan looked at the people around him as he stood up from his seat.

A smile hung from his mouth.

“Should we go back home?”

Instantly, everyone’s expressions became bright.

They swiftly lowered their heads.

“Yes. My lord. We will hurry the preparation to return to the kingdom.”

The preparation to cross the border once more began.

Beyond the border, the hometown that they missed so much awaited.

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“We were rejected again, right?”

“It’s not rejected, but they requested us to wait a bit more because there were lot of places they had to focus on.”

An adolescent young man and a white-haired old man sat facing each other and conversed.

At the old man’s words, the young man creased his brows.

“That’s a rejection.”

“I told you it’s not!”

The old man shouted with a flustered expression.

The young man exhaled a long sigh.

“It’s been ten years since the kingdom’s support to us, Reno school Magic Tower, has stopped, and five years since the backing from the royalties, nobles, and many influential houses has stopped. Even though we’ve sold the magic tower, sold the land, and even liquidated the treasures during that time to barely stay alive, we’re now definitely at our limit. Forget magic research, we’re at a state where we have to worry about how to eat right now.”

The lamentation of their lives dripped with desperation.

‘Also, the number of mages associated with us dropped below twenty people.’

The young man couldn’t bear to say this story at least and suppressed it tightly within himself.

In his own way, he was being considerate of the old man in front of his eyes, the head of the Reno school and the ex-owner of the magic tower Lemming Ade, so that he won’t become too despondent.

But despite the young man's such consideration, the old man, Lemming, was completely dispirited.

"Is there any way?"

It was a question honestly thrown absently without much expectation.

As if he was waiting, the young man spoke in a tender voice.

"Instead of useless magic research, why don't we Reno school also study and train magics like attack, defense, and healing that are related to war?"

"That absolutely isn't allowed!"

Lemming furiously shouted aloud.

The one stand of self-respect that was left, no the pride of the school that couldn't be given up regardless of whatever happened exploded out.

"Unlike other schools, us Reno school have the goal in using magic to raise the quality and the standard of living. We aren't some obsessed school that simply focuses on one subject like attack magic, defense magic, and healing magic."

"Yes, yes. Understood."

The young man nodded his head with a pout then pointed at a lamp in the lab.

“And the thing we made after two years of research is a lamp like this.”

He picked up a metal disk, about a size of two fingers thick, from on top of the table.

On the front of the disk, a very complex magic array was engraved hazily.

When the young man touched the magic array and inserted mana with the tip of his finger, the magic array flashed for a moment on the lamp's surface and then disappeared.

At the same time.

Paat!

Inside the lamp, a very small ball of light appeared.

From the center of the lamp, a bright light spread out.

Looking at that sight, Lemming made a proud smile.

“Brilliant, Just brilliant. Now thanks to this magic lamp, the people of the world will no longer fear the dark.”

“The people of the world?”

With a dumbfound look, the young man shook his head.

He pressed the metal disk once more to turn off the lamp, then let out a sigh.

“Tower Master. What do we need to make that magic lamp?”

It was a question that nailed the pith.

Lemming hesitated for a moment, then spoke in a crawling voice.

“Magic stone.”

The young man nodded his head.

“That’s right. Although the size may be small, it needs magic stone. And one for the lamp, and one for this metal disk that Master calls the controller at that. In all, it needs two.”

“The lamp can be used without the controller.”

Lemming shouted as if to say it’s unfair.

The young man once again nodded his head.

“Yes. We can turn on and off the light with just the lamp. But even so, it needs one magic stone. Not anything else, but a magic stone. A magic stone. We have to use a magic stone, that’s much more expensive than gold, for a petty lamp like this.”

“Pe, petty.....”

Lemming’s voice trembled.

Without minding it, the young man continued to spoke.

“Master. With the money to buy a single magic stone, you can buy years’ worth of lamp oil. It’s a business that doesn’t hold figure with regular commoners.”

Those words were correct.

Although they had invented the magic lamp at the end of two years of research, the supplying was actually was impossible.

Lemming sighed while deeply dropped his head, then raised up the last strand of pride.

“That’s why we’re researching a material that could replace magic stone.”



“You mean the magic liquid?”

“Yes. Magic liquid.”

Lemming immediately nodded his head.

The young man exhaled a sigh.

“How many years has it been since us Reno school began to research magic liquid?”

“Wouldn’t it be at least two hundred years?”

“And the research progress so far?”

“That’s.....”

Lemming couldn’t finish his words.

The research had been walking in circle for decades.

‘Did I say too much?’

As he looked at Lemming, who was completely dejected, his heart ached a moment late.

Faking a cough, he made an awkward smile.

“Anyway, if we won’t research magic related to war like other schools, in the end, we can only look for a new patron.”

“But wherever I ask, they all reject, no they all ask me to wait a bit longer.”

Lemming’s expression was still dispirited.

The young man cheerfully smiled.

“That’s because we’re only searching for a patron near the capital.”

“That can’t be helped. Research needs a lot of money, and most of the people with that much wealth lives in the capital, Miller.”

At Lemming’s words, the young man shook his head.

“That’s not true. There are quite a lot of adequate people in the provinces. Especially if it’s that person who is receiving the most heated attention these days, he may sponsor us.”

“That person?”

Lemming frowned as he cautiously asked.

The smile on the young man's mouth became thicker.

"I'm talking about sir Baron Roan Tale."

"Ah....."

Lemming let out a quiet exclamation.

Even he, who only focused on magic research, had heard of rumors about Roan.

"Would sir Baron Tale sponsor us?"

"Who knows. We'll have to face him first. If we get rejected again, we can search for someone else again."

The young man shrugged and lightly answered.

Seeing that sight, Lemming made a bitter smile.

"I'm sorry. Because of a foolish master, you have so much hardship."

"What hardship? If it wasn't for master, I would still be begging on the streets."

Lemming nodded at the young man's words.

“No, it wouldn't be like that. Although you aren't any polite with words, your talent is great.”

“Ehee. Don't say such embarrassing words, master.”

The young man exaggeratedly shook his body.

But Lemming was quite serious.

“I'm serious. McCrum. If it's your talent, you will definitely make our school prosper.”

The light in his eyes were hot.

The young man, McCrum, quietly stared at that light and then snickered and shook his hand.

“Sigh. I got it. I got it. Since there's also the good will that I received from master, I'll work hard and make us Reno school the best school.”

“Yes, I trust you.”

Lemming nodded his head.

Seemingly unable to take the heavy mood, McCrum needlessly fussed.

“Okay! Then, should we start with cleaning our things?”

“Yes. Let’s clean it all up and leave this capital that I had enough of.”

McCrum brightly smiled at Lemming’s words and nodded his head.

“Yes. Let’s leave. Towards the place where our hopes for our dream and future is, to Tale Barony.....”

\*\*\*\*\*

Once again acting as the fake caravan head, Clay led the caravan and headed towards the Rinse Kingdom.

The travel was much more safer and comfortable than they had thought.

This was because, from the Istel Kingdom’s position, the Charity Trust was a generous and rich client as well as a customer the kingdom was thankful to.

Thanks to that, they were able to arrive at the border gate a bit

faster than they had scheduled.

“Oho. You were even more amazing person than I had thought.”

The border gate captain Dose raised his thumb towards Clay.

He had already received report about Clay and the Charity Trust from the central administration.

“You’ve rented those lands that nobody even glanced at in wholesale?”

“Yes. We wanted to be of help to the Istel Kingdom in any way possible.”

“Hahaha! As expected, my eyes for people are exact. You’re really a good natured fellow unlike the young ones these days. Hahaha!”

Does loudly laughed out and tapped Clay’s shoulder.

Smiling along, Clay passed a bag full of gold and silver.

“I picked it up on the way. Please do find the owner this time as well.”

“Hahaha. Don’t worry. I’ll definitely make sure to find the owner.”

Dose laughed out even louder and nodded his head.

That that moment.

‘Un?’

Clay slightly creased his brows.

At the place his line of sight touched.

A soldier was approaching towards Roan, who was located in the middle of the caravan band.

‘What is it?’

Even Clay, who was always bold and full of confidence, had a slightly flabbergasted look.

That was also the same for Roan.

‘What could it be?’

Staring at the soldier with large eyes, he tilted his head.

“Hello. I’m a border guard Pichio.”

The soldier with large eyes, he was Pichio.

He was the very soldier who pointed at Roan and said he was strange when the Charity Trust passed through the border gate the first time.

“Yes. So is there any issue.....?”

Roan asked in a careful voice while nodding his head.

He intentionally shrunk his shoulders and made a fearful expression.

Pichio blinked his big eyes.

“What may be your name?”

“It’s Henry.”

Roan said the fake name that he prepared beforehand.

“Your age?”

“I’m twenty two years old.”



“Are you from the Rinse Kingdom?”

“Yes. I’m from the western region.”

Short questions and answers went back and forth.

Even during that while, Pichio carefully looked over Roan as well as the people around him.

“How long has it been since you started doing company works?”

“It’s been three years including this year. For what reason do you ask, sir?”

Roan spoke in a fearful voice.

“That’s.....”

When Pichio was just about to speak.

“What is it over there?”

Dose creased his brows and walked up.

It was because Clay had passed another small bag of money and complained that the border check was excessively meticulous.

For a new source of cash, Dose pulled back his sleeves and stepped forwards.

“Ah, captain.”

Pichio immediately saluted.

Dose approached extremely close and spoke with a completely annoyed expression.

“What are you doing?”

“That’s.....”

Pichio slightly glanced at Roan, and then whispered in a quiet voice.

“However I look, this porter is suspicious.”

Roan leaned his ears since it felt like it was about him, but he couldn’t hear well because the voice was too quiet.

Dose creased his forehead.

“What?”

“His pose and strides are different than a regular porter. And the setup of the people nearby and even the goods are all centered around this.....”

When his words reached that point.

“This bastard!”

Dose suddenly kicked at him.

Puuk!

“Kuk!”

Feeling a suffocating pain, Pichio fell down onto the ground.

“Ca, captain.”

The eyes that were already big became as large as lamps.

Not minding them, Dose continued to kick at Pichio, who fell down on the ground.

Puk! Puuk! Puk!

Heavy sounds loudly echoed.

“Did this bastard lose his mind! What’s what? The pose and the strides are different than regular porters? This insane bastard! Say something that makes sense!”

Angry shouts exploded out.

“Ugh! Kuugh!”

Painful groans sounded.

Pichio curled his body up into a circle.

Puk! Puuk! Puk!

Dose’s kicking continued for a long while.

“Eeeh, insane bastard! Twet!”

When his breath caught up, he stopped his kicking and spat a thick spit.

And waving his hand towards Roan as if to say sorry, he went up to Clay again.

He was going to check whether the feeling of his new source of money was hurt.

“Uhuk. Hhhuuk. Uhuk.”

Pichio cried out while fallen on the ground.

What he had done wasn't something he should have been hit like this.

He had simply done what he had to do as a border gate guard.

“You okay?”

“Here, lean on my shoulder and slowly stand up.”

The soldiers nearby came up and helped Pichio stand.

Pichio rubbed off the sorrowful tears with the back of his hand.

During that time, his eyes met Roan, who was quietly standing still.

Roan slightly lowered his head.

He felt sorry somehow.

‘Needlessly because of me..... anyway.....’

On the other hand.

‘He realized the strangeness just from seeing my strides and pose?’

If it was true, that was truly an incredible talent.

Roan quietly stared at Pichio, who was walking off while being supported by the other soldiers.

‘I want to learn a bit more about him, but.....’

He felt a bit regrettable.

As the situation was so, he couldn’t carelessly talk to him.

But thankfully, he had Clay.

‘It seems he liked him. Well, if he really found a strange point just from seeing that much of the situation, it isn’t a talent to look over so easily.....’

Clay searched Roan’s expression, then looked at Dose, who was brown-nosing.

“Captain. Who was that soldier just now?”

“Ah, he’s called Pichio, and he’s a bastard who usually has a bad case of suspicion. He often say something is strange, that is strange, it sounds like a lie and quarrel with people. Since I took care of him, there won’t be anything like this anymore. So there is no need to be concerned anymore.”

“Is that so? Then he is a bit of a problematic soldier. But the reason you continue to keep him under you is.....?”

“Ah, that’s because he is from this region, and usually practices writing, so he can read and write, and.....”

For a while, Dose spoke on and on about Pichio.

Enthusiastically agreeing from time to time, Clay learned even more information.

Dose took hold of himself only after chatting for a long time.

“Un? So why was I talking about that bastard? Anyhow, because there will never be something like this again, don’t worry.”

“Yes. I trust the captain.”

“Yeah. Just trust me. Just me.”

Clay and Dose shared a bit more friendly chat, then promised of a

next meeting.

Soon, with the wagon Clay was on at the head, the caravan band began to move.

They had safely crossed the Istel Kingdom's border gate.

Clop. Clop.

Roan went to Clay only after they had reached the end of the buffer zone.

“Did you find out anything about that soldier?”

“Yes. His name is Pichio, age is twenty six, he is a local of that region, and it has been three years since he began to work as the gate guard.”

Clay briefly answered, then stared straight into Roan's eyes.

“My lord.”

His voice was rather serious.

After organizing the thoughts within his head, he spoke with an expression full of certainty.



“Pichio. We will have to bring that soldier with us.”

# Chapter 147 : Tale Barony (2)

---

An inborn talent.

Although Pichio himself hadn't been able to realize it, he had a brilliant talent that was unlike others.

Of course, that was wholly Clay's judgment.

'The sharp eyes. And.....'

It was different than how Roan used the Kalian's Tears to grasp many visual information at once.

Even while looking at the same thing, Pichio could find a difference within it.

The reason was.

'Instinct.'

Clay judged that Pichio's sixth sense, which sensed things that were strange, dangerous, and unusual, was greatly developed.

'Whether his instinct is developed or not, there is enough value in bringing him with us.'

Just with having good and sharp eyes, there was enough value in having him at their side.

‘Just the number of dependents the continent’s top most powerful houses have numbers in the thousands.’

People were wealth.

Even for a petty talent and ability, there were places and times it was needed.

“Pichio has been beaten by Dose to a pulp. Also, it seems his relationship with the other guards is originally not quite good. I will order some people and make up a situation, sir.”

Clay faintly smiled as he organized the schemes to employ Pichio that arose within his head.

Of course, it would be difficult to extract Pichio within a month or two even so.

There was a need for a plan that looked long term and perfectly tie him up.

Roan nodded his head and entrusted the related mission to Clay.

At that moment.

“We can see the border gate!”

A man standing at the head of the caravan band shouted aloud.

From here and there, loud sounds of laughter resounded.

Finishing the greatly tense life in the foreign kingdoms, they had finally returned home.

\*\*\*\*\*

Roan sent Harrison, Brian, Clay, and the caravan band to the Tale Barony and headed alone towards the capital, Miller.

Standing in front of King Deni Von Rinse, the three princes, and the nobles, he revealed the fact that he formed friendship with the Pershion Kingdom as he presented the relevant letter.

Deni III spoke words of criticism at how he made friendship with a foreign kingdom based on a prince's order without the king's permission.

But on the other hand, he himself had no interest in politics and delighted at the fact that the door of trade that had been closed for decades had opened.

The one definite thing was that Simon once again took one more step ahead in the competition for the succession of the throne.

That was what the Rinse Kingdom's nobles thought.

“You are going back right away?”

“Yes, your highness. I have left the fief for much too long.”

When Simon spoke with a lonely expression, Roan slightly lowered his head.

Although he had entrusted the fief to the capable and loyal subordinates, the time he spent in the Tale Barony after the Poskein Exodus was almost none.

He wished to return even a moment faster.

“Well, you have really been going around busily.”

Simon smacked his lips and nodded his head.

It was because he too knew that it wasn't a situation where he could keep Roan close for very long.

He signaled with his eyes towards Viscount Tio Ruin, who was standing nearby.

Tio then took two wooden boxes from the back of the office and

appeared.

He placed the boxed on top of the table.

“This is my present to you. Open it.”

Simon cheerfully smiled as he looked at Roan.

Roan slightly lowered his head, then opened the lid of the wider of the two boxes.

“Hhm?”

His expression turned slightly surprised.

Inside the boxes were objects he had completely not expected.

He heard Simon’s voice.

“They’re Dion roots dug from the Grain Mountains.”

“These precious things.....”

Roan couldn’t even dare touch the contents inside the box.

Purplish Roots.

‘If it’s Dion root, it should be the most sacred herbs said to be touched by a dragon’s breath.’

If one ate Dion roots, the mana increased rapidly.

‘Per each root, one could earn an amount of mana that requires an year of tireless training to gather.’

Although it wasn’t an incredible amount, even just that much was an amazing amount.

Furthermore, within the box were in fact five Dion roots evenly laid out.

Seeing the sight of Roan delighting at it, Simon smiled gleefully and pointed at the small box next to it.

“Go ahead and open that one as well.”

“Yes? Ah, yes.”

Still with a slightly dazed look, Roan opened the small box’s lid.

“This is.....”

Roan once again made a surprised look.

Inside the box was a single book with a clean cover.

“It’s a book of spearmanship found at the palace reference room.”

Unlike the library that was open to many people, the palace reference room was a secret vault-like place that not anyone could enter.

Currently, there were only four people permitted the entry into the reference room.

They were only the current king Deni III and the three princes, Simon, Tommy, and Kallum.

“I had wanted to find you a really incredible book of spearmanship, but compared to swordsmanship or spells, there didn’t seem to be anything worthy about spearmanship. The thing I found in the end is that. Flepsse Spearmanship.”

“Flepsse Spearmanship.....”

Roan quietly whispered as he looked at the book of spearmanship.

Seeing how the cover was clean, it was certain that Simon had transcribed it himself.



‘If it’s Flepsse Spearmanship, it’s the spearmanship of Count Natus Flepsse who was active a hundred years ago. Although it certainly is amazing, it’s difficult to see it as an incredible spearmanship even so.’

Of course, it wasn’t certain since he hadn’t personally seen and experienced it.

But the one thing for sure was that its level wasn’t something comparable to Pierce.

‘But even so, it’ll be an incredible help to me.’

Roan had never learned a standardized and refined spearmanship.

He had only gathered countless many spearmanship techniques from actual battles and been training his own unique spearmanship.

‘If I study Flepsse Spearmanship, I may be able to combine the many spearmanship from actual battles more easily.’

It literally was no different than getting a textbook.

Roan carefully closed the lids of the boxes containing the book and the Dion roots, and then turned towards Simon.

“Truly, thank you very much.”

“I should be the one saying thank you.”

Simon brightly smiled and nodded his head.

Those were his honest words.

‘I became closer to the throne thanks to Baron Tale.’

Because he was there, he was able to pass and step ahead of his younger brothers in the throne succession competition.

Simon quietly looked at Roan, then made a bright smile.

“Baron Roan Tale.”

“Yes. Prince.”

Roan slightly lowered his head.

Simon inhaled deeply as he continued to speak.

“I will continue to rely on you from now on as well.”

Strength was carried onto his voice.

He was already planning for the events after the throne succession competition.

Roan was an existence that was definitely necessary in that process.

“Yes. I will do my best.”

Roan deeply lowered his head and spoke in a powerful voice.

Like that, the two shared a pleasant chat for a while.

“Then, I will now leave, sir.”

Roan was only able to exit Simon’s mansion by the time the surroundings became dark.

It was quite a late hour.

However, he moved his feet towards someplace that wasn’t his residence.

After an unknown amount of time.

Roan appeared again.

‘For now, he wouldn’t be able to move easily as he wish. No, at least.....’

With quick steps, he crossed the street towards his residence.

‘I will be holding the knife handle.’

The place Roan briefly stopped by.

That was in fact Kallum Rinse’s mansion.

Swoosh.

Just in time, a cold north wind blew.

\*\*\*\*\*

Roan didn’t particularly wish to enter the fief loudly.

Intentionally picking an early hour, he crossed the Mediasis village and entered the entrance of the fief lord’s castle.

No, it was a lord’s castle in name only, and was still a simple building made up of offices and meeting rooms.

It was when Roan had just entered the central hall.

“Thank you very much for your work.”

He heard a familiar voice.

“We’re glad that you have come back safely, my lord.”

Following behind, resounding voices were heard.

In the central hall, many retainers including Austin were lined up straight.

“Did you know I was coming back?”

When Roan shyly smiled, Austin made a bright smile.

“The agents of Agens are active throughout the Tale Barony. We knew ever since lord entered the fief’s border.”

Roan slowly nodded his head at those words.

Since he didn’t move while intentionally hide his identity, it shouldn’t be very difficult for the Agens agents to find him.

But.

‘The communication system is well organized.’

Although he had moved rather quickly, the news had already reached the lord’s castle before he arrived.

‘Brilliant. As expected of Chris.’

If it was to this extent, there wouldn’t be much problem from now on even when hunting and spying on other noble’s, and possibly a foreign nation’s spies.

“You’ve done well until now.”

His voice carried strength.

At Roan’s words, all the retainers turned their ears and listened.

“But there is still much more to do. Us Tale Barony.....”

Roan faintly smiled.

“Starts now.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Everyone including Austin answered in one voice.

Their faces and voices were resolute.

Their hearts raced rapidly.

Ambition.

They were ready to follow Roan and spread a large dream.

Roan faintly smiled as he looked at that sight.

‘I too must work harder than now.’

He resolved his heart on his own.

He moved a little more faster, a little bit more further than his retainers.

There was no instance of lazing about just because he was a noble and a fief’s lord.

Also, Roan knew of parts he lacked very well.

Because of it, he called the scholars and the military officers together and opened various meetings before proceeding the works.

“What happened to the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild Arnold recommended?”

Roan looked at Keep, who sat at the end of the meeting room.

“We have disguised and infiltrated the Tenebra Troop members.”

“The situation?”

“They received the guild master’s trust and are acting as official mercenaries.”

A short conversation went back and forth between Roan and Keep.

Thanks to successfully infiltrating while disguised, they were able to meticulously grasp the information concerning the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild.

“Good. Build the mercenary guild headquarter in the outskirts of the Mediasis village. I permit their relocation. But.....”

Roan stared straight into Keep’s eyes.

“Keep the Tenebra Troop members who infiltrated inside the guild as a secret until the end.”



“Yes. Understood.”

Keep lowered his head and answered.

Following that, Roan turned to Clay.

Clay glanced once at the prepared materials and then spoke in a composed voice.

“While we were away in the Pershion Kingdom, the number of engineers including alchemists, blacksmiths, carpenters, and so on increased. Even now, although by a small number, they are continuously increasing.”

At those words, Roan formed a faint smile.

The alchemists and engineers were organizations that couldn't possibly be excluded from the fief's development plan that Roan had thought up.

“Because the size of the alchemist guild and the engineers union have become bigger, there is a need to manage them a bit more systemically.”

“Okay. We will proceed that part after consulting with the managers.”

“And.....”

Clay’s words hadn’t ended.

Unlike just before, he spoke in a cautious voice.

“Several druids have requested appointment.”

“Druids?”

Roan asked back with a slightly surprised expression.

Clay faintly smiled as he answered.

“I have sent letters to druids who are connected to me. Because they are those whose talents are too valuable to waste.”

“Hmm.”

With a quiet groan, Roan nodded his head.

“If they work together with us, they will be a great strength.”

“Then we will.....?”

“Accept them.”

It was a short answer and a straightforward decision.

Clay immediately lowered his head.

“Thank you very much.”

It wasn't clear what he was thankful of.

Roan turned his head and looked at Chris.

“Did you say that the academy graduates who received Principal Fred Brown's recommendations have come?”

“Yes. We have checked the recommendations and deployed them to administration works for now.”

Chris swiftly answered as he checked the memo.

The number of academy graduates who Principal Fred Brown had recommended were more than they had thought.

Even excluding the people who realized something after visiting Roan and abruptly left, quite a large number of graduates came to Tale Barony.

Most of them, after looking at the small and shabby Tale Barony,

were disappointed greatly and left without regret.

But even amongst them, tens of distinguished talents stayed and were handling administration works.

“I should go meet them personally.”

There was a need to meticulously discuss the plan concerned with establishing an academy.

Roan inhaled deeply and gazed around the meeting room.

“Then, are the pressing matters all finished?”

At those words, Clay raised his right hand again.

“There is one more thing.”

He checked the content of a memo for a moment and then continued to speak.

“Mages have come from a place called Reno school.”

The moment his words ended, the people sitting with them tilted their heads.

“Reno school?”

“There’s a school like that?”

“It’s a first time I’m hearing it.....?”

Even Chris’ expression was full of questions.

On the other hand, Roan’s expression was greatly calm.

‘If it’s the Reno school, it was a school that studied various subjects instead of a one subject. They were more on the side of manufacturing magic tools rather than personally using magic.’

He clearly remembered.

There was a reasonable reason for it.

‘Even in the last life, they attempted all kinds of endeavors to bring prosperity to the school.’

The endeavors led to results.

They had received sponsorship from many nobles and big merchants.

But.

‘After the Great Warring Era began, they became despised.’

There was no one who would pay patronage to the Reno school that couldn’t become any help in war.

No, there wasn’t even a room to do so.

‘In such situation, the Reno school’s last master McCrum, he whose talent at least was recognized as the best, became too greedy in his efforts to prosper the school.’

He had tried to turned the Reno school’s magic technologies into weapons of war.

The result was.

‘A great explosion.’

The tens and hundreds of magic arrays carved for the weapons of war began to rampage on their own.

An enormous amount of mana rippled unstably, and a great explosion soon occurred.

The aftereffect of the great explosion was colossal.

The entirety of a small city that McCrum’s research lab was in

evaporated completely.

‘McCrum also died at that time and the Reno school’s life ended.’

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

‘Reno school.....’

Complicated thoughts and plans surged within his head like a wave.

He soon shook his head and looked at Clay.

“Guide them to the reception room. I will go meet them directly.”

“Yes. Understood.”

Clay lowered his head slightly as he answered.

With that, the meeting was over.

The retainers, to carry out the missions each undertook, quickened their steps.

Roan also moved his steps towards the reception room.

When he opened the door, he saw the simple scenery inside of the reception room.

At the center table, a white-haired old man and an adolescent young man sat.

‘So it’s them.’

The current master of the Reno school, Lemming Ade, and the one who blew away a small city in the last life, McCrum.

Making a cheerful smile, Roan looked at them.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Roan Tale.”



# Chapter 148 : Tale Barony (3)

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“I’m Lemming Ade!”

“I’m McCrum!”

Lemming and McCrum unknowingly and suddenly stood up.

‘What the? Even though our ages seem same.....’

McCrum gulped as he stared at Roan.

For some reason, his heart jolted.

‘He’s big.’

The first impression from seeing Roan.

It wasn’t that his body was big, but the pressure pouring out of his body was amazing.

Even so, it wasn’t as if Roan was violently spouting out a threatening pressure.

An air of dignity that naturally flowed out of his entire body.

That was clearly an aura of majesty.

‘How at such a young age.....’

The one who was shocked wasn’t only McCrum.

‘It’s a pressure like a general who roamed the battlefield for decades.’

Staring at Roan, who was already exuding a presence of a great general, Lemming became speechless.

‘Would a man like this sponsor us?’

Putting aside self-confidence and looking at it objectively, the current Reno school was a useless school with nothing that was worth sponsoring.

“Nice to meet you. If you are Lemming Ade, then.....”

Roan extended his right hand as he cautiously asked.

Lemming immediately grabbed the hand and made an awkward smile.

“I’m not a noble, sir. I was merely granted a surname as a head of a school.”

“I see.”

Roan slightly nodded his head and then also shook hands with McCrum.

‘So this very man is McCrum, who blew a small city away completely.’

He was a genius whose talent at least was the best but was born in a wrong era.

Roan offered seats to the two people and sat down on a chair on the opposite side.

“I wonder for what reason the famed sir mages came to find me.”

He went abruptly to the point.

Lemming and McCrum hesitated for a moment.

Especially Lemming, who had only been rejected by many people, couldn't even raise his head.

In the end, the one who stepped up was McCrum.

“I know that it's shameless to say this after coming so suddenly,

but..... could you please sponsor us, Reno school?”

Blinking his eyes, he searched Roan’s face.

Roan gently smiled and didn’t show any notable reaction.

“Ah! Just a moment please.”

McCrum awkwardly smiled and took out the magic lamp from a large bag.

Tung.

When he put the lamp down on the table, a heavy sound echoed.

McCrum lightly glanced at Roan, then pressed the controller.

Paat!

Instantly, a small ball of light appeared inside the lamp.

“Hmm.”

Roan let out a quiet exclamation.

Even though the reception room was on the brighter side,

blinding light shined out around the lamp.

“It’s the magic lamp we made.”

McCrum widely opened his chest.

Lemming, who was lowering his head deeply, also looked at Roan with a confident expression this time.

Roan brushed the lamp with a tip of his finger, then spoke in a calm voice.

“Does it use a magic stone?”

Instantly, McCrum’s face turned stiff.

‘Darn. To think he would recognize it instantly.’

A magic stone per lamp didn’t meet any profit.

It was the truth that he wanted to hide it until the end.

Of course, he had no plan to back off like that even so.

‘I will express our school’s development potential.’

McCrum purposely made a confident smile.

It was when he was just about to speak up.

“Anyway, it’s excellent. With just this, the people will no longer fear the dark.”

Roan suddenly nodded his head with a content look.

“Ye, yes!”

Lemming abruptly jumped up and shouted.

Abruptly shocked, McCrum looked at him once.

His look seemed to be asking to please keep some face.

“Hm.”

McCrum coughed and turned towards Roan again.

“That’s right. Although it needs to use a magic stone about the size of a fingernail because it’s still at the early developmental stage, it may be usable with just a wheat grain size, no a dust of magic stone if we repeat the research several.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“Okay.”

Roan brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“I’ll sponsor it.”

“Yes?”

McCrum, who was rambling on and on, asked back with a completely surprised look.

Roan stared at him for a moment and then shook his head.

“No, instead of that.....”

With a quiet voice, he spoke as if to whisper.

“I will build you a magic tower in the fief, so what do you think about researching as an affiliate of the barony instead?”

“As an affiliate of the barony?”

McCrum asked back with a shocked expression and turned to Lemming.

“Hmm.”

Lemming leaked out a quiet groan.

Currently, the number of magic schools in the Rinse Kingdom was thirteen in total.

Amongst them, the top five schools with the biggest factions were patronized by the kingdom.

The rest of the schools were each sponsored by nobles or various factions and were continuing their research.

Although most of them were sponsored, they did their researches independently and only few schools were affiliated to noble houses.

‘And even they are all affiliated with the houses of dukes.’

Because of that, there wasn’t any problem in seeing them as affiliated to the kingdom.

‘An affiliate to a house of baron.....’

It was something historically unprecedented.

His contemplations went deeper.



Roan quietly stared at that sight, then took a step back.

“Since it’s a matter with the school’s future on the line, it shouldn’t be easy to come to a decision. Then, for now, I will sponsor the school. Please continue your research here and personally see, hear, and feel the Tale Barony. Let’s discuss today’s offer again at that time.”

At those words, Lemming and McCrum exchanged their gazes and then minutely nodded their heads.

Honestly, it was a good condition that couldn’t be better for them.

The two people deeply lowered their heads towards Roan.

“Sir Baron Tale. Truly, thank you very much.”

“We’ll show you first if we get a good result.”

Roan cheerily smiled and lowered his head.

“Yes. I look forward to working with you.”

His voice was composed.

But inwardly, he was greatly pleased.

‘Reno school is exactly the magic school that I definitely need.’

If even the Reno school was added to the current alchemists and engineers’ unions, it felt as if an unbelievable product would be made.

Most of all.

‘If I mind and sponsor them, that tragic accident that blew away a city won’t happen.’

He thought that he could stop a big accident in advance.

Roan deeply inhaled.

The season was already Winter.

‘I will have to prepare the necessary things before Spring comes.’

He planned to finish the things that could be done before the crop seeds are planted.

A bright future of the Tale Barony was drawn inside his head.

‘The Great Warring Era isn’t far off.’

Although he had saved Manus Pershion and disgraced Reitas Pershion, he couldn't guarantee that the Great Warring Era wouldn't occur.

‘Since it occurred from too many events complicatedly mixing together.’

Three years from now at the latest.

If the Great Warring Era began, the starting point would be three years later.

‘At that time, the world will greatly change.....’

His heart thumped strongly.

‘And I too will greatly change.’

Such thoughts vaguely appeared.

A bright light shined in his brown eyes.

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Kang! Kang! Kang!

Sounds of hammering rang out noisily.

The sun that soared above the heads pushed away the Mid Winter's cold.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

Sounds of a bell echoed consecutively.

“Stop working! Stop working! It's time to change shifts.”

“Let's all go and eat some snacks!”

The men, who had been tirelessly carrying rocks, hammering, and sawing, brightly laughed and yelled.

They received and carried thick breads and warm tea, and sat around on a sunny lot.

“So we really built that?”

One man made a satisfied face as he stared at the stone wall that rose high to their right.

A young man who took a bite of bread spoke in a loud voice.

“Instead of Mediasis village, we'll now have to call it Mediasis

Castle.”

“Yeah, of course. The wall construction is proceeding on all four directions. It’s now a full-fledge castle, a castle.”

Another man enthusiastically agreed.

Another man scrunched the tip of his nose.

“But is it fine not to build a lord’s castle?”

“The lord said we need to build the castle walls first. We need to prepare for the monsters and enemy troops’ assaults.”

“But even so, the lord living in a shabby building is a bit.....”

At those words, many people proudly smiled and spoke.

“Since our lord is someone who thinks of the fief’s citizens before himself.”

“He said our safety comes first before his own house.”

“So let’s quickly finish constructing the wall and build him a handsome lord’s castle.”

The mood was peaceful.

The young man who was eating the bread nodded his head and made a bright smile.

“I’m really glad I moved to the Tale fief. Since they’re separately giving wages and plentifully take care of three meals and even a snack like this. Right now is a season that should be hungry and hard for a long time, but I’m spending it well thanks to our lord. I’m really glad I moved. Really.”

He was originally a person from Elton Coat Barony.

The people around him all nodded their heads.

The third month since Roan returned to the fief.

The season had passed the Mid Winter and was running towards Spring.

To the ordinary commoners, it was a season when things to eat decreased and people became impoverished.

But thanks to Roan carrying out various constructions and paying adequate wages, the citizens of the Tale Fief were able to live rather well-off lives unlike the citizens of other regions.

At that moment.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

The sound of bell noisily rang.

It wasn't the bell sound that notified the change of shift.

Vvuuuuu!

Following that, a sound of horn was heard.

It was a signal that warned of an appearance of monsters or enemy troops.

However, the people didn't show any panic.

"It seems monsters have appeared, right?"

"Didn't the warning just now sounded from the castle gate on our side? If it's from the west direction, monsters should be right."

"I wonder which troop will march this time."

It was a very relaxed and peaceful conversation.

They slowly stood up and headed towards the broad street that crossed through the castle.

On the street smoothly paved with stones, there originally were countless number of people crossing the street.

But now, as if they had promised, they were all moved to the sides of the broad street.

Simultaneously.

Dududududududu.

The sound of horse hooves shaking the earth was heard.

Soon, a group of cavalry, with a troop flag at the lead, appeared from the end of the street.

The flag was embroidered with a panther's face and design.

“Ah! It's the Panther Troop.”

“It seems that the Panther Troop led by thousand-man commander Tane is marching this time.”

The people waved their hands at the troop that was bravely marching out.

The reason the passersby all moved to the sides of the street.



They had emptied out the street so that the troop could easily march through.

“Waaaaah!”

“Defeat the monsters!”

The children shouted with utterly excited faces.

Looking at those kids, the adults smiled pleasantly.

Vvuuuuuu!

The Panther Troop blew a magnificent horn as if in reply.

The men who came to watch from the construction sites headed towards the lot again while biting and eating their breads.

“There shouldn’t be any problem this time too, right?”

When the young man cautiously asked, the people around him all chortled out a laugh.

“Don’t ask something so obvious. Like always.....”

“They’ll confidently defeat the monsters.....”

“And return.”

They took turns looking at each other and brightly smiled.

Looking at that sight, the young man nodded his head.

“Right. That’s obvious. Since Tale Legion is.....”

He stared towards the west where the Panther Troop marched and finished his words.

“Invincible.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Bang!

An explosion rang out.

An ugly stone statue that was placed at one side of a small lake comically exploded.

Bang! Bboom! Bang!

Explosions continued.

Each time, a stone statue explode out.

A white dust cloud blew up.

Paat!

One young man violently tore through within it.

Each time, a large splash of water soared.

A black spear moved as if dancing.

Bang!

Once again, another statue broke apart.

“Huu.”

The young man calmed his breath and spat out a long sigh.

As the dust that thickly blew up subsided, the young man's face appeared.

Roan.

The young man's identity was Roan.

With his shirt off, he was clearly showing off smooth muscles.

‘Certainly, it isn’t easy moving inside the water.’

Roan was currently at a small lake south of Mediasis village, not the Mediasis Castle, and was focusing on spearmanship training.

To make his movements a bit sharper, he had decided to train underwater.

The results were quite good.

His instantaneous velocity and balance became unrecognizably good.

Roan breathed in deeply.

His lungs felt cool.

‘I have absorbed almost all the mana from the Dion roots.’

The five Dion roots Simon gave as a present.

After returning to the Tale Fief, Roan immediately ate all of those roots.

In the three months afterwards, he had tirelessly trained the Flamdor Mana Technique and was able to make all the mana inside the Dion roots his.

‘Mana is steadily increasing.’

Now, he was able to at least faintly compress the mana.

Furthermore, the mana road inside his body became much more stronger and wider than before.

Even if he poured through a large amount of mana at once, it didn’t cause any difficulty.

‘The problem is the Flepsse Spearmanship.....’

Roan lightly bit his lips.

The Flepsse Spearmanship was much more profound than he had thought.

To Roan, who only learned spearmanship techniques in actual battles and hadn’t learnt a proper spearmanship, there were many parts that were difficult to understand.

During the first ten days, he couldn't even turn three pages of the spearmanship book.

‘It was good that there was at least Brian.’

Roan asked Brian for help.

He didn't think it embarrassing to ask what he didn't know and request teaching.

Brian, who was tinkering with the foundational mana technique, split his time and helped Roan out.

He, who had comprehensive knowledge in various training techniques, taught Roan the basics and foundation of martial arts.

‘The things I called real battle spearmanship until now were in fact no more than buildings built upon sand.’

A situation where a building itself may be glamorous and large but may collapse entirely at a single moment.

It was a great fortune to be able to strengthen his foundation and basics at least now.

“Huu.”

Roan once again let out a long sigh and closed his eyes.

The water below his waist softly wrapped around his legs.

‘It’s comfortable.’

His mood was good.

One of the reasons that Roan didn’t stop underwater training.

When he dipped his body under water, the mana that moved harshly calmed down and his heart felt peaceful.

‘I thought that the Flamdor Mana Technique was incompatible with water, but.....’

It was a hard to comprehend situation.

But right now, he didn’t want to think such complicated thoughts.

He wanted to feel the flow of water that softly wrapped around his entire body.

‘It’s nice.....’

His mood naturally became good.

At that moment.

[Hey.] (t/n: Hey! Listen.)(e/n This is my alert for text messages/emails, I love that it annoys my friends.)

He heard a buzzing sound at the edge of his ears.

With his eyes closed, Roan frowned.

‘What the?’

He wondered if he heard wrong.

But.

[Hey! Can’t you hear me?]

He definitely heard a sharp voice at the edge of his ears.

[Just how many months is this. Just how can’t the guy who absorbed the spirit king’s tears not hear my voice?]

It was a grumbling sound.

With a surprised look, Roan abruptly opened his eyes.



He looked around himself, but there wasn't anything his eyes saw.

“Did I hear wrong?”

He spoke in a quiet whisper.

Suddenly, he heard an extremely excited voice.

[So you can finally hear my voice!]

It was a voice as if a decade-old cold had suddenly disappeared.

# Chapter 149 : Tale Barony (4)

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“Is it her? That ridiculous candidate?”

“Yeah. Because of her, the spirit world completely flipped.”

“Was her name Kinis?”

Blue hair and transparent skin.

The ones gathered here and there and having barbed chats were water spirits who had rather large factions even within the spirit world.

Their gazes were all directed at one place.

An unusually blue hair and skin slightly tinted red.

A water spirit with a faint smile but an expression that somehow looked sad.

Her name was Kinis.

‘Say whatever you want. Since it’s not related to me.’

Kinis cared not for the gazes that poured down nor even the barbed chatters.

She purposefully walked even more confidently.

‘I didn’t become the Spirit King candidate because I wanted to like you.’

The candidates for the next Spirit King were chosen by the current Spirit King’s choices.

And traditionally, it was custom for the Spirit King candidates to be chosen from the bloodline that was called royalty even in the spirit world.

But.

‘I’m the lowest of the lower class.’

She didn’t even have parents who had given her power of the spirits and was born in the human world instead of the spirit world.

Perhaps because of that, she had a red tinted skin instead of a clear skin unlike other spirits.

‘Because of that, I was always alone.’

The other water spirits didn’t talk to Kinis, whose birth was of lower-class and even her looks were different.

Kinis too, besides when she first entered the spirit world, didn't try to start a conversation first.

She couldn't handle the other spirits' cold looks and apathy.

The meaningless and lonely life that no one bothered with started like that.

But.

'After the spirit king chose me for the next spirit king candidate, everything changed.'

The other spirits, who treated her as a nonexistent spirit, began to pour out all sort of envy and jealousy.

The biting words and pointings were at least on the nicer side.

The occurrences of stealing and harassing became frequent.

'I don't care. I don't care.'

Kinis clenched her teeth.

'I was alone anyway, and I'll always be alone.'

Spirit King?

She had no interest in such a thing.

No, in her honest feelings, she wanted to boastfully become the Spirit King.

But.

‘In the first place, it’s ridiculous that I, who is from a lowly class, would become the Spirit King.’

There were plenty of spirits of royal background amongst the candidates.

Probably, one of them would become the next Spirit King.

‘I was selected just to make up the numbers.’

A short sigh leaked out.

Kinis hurried her steps and headed towards the Spirit King Ellaim’s residence.

“I received King Ellaim’s call and came.”

When she lowered her head in front of a grand door, the door

soon opened.

When she stepped on the fluffy cloud floor and walked inside, there was a chair made out of water.

On the chair, a beautiful woman with a long blue hair sat.

She was Ellaim, the very Water Spirit King who traveled the human world with the Queen of Water Biate and who had saved Roan's life.

‘Beautiful.’

The moment Kinis saw Ellaim, she became half dazed.

Because she was of a low class and hadn't grown yet, she was merely about the size of a palm.

It was a look more like a small fairy than a woman.

Compared to that, Ellaim's look was literally that of a perfect woman.

A beautiful face and smooth figure and, most of all, an aloof grace that exuded from her entire body.

It was a beautiful look that even Kinis, who was of the same

gender, would fall for.

‘Yeah. The beings exactly like that become the Spirit King. It’s a place that a lowly birth like me.....’

Looking at her own skin tinted with a red light, Kinis dropped her head.

‘Can’t even dream of.’

When her thoughts had reached that point.

“Kinis. You’re slightly late.”

She heard a beautiful voice.

Kinis raised her head and looked at Ellaim.

“Ah.....”

A quiet exclamation flowed out.

With a faint smile, Ellaim was staring at Kinis.

“I, I”m sorry. I received the notice late.”

It was the truth.

The spirit who should have passed the news had dawdled.

This also was something that happened because of the envy and the jealousy.

“The other candidates have all went down to the human world and are taking the test.”

The candidate selection test.

The test to select the next Spirit King was simple.

Contracting with a human who realized the essence of water or absorbed the essence of water, and staying together with that human.

That was all.

What they had to do, what they shouldn't do, how long was the duration..... there was nothing that was revealed.

Ellaim spun her finger in a circle.

Instantly, a clear drop of water rose in front of Kinis.



“He is the human you will contract with.”

On the drop of water, a man’s face appeared.

A young but manly face.

It was Roan.

“I hope that it will become a good result, no a good relationship.”

Ellaim cheerfully smiled.

Kinis quietly lowered her head and then closed her eyes.

Paat!

Water erupted around her, and soon, she disappeared.

When she opened her eyes again, the scenery had changed.

At that moment.

“I will make a completely new troop for you.”

She heard a dignified and low voice.

Kinis quickly turned her head and looked for the owner of the voice.

A fine looking elderly old man.

He was Count Io Lancephil.

Io was staring with a burning light in his eyes at the young man in front of him.

Kinis' gaze naturally moved following that light.

“Ah.....”

The young man, he was the human that she had to contract with.

“Troop commander Roan. Will you use Rose as the name of the troop?”

The young man, Roan looked to be momentarily in thought.

‘Is his name Roan?’

Kinis flew up into the air and stood up on top of Roan's shoulder.

‘He should be a human who has either realized the essence of water or absorbed it, but.....’

Strangely, she couldn’t feel the aura of water very well.

At that moment, Roan, who had been in thought, shook his head.

“I want to use another name.”

“Did you think of something?”

At Io’s words, Roan stared at the eyes of the soldiers around him.

“Amaranth, we will be the Amaranth troop.”

He spoke in a low but powerful voice.

Kinis, at the burning heat that flew out from Roan’s body, flew up into the air in shock.

For a one who realized or absorbed the essence of water, the heat was too strong.

But strangely, it wasn’t uncomfortable or painful.

Kinis quietly stared at Roan’s face, no, more exactly at his eyes.

Deep eyes as if one may fall in.

At her appearance reflected on the eyes, she exhaled up a long sigh.

‘In the first place, I’m not interested at all in something like Spirit King.’

No, in the first place, it was a dream she couldn’t even dream of.

Now that it had became like this, she planned to just follow the contractor and go sightseeing the world.

‘To do that, I have to make a contract first.....’

Kinis flew up to Roan’s ear.

She planned to talk to him.

But Roan couldn’t hear Kinis’ voice.

And like that, the time flew by as if it had no regret.

[You couldn’t even see me or hear my voice. Thanks to that, I couldn’t even form the contract until now.]

The sharp voice tore through Roan's ears.

Roan listened to Kinis' story that went on for a long time, then fell into thought.

'As expected, that water drop I absorbed at Biate's cave was the essence of water.'

A disparate strength that was different than the heat within his body.

It was a moment when its identity became clear.

"Then were you always next to me since then to now?"

Roan stared at an empty space.

He still couldn't see Kinis' appearance.

For now, hearing her voice and talking with her was the best he could do.

[Of course. Since that's my mission.]

"Wasn't it lonely?"

Roan's voice quieted down.

With a gruff voice, Kinis replied.

[Not at all! I wasn't lonely!]

Her red-tinted skin became even redder.

‘Since I was always alone.’

She tightly swallowed back those last words.

She forcefully changed the subject.

[Anyhow, for a guy who even absorbed the essence of water, how could the aura of water be so faint like this?]

Because of that, it had been impossible for the two to converse.

At least because Roan had been more or less living in the water recently, it felt as if the essence of water inside his body became strengthened.

Thanks to that, at least having a conversation became possible.

‘Is the reason the aura of water is faint probably because of that.....’

Roan inwardly had a guess.

“It’s probably because of the Flamdor Mana Technique.”

[Flamor Mana Technique?]

Kinis’ voice was full of questions.

For a while, Roan explained about the Flamdor Mana Technique.

[Hhm. So that amazing heat I felt from time to time was because of the Flamdor Mana Technique.]

Her voice sounded as if the questions were resolved.

At that moment, Roan slightly creased his forehead.

“But are you okay?”

[With what?]

Kinis gruffly asked back.

“You are a water spirit. Shouldn’t you be avoiding strong heat like the Flamdor Mana Technique?”

[Hm?]

Come to think of it, that was true.

Fire and water were opposites.

At least in the case of other water spirits, they would feel greatly pained and run away if there was even a bonfire level of heat.

But.

[I'm fine?]

Hot.

She simply felt only that much of a heat.

“Is it? Then that’s good.”

Roan nodded his head with an expression that seemingly found it trivial.

Because he didn’t knew the physiology of spirits very well, he hadn’t noticed just how strange that was.

“Then what do we need to do now?”



[The contract first. The contract.]

Kinis spoke with strength in each word.

Roan awkwardly smiled and nodded his head.

“Alright. Let’s make a contract.”

[Wait a bit.]

The contract was made instantly.

Although she originally needed to lay out all sorts of flowery and embarrassing words and then danced with a fluttery movements, Kinis completely skipped all those useless works.

‘He can’t see in the first place anyway.’

She pulled up the aura of water, then flew in front of Roan’s face.

Kinis extended her right hand and touched Roan’s forehead.

With her eyes closed, she murmured unintelligible words, then spoke in a sharp voice.

[You want to contract with me?]

Abruptly, she threw out those words.

“Un? What kind of contract is like this?”

Roan creased his brows.

From books and rumors, he roughly knew how a contract with a spirit was made.

He had thought that it was quite graceful and beautiful process, but.

‘This is shabbier than a slave contract.’

As if she had read Roan’s such thoughts, Kinis spoke in a blunt voice.

[You going to do it, or no?]

At the words that snap at him, Roan nodded his head.

“I’ll do it.”

Since there was the fault of making her wait for so long, he couldn’t be any more obstinate.

The instant he spoke those words, blue light wrapped around Roan and Kinis' body.

However, Roan himself couldn't see that light.

[It's done.]

“It's done?”

[Yeah. It's done.]

“It's really done?”

[Yeah! It's really done!]

Kinis shouted aloud.

Somehow, her head ached.

It was the first time she talked with someone for so long.

The emotional stress was worse than she had thought.

Of course, her mood didn't feel bad.

“Okay. Then I look forward to working with you.”

Roan extended his hand towards Kinis, who wasn't even visible.

Kinis gently flew and stood on the tip of his finger.

[Looking forward or whatnot, increase your aura of water first. I'll be seen only if you do, you know.]

“Okay. I got it. I'll work hard.”

Roan cheerfully smiled as he nodded his head.

He moved his feet and walked out of the lake.

“Then what will you do from now on?”

[What do you mean do what. I'll just have to sightsee the world and wait for the next Spirit King's heir to be chosen.]

Roan, who was cleaning up his things while listening to Kinis' story, shook his head towards her who he couldn't even see.

“No. That's not good.”

[What do you mean that's not good?]

“You’re a full-fledged Spirit King candidate. Then you should confidently aim for the Spirit King’s position.”

Kinis snorted at Roan’s words.

[You didn’t listen to me, did you? I’m not a royalty but a lower class. And a lowly one at that. Me becoming the Spirit King is.....]

“Impossible?”

Roan cut off her words and asked.

His face was rather serious.

Kinis wordlessly nodded her head.

But soon realizing that Roan couldn’t see her, she spoke in a quiet voice.

[Yeah.]

The moment she spoke those words, Roan faintly smiled.

He laid down on the ground and looked up at the blue sky.

“I’m from a commoner background. And a poor countryside village on the grain mountains at that. We were so poor that when it became early spring, we would have to dig up tree roots because there was nothing else left to eat. But the truly horrible things were the monsters who attacked regardless of day and night. We sent people to the fief lord several times, but they pretended not to know. Instead, they said all kinds of excuses and ripped off an unbelievable amount of tax. It was so difficult that I volunteered for the army as soon as I turned eighteen.”

The weight of his life could be felt in his voice.

“I wanted to become a great general. I wanted to be a great general, subjugate the monsters, and save the village.”

That was the truth.

But in the last life, he couldn’t quite reach the dream and died.

“Huu. But.....”

A short sigh flowed out.

“As I roamed the battlefields and experienced the world, there was a countless number of villages like mine. It wasn’t that only my village was especially poor and dangerous. So I thought at that time. That this isn’t something that a great general could solve.”

This was something he felt as he lived the second life.

There was a world that he couldn't see when he was barely living as a mere spearman.

At a level of a great general, it ended at a level of saving few villages.

To change the world, he had to look at a place higher than that.

‘At first, I had thought that if I aimed for a monarch, I would at least ended as a great general.’

The reason he wished to become a monarch when he returned to the past.

It truly was a childish and immature reason.

But as he went from a mere spearman to leading soldiers as a squad commander, adjutant, and vice-commander, his view of the world changed.

The life was too hard.

There were too many people who died without even follow their dreams.

He wished to save them all, to save the entire world.

To do that, he needed to become a true monarch.

Not a monarch of the royalty and the nobles, but the monarch of everyone.

That was the true monarch that Roan thought of.

It was because of that reason that despite becoming a noble, he looked after the people regardless of their status.

The dream that started for an immature reason had slowly shaped up like that.

“Kinis.”

Roan called out Kinis in a quiet voice.

He momentarily steadied his breath, then carefully spoke each and every word.

“I will become a monarch.”

This was the first time that Roan had told anyone, no, even spoke his dream out of his mouth.

Instantly, Kinis’ eyes became wide.



Her expression was shocked.

Even her, who was a spirit, knew a bit of how the human world's lives worked.

‘It’s a ridiculous dream.’

Kinis shook her head.

Even in that while, Roan continued to speak.

“I’ll become a monarch and change the world.”

Roan’s eyes moved, chasing Kinis who couldn’t even be seen.

“Kinis. You said you also lived a hard life in the spirit world. Those days that you were ignored and discriminated because you were of a lower class..... don’t you want to try and change such an unreasonable world? If a candidate from the royalty becomes the next Spirit King as you said, the spirit world will be the same as before. The lower class will receive all kinds of slight and discrimination and live out difficult days. But.....”

His voice once again carried strength.

“If you become the Spirit King, you can change the world.”

His voice was full of certainty.

Kinis' heart began to rapidly race.

[I could change the world.....]

If she could do that.

'I'll get rid all of these disgusting classes.'

But.

[Could I do it? Could I become the Spirit King? Me?]

Kinis asked in a trembling voice.

Raising up only his chest, Roan brightly smiled.

"Of course."

It was an answer without a hint of doubt nor hesitation.

Once again, he extended his hand towards Kinis, who couldn't even be seen.

“Kinis. I will become the monarch of this world. You become the king of the spirit world.”

[You and I will become kings.....]

Be born at the lowest and rise to the highest place.

It definitely wasn't an easy path.

But somehow.

‘I feel like I can do it.’

Until just a moment ago, she thought it was something absolutely impossible.

But the moment she conversed with Roan, an unknown confidence blossomed.

Kinis flew down on the back of Roan's hand and slightly bent her knee.

Her small and cute lips touched the back of his hand.

Of course, Roan couldn't feel nor see that sight.

[Alright. Let's try it.]

It was still a sharp and buzzing voice, but it was full of life unlike before.

Roan cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

To him, a friend and a companion who walked the same dream as him had appeared today.

Roan stood up from his seat and picked up his bag.

Then, as if he had thought of something, he spoke in a careful voice.

“Ah! But were you really not lonely?”

Countless months of time that she had to talk alone, and watch alone.

Roan found it pitiable and sorry that Kinis had to spend and endure that time alone.

Smiling brightly, Kinis replied.

[Yeah. I’m not lonely anymore.]

# Chapter 150 : Tale Barony (5)

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Thankfully, only Roan could hear Kinis' voice.

It was because there was no one amongst the retainers of the Baron Tale's house who had a strong aura of water.

The one with the biggest possibility was Clay, who was a druid, but he also didn't seem to be able to see nor hear Kinis.

'That is, if he isn't intentionally pretending to not see.'

Roan flashed light from his eyes as he stared at Clay, who was busily moving about.

"We need a few more spy eagles and messenger pigeons."

"Tenebra troop has requested three infiltration cats."

"Agens has asked whether we could tame insects and fishes."

Clamorous conversations continued on.

As the administrator of the fief and the director of the newly launched Bureau of Druids, Clay was passing busy days.

Particularly, the work he was putting his heart and blood into

these days was indoctrinating various animals and birds with the newly appointed druids and assigning them to various departments.

“Since we will ready the three infiltration cats five days later, tell them to send over the troopers who will be in charge of the mission. Pass on that we are still understaffed for the insects and fish.”

“Yes, sir. Understood.”

At Clay’s reply, a young man in a uniform, with a loud answer, exited the office of administration.

Roan, who had been watching, faintly smiled and grabbed Clay’s shoulder.

“Seeing you being so hectically busy, I really feel sorry.”

It was true.

Currently, the administration of the Tale Barony was almost all shouldered and managed by Clay.

And with the works of the Bureau of Druids getting stacked on on top of that, his daily hours of sleep these days didn’t quite go over three hours.

With a tired, but somewhat proud and satisfied look, Clay replied.

“If you are that sorry, then please increase my rank at least.”

Serious words half mixed with a joke.

To someone who might be meeting Clay for the first time, they were words that might easily make one flustered.

But Roan now more or less understood his personality.

“Sure. I’ll officially bring it up at the monthly meeting.”

Just looking at the achievements, promotion was basically an established fact.

However, the promotions in the house of Baron Tale wasn’t something that could be done with just achievements.

‘I should get and see Agens’ human resources report.’

Agens, the Tale Barony’s greatest intelligence agency, currently was also taking on employee evaluations of the Baron Tale House’s retainers in addition to collecting and analyzing both the domestic and foreign information.

It also included the basic information that are unrelated to their job performance such as diligence, everyday manner, and reputation.

“Thank you very much.”

Clay smiled as he bowed his head.

He was excessively honest in parts like this.

He didn't particularly hide his ambition.

Although that was awkward at first, he now thought instead that it too was Clay's charm and a positive point.

‘Of course, I'm not sure whether he really isn't hiding anything.’

All of a sudden, he recalled the story Princess Aily had said before leaving the capital, Miller.

< Please don't give him all of sir Baron's trust. To me, Clay's heart can't be seen. I can't tell whether its inside is black, or white. This kind of case is a first. >

‘She certainly said so.’

Meaning not to trust him too much.



‘Come to think of it, I wonder how the princess is doing.....’

The end of his thought continued naturally on towards that direction.

The thoughts about Clay had already long disappeared a far away.

At that moment.

[Hey. What are you thinking?]

He heard a sharp voice.

It was Kinis.

“Un?”

Unknowingly widening his eyes round, Roan asked back.

“Yes?”

Awkwardly, Clay, who was facing him, asked back with a puzzled look.

[You idiot. I said you can't just answer in front of other people.]

Kinis' criticism followed.

Roan hurriedly calm his thoughts.

"No. I said I look forwards to your help from now on as well."

"Yes, my lord. I will always do my best."

As if to say not to worry, Clay lowered his head with a confident expression.

Roan tapped his shoulder several times, then went out of the office of administration.

"I panicked because you suddenly talked to me."

Roan grumbled towards Kinis, who couldn't even be seen.

[Cht cht cht. Always be alert.]

Her voice was pixieish.

Roan faintly smiled as he nodded his head.

The two people, no the one person and one spirit couldn't converse with only thoughts and feelings yet.

To talk with not words but only thoughts, he needed to raise the aura of water to a much higher level.

[Anyway, what were you thinking back there.]

She seemed to be talking about when he was thinking of Aily.

“Just thoughts about this and that.”

Roan subtly avoided the question.

Kinis made an expression that seemed to say that it was suspicious.

Of course, Roan couldn't see her.

[Suspicious. Your face was really strange. The light in your eyes were soft.]

“Don't say something ridiculous.”

With a slightly flustered look, Roan waved at the air.

Kinis flew around here and there, and spoke in a sharp voice.

[Anyway, the expression back then wasn't bad. You looked really happy.]

At those words, Roan flinched in shock.

‘I looked happy.....?’

It somehow felt as if his feelings were exposed.

His footsteps pointlessly became hurried.

[What is it? Why are you hurrying so suddenly?]

With a surprised voice, Kinis asked on.

Smiling awkwardly, Roan quickened his steps.

“There is a mountain of things I need to do.”

It was a pointless excuse.

But it really was true that he was too busy to even blink.

The Tale Barony was no different than a newly born baby.

There weren't just one or two things he had to be concerned with and look over.

[So where are you going?]

“The place where a shabby genius is.”

Roan answered shortly.

At those words, Kinis snorted out a laugh.

[Ah! The scatterbrain McCrum?]

Instead of an answer, Roan made a faint smile.

His steps led towards the single story building, where a signboard called Reno Magic Tower was attached.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bang!

A middle aged man violently slammed down on a desk.

His face was full of annoyance.

“Damn it. What an eyesore this is.”

His voice was sharp-edged.

The man who was harshly breathing out was Viscount Kali Owells, who served Count Io Lancephil.

“The current situation?”

He looked at Perry Wilson, the captain of the Lancephil Fief Troop, who sat on the opposite side of the desk.

Perry smiled bitterly.

“Following the border between our fief and the Tale Barony, big and small forts, camps, and watchtowers have been built.”

“And you just watched that happen?”

Kali berated with a voice mixed with irritation.

Perry answered with a protesting look.

“It was something we couldn’t do anything to in our position. The locations the forts, camps, and the watchtower were raised were all in Tale Barony. They are places we cannot enter without permission.”

Kali harshly ground his teeth.

“Building military facilities at the bounds touching our fief is a clear hostile action.”

His sight went towards Baron Tyrone Bess, the head of the magic corp.

“Has there been any words from the lord?”

Here, the lord meant Io.

“He said to not mind it since it should be preparing for monsters’ activities.”

Tyrone answered with a short sigh.

Bang!

Kali slammed the desk once more.

“Damn it! So he really reacted like that!”

There was no way that Io would put a brake in Roan’s work.

A chilly mood flowed.

“Commander Owells. If we leave Baron Tale as is, the entire Lancephil fief may go over.”

Perry’s words.

He couldn’t dismiss it as groundless words.

There was already a case where Io had simply cut off a part of the southern region, including the Tale region, of the Lancephil County and gave it to Roan.

‘To me, who had served by his side for decades, he hasn’t even granted me a proper fief.’

Kali’s goal was to succeed Io, who had no blood relative, and become the lord of the Lancephil County.

But with the current situation, the possibility that Roan would become the next lord of the Lancephil County was high.

“No. I can’t leave it be like that.”

His voice was cold.

Kali looked back and forth between Tyrone and Perry.



“I will have to once again send someone to Count Chase.”

Kali and Count Jonathan Chase forming a secret relations was something that happened long time ago.

When Io had cut off and gave the Tale region to Roan.

At that time, they had already exchanged letters in secret.

“Have you made up your resolve?”

“Are we finally starting?”

Tyrone and Perry asked back with nervous expressions.

With a heavy expression, Kali nodded his head.

“If he won’t give it to me, I’ll just have to take it.....”

And he would have to take it before another bastard cleanly snatch it away.

He had confidence.

‘If we attack from the inside and the outside, even the lord, no,

Count Io Lancephil will not be able to endure.'

The chaos from the inside will be done by himself, Tyrone, and Perry.

The chaos from the outside.

'Count Jonathan Chase, the hated rival of Count Lancephil.'

He will take care of it.

A vicious smile hung from Kali's mouth.

A cold light wrapped around his eyes.

The ambition within his heart was simply too big.

That ambition was so big, it covered the eyes of both his body and heart.

Because of that, he had not seen the most important thing within a life.

Family.

What kind of impact would this great and important existence make in this event?

\*\*\*\*\*

“Where was the controller. Ah! Here it is!”

McCrum hurriedly rushed.

It was because he became slightly nervous from having Roan, who suddenly visited, in front of him.

No, it was because there was a bit of scatterbrain side to his original personality.

He pressed hard on the controller.

Paat!

Instantly, a ball of light appeared within a small lamp.

“It’s a magic lamp that runs on a much smaller magic stone than we had first shown you.”

“How big a stone went in it?”

“About a half a fingernail big, sir.”

McCrum answered shortly.

A blush shined on his face.

Certainly, the size of the magic stone had decreased to about half from the original magic lamp.

But the price of a magic stone the size of half a fingernail was also incredible.

‘It’s extravagant. Extravagant. To think we’ll need this much magic stone to light a single lamp.....’

McCrum lowered his head in self embarrassment.

No, he tried to lower his head.

But the moment he saw Lemming Ade standing next to him, he forcefully raised his head.

To the person who was the head of the school, the master of the magic tower, and the teacher who saved his life, he didn’t wish to show an ugly look.

“Is this much the best?”

It wasn’t a voice pressuring people.

They were words truly out of curiosity.

At Roan's question, McCrum raised his head stiffly and answered in a strong voice.

“According to our research, it needs to work at the one tenth the size of current magic stone. But when we carry out the actual experiment, it simply doesn't show any reaction, and.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Pssh.

With a feeble sound, the ball of light within the lamp disappeared.

“The current magic lamp's activation state is also very unstable.”

Roan slowly nodded his head and then examined the magic lamp.

Following the surface of the lamp, countless many magic arrays were complicatedly drawn, no, were carved.

[Hihihi. Look at this! Kukku.]

Suddenly, he heard Kinis' laughter.

Slightly creasing his brows, Roan glanced at McCrum and Lemming's faces and then murmured in a very quiet voice.

“What do you mean?”

At those words, Kinis' voice was soon heard.

[Ah right! You can't see me. Look here below the lamp. I know McCrum was a scatterbrain, but isn't this too much?]

Roan naturally moved his gaze.

“Ah.....”

Reflexively, he let out a quiet exclamation.

Soon, Kinis' voice was heard.

[It's serious even when you look at it. The magic array carved around the base of the lamp is at a level of a child's doodle.]

Roan slowly nodded his head.

They weren't talking about the formula of the magic array.

Roan certainly couldn't understand that and neither could Kinis.

They were completely inexperienced in formula of magic arrays.

Level of a child's doodle.

That was actually talking about the shape of the magic array etched on the lamp's surface.

For magic arrays that included complicated formulas, each and every line, shape, pattern, and words were important.

If they became even slightly bent, the magic itself will not activate or become unstable.

But.

'They're squiggly.'

The lines of the magic arrays etched at the base of the magic lamps were lopsided, the shapes were squashed, the patterns were comical, and the words were spiking out this way and that.

Of course, that was an extremely detailed part that was hard to see unless one concentrated one's gaze.

But.

‘It seems it’s because of this that the result much below the actual research came out.’

When Roan looked over the lamp for a long time, McCrum awkwardly smiled as he opened his mouth.

“Carving the magic array at the base of the lamp was a rather difficult job, so.....”

He too had noticed what Roan was currently looking at.

Roan turned his gaze and looked at McCrum.

“If we can just carve the magic array more precisely, would the activation results improve?”

At those words, McCrum contemplated for a moment, then slightly nodded his head.

“It probably will, sir.”

His face seemed to say that they wouldn’t know until they try.

“Hmm.”

Roan leaked a quiet groan.



‘Then there is a way.’

He cheerfully smiled and looked back and forth between McCrum and Lemming.

“Let’s take this magic lamp and go with me.”

“Eh? To where.....?”

McCrum asked back with a confused look.

Instead of answering, Roan cheerfully smiled and walked towards the outside of the magic tower.

McCrum and Lemming stared still at that sight for a moment and then soon gathered the magic lamp and the controller and followed Roan’s back.

Roan exited the magic tower and headed towards the outskirts of the Mediasis Castle.

“Lord. Have a nice day.”

“Have some fruits.”

“Thank you always.”

The castle's residents on the streets greeted them with bright faces.

And each time, Roan slightly lowered his head and responded back.

‘Was there a noble this popular?’

‘He really is amazing in many ways.’

McCrum and Lemming, who were following behind, inwardly shook their heads in awe.

Even during that while, the three people busily moved their feet.

Kang! Kang! Kang!

When they finally reached the west gate, loud sound of hammer was heard.

Roan briefly glanced back at McCrum and Lemming following behind, and made a faint smile.

“This here is the Tale Engineering Union. It's a place that's usually called the Hammer Engineering Union.”

“Ah.....”

McCrum and Lemming let out a quiet exclamation.

They had also heard of the rumors of Tale Engineering Union.

A place where skilled engineers from all over the kingdom gathered and were associated, it was the institution that was responsible for the various constructions currently happening all over the Tale Barony.

“Director Bix.”

At Roan’s call, a man with a red face ran up.

“Hahaha! Lord. Welcome.”

A hearty laugh and straightforward attitude.

He was Bix, the very man who was the director of the engineering union.

“There’s something I need to request.”

“If it’s our lord’s request, then of course we will listen to anything.”

At Roan's words, Bix energetically thumped his broad chest.

Roan cheerfully smiled and turned towards McCrum.

“Ah.....”

McCrum instantly realized Roan's intention.

He handed the magic lamp that he was holding to Bix.

“What's this lamp?”

At the unexpected object, Bix slightly creased his forehead.

With a calm voice, Roan replied.

“It's an object called the magic lamp. It's an object with complicated magic arrays etched onto the lamp's surface.”

“Hhm.”

Bix nodded his head and meticulously looked over the lamp's surface.

The magic arrays that weren't very visible were faintly seen.

Bix, after looking at it close for a long while, tilted his head.

“Is this something that’s originally etched squiggly like this?”

His expression was greatly confused.

“Hhm.”

Vainly embarrassed, McCrum and Lemming coughed.

‘As expected, he recognized it instantly.’

Roan inwardly smiled proudly, and shook his head.

“No. It’s like that because the work on that part isn’t easy.”

“Ah.....”

As if he now understood, Bix let out a low exclamation.

“So the thing you want to request is to etch this magic array?”

“Yeah. Would it be possible?”

Roan asked with a cautious voice.

Bix looked over the lamp and answered.

“The shape of the magic array is seriously complicated, but.....”

Soon, a smile bloomed on his mouth.

“We can easily carve something of this much.”

“Ah.....”

Soon as he spoke those words, McCrum and Lemming let out a quiet exclamation.

Roan cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

“Then. I’ll request it of you.”

“Please leave it to us.”

Bix answered with a loud voice.

Roan turned around to the back and looked at McCrum and Lemming.

“Please let Director Bix know what kind of magic array is needed

to be carved.”

“Yes. We understand.”

McCrum instantly nodded his head.

On his face, a strange expectation floated.

He felt that if they could carve the magic array a bit more precisely, they could make a much more effective magic lamp than now.

McCrum, together with Lemming, moved his feet and approached Bix.

Roan proudly smiled as he watched that sight.

‘A meeting of the mages and the engineering union.....’

For now, he had succeeded in one union.

‘And if even the alchemists continue their research together here.....’

When his thought reached that point.

“My lord!”

From far away, he heard a familiar voice.

And soon.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

The sound of the ground trembling hit his ears.

Without even looking back, Roan was able to guess the owner of the voice.

‘Brian.’

A faint smile hung from his mouth.

Slowly, he turned his head.

Sure enough, Brian, who had equipped a heavy armor, was running towards him from the entrance of the engineering union.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Every time he stepped on foot forwards, the ground shook.

When he met Roan’s gaze, Brian raised up his right hand high.



“My lord! We completed it!”

His voice was completely excited.

On the tip of his hands was a bundle of paper.

Once again, he shouted out aloud at the top of his voice.

“The Tale Mana Technique has finally been completed!”

# Chapter 151 : Tale Barony (6)

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‘Excellent.’

Roan was truly awed.

The Tale Mana Technique that Brian had brought, no, created, was truly excellent even when Roan, who it hadn’t been very long since he began to study the principles martial arts and techniques, saw it.

“I picked out only the core parts of the Rinse Kingdom’s Batelein Mana Technique, Byron Kingdom’s Vasis Mana Technique, and Istel Kingdom’s Datio Mana Technique, and made a foundational technique book. And to make the mana accumulation possible, I added in here the the most foundational and solid technique principles amongst the mana techniques I know.”

His expression was confident.

Roan nodded his head and asked in a cautious voice.

“And the stability?”

However it was, the Tale Mana Technique was something made by combining multiple mana techniques.

If not careful, a situation where one lose stability and rampage

just like Brian, who had learned many mana techniques, could happen.

Brian shook his hand as if to say not to worry.

“There’s no problem. Because creating a solid foundational technique style was the goal in the first place, I have definitely excluded those with strong color of its own that may harm the mana technique’s balance. The Tale Mana Technique is, word for word.....”

For a moment, he contemplated to find the suitable analogy.

“Should I say that it was made by combining waters, each from a different water source? Although the taste, color, and component may be slightly different, they’re water in the end. I haven’t mixed something like wine or tea.”

At those words, Roan nodded his head.

To mix various types of water.

He could more or less understand what that meant.

But.

“How is its level?”

If it was made by only mixing water, it could also be excessively tasteless.

Meaning, if he had made the mana technique by picking only the basic and foundational things, there is a possibility that its level may be low.

Brian's face became even brighter.

“When I made it by combining basics and basics, a mana technique of a much higher level was completed.”

Of course, even so, it didn't mean that it was more outstanding than the traditional mana technique that distinguished noble houses retained.

But just from looking at the developmental potential, the Tale Mana Technique was much more excellent.

That was what Brian thought.

“There is a word that the end of technique was the basics. I couldn't understand that word in the past, but through the opportunity this time, I have clearly realized it.”

His eyes flashed with light.

‘So there is something he earned.’

Roan realized that Brian had grown a step further.

When he inserted mana into Kalian's Tears, the entire world was soon colored in a golden light.

‘Hmm.’

Roan leaked out a quiet murmur.

The flow of mana inside Brian's body was slightly different than before.

‘Should I say that the mana that was dangerous and seemingly about to rampage at any moment has regained its calm.....?’

At that moment.

“Although I did follow my lord's order and stopped training the mana technique that they taught at the palace, it's true that I was actually a little worried. Since the level of mana also remains at the same place if one doesn't train mana technique.”

Roan quietly nodded his head.

Although he did stop the mana technique training for the moment to stop the mana rampage, he couldn't stop the training indefinitely.

“At that time, I made the Tale Mana Technique and trained it as a test.”

The tips of Brian’s mouth slightly went up.

“Although the mana accumulation speed was slower than the mana technique I trained before, it certainly was stable. Most of all, the flow of mana, which flowed unstably and seemingly about to break off, has begun to flow smoothly like a river. My lord. The Tale Mana Technique may somehow untie the knot that has tangled within me.”

The words were a supposition, but it felt as if he was already certain.

Roan brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“That’s good. That’s really good.”

In the first place, he had felt sorry because it seemed that he wasn’t able to give a proper help until now.

And for Brain to find a breakthrough by himself in that situation, he was truly proud of him.

“It’s all thanks to my lord. The one who told me that there was a problem in my mana technique was my lord, and the one who gave

me a chance to look over again from the basics of training was also my lord. Truly, thank you very much.”

Brian deeply lowered his head.

Smiling faintly, Roan shook his hand.

“No. I haven’t done anything. These are all something achieved on your own.”

He stared straight into Brian’s eyes.

“Brian. You can have more confidence in yourself than now.”

Although his voice was calm, it couldn’t hide the burning sentiments.

“Because you are the best amongst the knights I have seen.”

“My lord.....”

With a deeply moved expression, Brian dropped his head.

There was nothing more heartwarming and delightful than being recognized by the person one served.

Roan tapped Brain’s shoulder, and then took up the bundle of

papers containing the Tale Mana Technique.

“For now, we will have to select people suitable for mana technique training.”

If he could, he wished to teach the mana technique to the entire legion's soldiers, but realistically, that was something very difficult.

First, one must know how to read and write to learn the mana technique, and their loyalty to the Baron Tale's House had to be deep.

‘I need to make a selection test.’

A fair selection process was needed.

A soldier couldn't be unconditionally selected just because they had been together for a long time.

He wanted to give a hope that anyone can learn the mana technique through a just process if one strived.

‘I will have to go see them.’

For the work this time, there were suitable geniuses.



“Brian. I plan to entrust the soldiers’ mana technique training to you.”

Brian, who had been sitting, instantly stood up and gave a short salute.

“Please leave it to me.”

To teach someone.

That wasn’t a one-sided action.

At the same time as teaching, there were many things one learned.

Roan tapped Brian’s shoulder and then moved his feet.

[Where are you going now?]

Kinis asked with a grouchy tone.

Thanks to Roan, who had moved without a rest the entire day, she too had to restlessly fly around.

Putting Brian behind him, Roan hurried his steps.

“The place you hate the most.”

At those words, Kinis frowned.

[That place without a single bit of water and full of book smell?]

“Yeah. That’s it. We’re going to the Academy Bureau.”

The institution that the academy graduates, who came to the Tale Barony from Principal Fred Brown’s recommendations, belonged to.

Although the name was grandly called the Academy Bureau, there essentially wasn’t a single academy that they operated just yet.

The construction of the academy was experiencing a difficulty.

It wasn’t something that could be made instantly just because someone had money.

Unlike a market or a factory, it wasn’t a place that could be managed in a general manner either.

Education.

The weight that gave was much heavier than he had thought.

‘We’re teaching words to the legion’s soldiers for now, but.....’

The officers of the Academy Bureau had been greatly restless on their own.

It was because there was absolutely no progress in their main job of building and managing the academy.

‘The selection test may ease that restlessness.’

The feeling of relief that they had received some important mission.

Roan wished to lighten their feelings of responsibility a little.

[Uagh! Book smell!]

Kinis yelled in a sharp voice.

In no time, the Academy Bureau was in front of their eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was certainly a space that Kinis would more than hate.

The inside of a single story building was entirely filled with books.

Because there wasn't a single bit of humidity, a musty smell stabbed their noses.

[Uah. Let's finish it swiftly and quickly get out.]

Kinis cried out.

Not minding her, Roan stared at the young men buried beneath the piles of books.

Putting their heads together, tens of young men were debating violently.

"It's a selection test to select soldiers who'll learn mana technique. There's no need to put in political philosophy in a test like that!"

"What are you talking about! To learn mana technique is to become a knight! Don't you know politics is indispensable to a knight?"

"That's for ordinary cases. The positions of our fief's soldiers are different."

"Right. The idea that one absolutely becomes a knight just because one learned mana technique is a stereotype!"

They had become completely absorbed in the task called the selection test that Roan had thrown.

It was as if a fire had been lit on a pile of completely dry hay.

‘It should be fine to trust and leave it to them.’

Roan realized that there was no need to particularly continue watch any longer.

[Let’s get out quickly, quickly.]

Kinis repeatedly let out words hurrying him.

Snickering out a laugh, Roan carefully exited the bureau building.

Without even realizing that Roan had disappeared, the Academy Bureau’s officers continued their heated debate.

[Huuah!]

As soon as they went outside, Kinis breathed in deeply.

Listening to that sound, Roan shrugged his shoulders.

“You can even handle the Flamdor Mana Technique’s heat, but

can't take just that level of space?"

[Don't know. I'm fine at times, and find it difficult at other times.]

Kinis shook her head left and right.

Roan snickered and moved his feet.

"If it was that hard, couldn't you have just stayed outside by yourself?"

It was still impossible to move far away because Roan's level of aura of water was low, but it was more than possible to stay apart about a building or two away.

[Tha, that's.....]

Kinis couldn't easily continue her words.

'I don't want to separate from you!'

Such words went up to her throat.

But she endured it hard.

It was still embarrassing to say such words.

“What? Why did you stop talking?”

[Fo, forget it! Anyhow, are the works for today all finished?]

Her voice was sharp.

Roan couldn't understand Kinis, who suddenly yelled, but didn't particularly ask.

“For now, today is done. But it probably will become more busy from now on?”

Tale Mana Technique training, Bureau of Druid's animal assignment mission, Academy Bureau's selection test mission, the engineering union and the magic tower's research as well as various constructions and troop drilling.....

The amount of things he had to do was like a mountain.

Roan inhaled deeply.

Coincidentally, the north wind blew.

The tip of the wind was slightly tinted with the scent of Spring.

Just like that, the season was preparing to change its clothes.

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“Kuku. A happy news has arrived for once.”

Count Jonathan Chase held a letter and let out an abhorrent laugh.

The fully exposed teeth took light and flashed.

His mood was just that good.

“Is it Kali Owells?”

The butler of the Count Chase’s house, Chandler Hoose cautiously asked.

Putting the letter he held into a drawer, Jonathan nodded his head.

“He finally made up a resolve.”

Leaning back into his chair, he spat out a long sigh.

“Finally, I can throw Io Lancephil, that old man, down into hell.”



A laughter kept on coming out.

With a cautious attitude, Chandler asked.

“Wouldn’t it be difficult if a fief war started in the current situation?”

Even without it, the mood was tense from the throne succession competition.

“I’ll have to set up the board beforehand.”

Currently in case of Jonathan, he was widely known as the right-hand man of the Second Prince Tommy Rinse.

But in truth, the prince he served was the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

“If I attack the Lancephil fief, Prince Simon will stand up.”

Io was one of the rather large power amongst the nobles who followed Simon.

There was no way that Simon would just watch.

“I only need to coax Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum well and check Prince Simon.”

In the first place, in the two princes' positions, there was a need to hold back Simon's ankle, who was walking ahead by himself.

"So it will get busy from now on."

Jonathan nodded his head at Chandler's words.

"Since I have to grab the chance when it comes."

It wasn't possible to know when a chance like this would come again.

Tapping the desk with a tip of his finger, he formed a strange smile.

It felt as if his blood was rushing.

He could see the image of Io kneeling in front of his eyes.

'Kali Owells. What a cute bastard.'

He was a truly likable bastard.

But.

‘I’ll have to clean him up later too.’

Jonathan had no plan to take in a dog who bit its owner. (e/n: Ahh, rewards a traitor truly deserves.)

Bastards like Kali had a possibility that they would betray him at any moment according to their ambition.

Jonathan knew the nature of those kind of bastards very well.

‘Since I too am that side’s person.....’

The strange smile hanging on his mouth became much thicker.

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“It isn’t as easy I thought.”

Clay awkwardly smiled as he shook his head.

It was an expression unlike him, who was confident at everything.

“Even though purposely made the situation difficult and harassed him to the utmost, but he is still attached to the border gate guard troop.”

It was the story about Pichio.

Roan, who was receiving the report, slightly creased his brows.

“Harassed him?”

“Yes. We have incited the border gate captain Dose and have been harassing him. Since the attachment to that side has to fall off first.”

“Hmm.”

With a low groan, Roan shook his head.

“Let’s stop that work.”

“Eh? But wasn’t he someone my lord really liked? If we harassed him just a bit more.....”

“No. It will be good to stop at this point. I can’t destroy a person’s life because of my greed.”

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

He stood up from his seat.

“Do you perhaps have a different plan?”

Clay cautiously asked.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“I’ll meet him directly.”

“With Pichio?”

“Yes. I plan to meet him and honestly ask. Whether he has any thought of being with me.”

Roan stared straight into Clay’s eyes.

The light in his eyes was steadfast and without waver.

He had already resolved his thought.

“Of course, before that.....”

His voice was composed.

“I will have to apologize.”

He wanted to let Pichio know that he was absolutely not harassed because he was lacking and was problematic.

Clay kept silent for a moment and then slowly nodded his head.

“Certainly, that is like my lord.”

“Like me?”

Roan asked back with a confused look.

Smiling cheerily, Clay replied.

“Because my lord values people.”

At that moment.

[Please value not just people but spirits too.]

Kinis abruptly cut in.

Roan cheerfully smiled and moved his feet.

Now that he had made up his decision, there was no need to delay.

He planned to immediately go see Pichio.

‘He should be startled shocked.....’

In the first place, Roan was infamous in the Istel Kingdom as the Crimson Ghost.

However, his prediction missed comically.

When Roan went to Pichio’s house under the cover of dark.

“As expected, you have come.”

Pichio was waiting for him with a calm face.

# Chapter 152 : Tale Barony (7)

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‘As expected, you have come?’

Roan was greatly shocked inwardly.

He and Pichio’s meeting was a fact that only Clay knew even in Baron Tale’s house.

“Did you know that I would come?”

At the cautiously asked words, Pichio shook his head.

“No. It wasn’t specifically you, but I felt that someone would come visit tonight. It might be hard to believe, but I just felt that kind of feeling.”

A bitter smile hung from his mouth.

As if this kind of thing happened quite often, the light in his eyes wasn’t that of hoping to be believed.

However, the sincerity that filled his eyes showed that what he said just now wasn’t a lie.

‘Is this that instinct.....’



Roan inwardly nodded his head.

Clay's judgment was correct.

Unlike others, Pichio's sixth sense was unusually developed.

"Then you don't know who I am?"

At the abruptly thrown question, Pichio, who had been making a bitter smile, made a slightly surprised face.

It was because Roan was the first who didn't repeatedly ask back even after listening to his unbelievable words.

'Does he trust my words?'

It was a fresh feeling.

Staring at Roan's face, he exhaled a short sigh.

"I remember that you are Henry, a porter associated with Charity Trust. Of course, that's probably a lie."

Roan smiled bitterly at those words.

"Yes. That is a lie. Reluctantly, I had to hide my identity."

On one hand, he was slightly shocked.

‘He remembered something that happened four months ago.’

There was merely two meetings.

And amongst those times, they had only talked once.

However, Pichio clearly remembered him.

Roan inhaled deeply, and then formally introduced himself.

“My real name is Roan Tale. I am a baron of the Rinse Kingdom.”

His voice was calm.

He thought that Pichio would be greatly shocked.

However, Pichio instead murmured quietly with a calm face.

“Ah..... as I thought, you are the Crimson Ghost.”

At those words, Roan made a surprised face.

“Could you tell even that kind of thing from your feelings?”

“No. About three months ago, a letter was sent from the capital to each border gate. It was a order to watch thoroughly because Baron Roan Tale of the Rinse Kingdom may pass through the border.”

“Ah.....”

Roan nodded his head with a quiet exclamation.

The things he had done in the Pershion Kingdom must had reached the Istel Kingdom’s palace.

There were only two methods, either passing through the Byron Kingdom or the Istel Kingdom, to go from the Pershion Kingdom to the Rinse Kingdom.

The Istel Kingdom, in case Roan may possibly cross the border, had sent out an official order to strengthen the guard a step late.

They hadn’t possibly expected that Roan had passed through the borders already.

“I had thought that, perhaps, the Charity Trust’s porter called Henry may be Baron Tale.....sir.”

Of course, that was only Pichio’s thought.

Because the harassment from the guards including the gate captain Dosen worsened since about three months ago, he couldn't dare bring up a such story.

'Most of all, we couldn't even see Charity Trust after that.....'

Charity Trust, after that day, was using the border gate in the Tale Barony instead of Lancephil County's border gate.

"Have you perhaps came to cut off my head?"

Silencing through murder.

What came mind at the moment was about that much.

But.

'I don't feel nervous.'

His feelings at the moment didn't held such dreadful sensation.

Roan looked at Pichio's complicated expression and deeply lowered his head.

"Mister Pichio. I must really apologize."

“Eh? Wha, what is.....”

Even Pichio hadn't predicted such a sight.

To think a foreign kingdom's noble, and especially the Crimson Ghost Roan himself, would lower his head at him.

‘And apologizing for some unknown reason too.....’

The inside of his head became tangled.

With a soft voice, Roan explained the goal of his visit.

“In truth, after mister Pichio suspected my identity.....”

He fully revealed how he got a big interest in Pichio's ability and talent and used unreasonable schemes to take him.

“It was like that. Dose and the guards harassing and tormenting mister Pichio were all because of what I've done. It isn't because of mister Pichio's fault.”

“Hmm.”

Pichio exhaled a quiet groan along with a long sigh.

In fact, he did feel an uneasy feeling from Dose and the guards'

actions.

But.

‘They weren’t very kind people before that either.....’

The harassment was there even before, and only the intensity had become a little stronger.

They thought unpleasant of Pichio’s sharp instinct.

A discontent person all wrapped up with suspicion.

In the eyes of Dose and the guards, Pichio was only that much of a person.

“I’m really sorry.”

Roan lowered his head once again.

“Did you perhaps even crossed the border just to make that apology?”

Pichio was amazed.

Because he hadn’t ever received such treatment before, it may have been even more amazing.

Roan nodded his head.

It was a situation where one man's life could have been destroyed due to his greed.

'I cannot pluck off a flower that hasn't even bloomed.'

To Pichio, who had endlessly fallen and become dispirited, he wanted to tell him the truth that there was no fault to him.

"You're an amazing person in many ways."

Pichio was genuinely amazed.

He lowered his head deeply.

"Thank you for honestly telling me."

"Will you forgive me?"

Pichio cheerily smiled at Roan's words and answered.

"There really isn't anything to forgive or not. My relationships weren't very good in the first place."

His voice and smile were mixed with self-deprecation.

Roan quietly stared into Pichio's eyes, then spoke up in a careful voice.

“It's truly shameless to say this after making the situation like this, but.....”

He planned to tell him the second goal of his visit.

The second reason why Roan went out of his way to cross the border, meet a foreigner, and apologize.

“Would you like to go with me?”

Pichio was that much of a desirable talent.

‘Hph!’

Suddenly, Pichio slightly trembled as if hit by a lightning.

His head and heart electrically numb.

Within his life until now, there were several times he felt like this.

‘When I was going to dig mountain herbs when I was young,



when I almost died in the battlefield.....’

At the time, he felt an electrifying sensation as if hit by a lightning and an ominous feeling.

Because of the monstrosly fearful and horrifying feeling, he ultimately gave up on going to dig mountain herbs, and moved to a different battlefield than where he was originally going to.

‘Later, I heard that the people who went to dig the herbs met a tiger and became a tragedy. And in the battlefield I was originally going to go, the enemy troops were hiding in ambush.’

It was an arousal of a strong instinct that happened very seldomly.

It wasn’t something that was hazily felt, but a strong instinct that would shake his entire mind.

‘Thanks to that, I could save my life. But.....’

Even though it wasn’t a situation where life came and went, an electrifying feeling as if being hit by a lightning, just like at those times, wrapped through his entire body.

Of course, there was one thing different than back then.

‘What’s this amazing happiness?’

Instead of unease and fear, happiness and expectations wrapped around him.

His heart beated rapidly and the blood raced quickly.

His face became brightly blushed and his ears became numb.

It was a feeling elated enough to shout out in joy.

‘This is.....’

There wasn’t any need to forcibly try to understand why he felt like that.

Since the arousal of strong instinct was something that happened regardless of his will.

Pichio inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘So it’s telling me to go with him.’

He quietly stared at Roan’s eyes.

They were clear eyes without a hint of lie.

‘So there’s someone who sees me like this too.’

A different feeling of satisfaction and pride, unlike the happiness that wrapped his body, arose.

Slowly, Pichio nodded his head.

“I will follow Sir Baron Tale.”

“Ah.....”

With a quiet exclamation, Roan grabbed Pichio’s two hands.

Although his instinct wasn’t as great as Pichio, he was certain of at least one thing.

‘He is someone who will become a big influence to me.’

His thoughts weren’t wrong.

In the later days, Pichio would cause a great influence to Baron Tale’s house in many ways.

Although, whether they are good influences or not was something that needed to be watched.

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“Hmm. It seems there isn’t a need for me to step up.”

Clay looked at a small butterfly sitting on top of his finger and faintly smiled.

‘A sixth sense. It’s only embellished and called a sixth sense, and is merely an instinct. A man who judges and moves using not his head but his instinct.....’

He was a significantly interesting existence.

A man who stood on the opposite end to himself, who judges everything logically.

‘Anyhow, since the lord has resolved it well, I should throw away the plan I separately prepared.’

Clay lightly swung his finger.

Suddenly, the office’s door slightly opened and a cat showed up.

“Come here.”

Clay brushed the cat’s head as he murmured unintelligible words.

It was a druid's spell.

“There is no need to spread the rumor that Pichio is secretly working with the Rinse Kingdom. All return to the fief.”

At the end of the spell, the message he intended to send was attached.

Originally, he had prepared a backup plan of his own in case Roan failed.

He had planned to create a situation where Pichio could only leave the Istel Kingdom and come to the Rinse Kingdom.

Clay lightly tapped the cat's back.

Meow.

The cat lowered his head once, then soon went out of the office.

Clay faintly smiled as he watched that sight.

‘My lord. Although the work this time was resolved rather well, being so soft can instead increase the work.’

The smile hanging on his mouth became much thicker.

‘Someday, you will realize that my method is correct.’

His expression was confident.

Although he had stepped back from the matter with Pichio due to Roan’s order, he didn’t think that his method was wrong even so.

‘Now, now the next is.....’

Clay closed his eyes and smiled.

He was already planning the next, no, a different work.

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“Isn’t it much too good than what we thought?”

“It’s good. It’s really good. We were living in a dilapidated building leaking with rain just a few months ago, but now we got a shiny guild building and each of us got a house.”

“Not only that, even the support fund is seriously full.”

“Thanks to that, the number of mercenaries in our guild is increasing quickly.”

Wild looking young men conversed in quiet voices that didn’t fit

them.

A bald middle-aged man sitting at the head of the table frowned as watched that sight.

‘It’s dangerous.’

With a large fist, he slammed down on the table.

Boom.

Instantly, the ones chatting this and that all closed their mouths.

With startled faces, they looked at the bald middle-aged man.

“Master. You surprised me.”

“Why would you slam the table so suddenly?”

Complaints flowed out.

The bald middle-aged man, Powell, the one who was called the master of the guild, answered with a greatly twisted face.

“It looks like you bastards have lost your minds for a moment since your backs are warm and your stomachs full, so what was the reason we moved the guild’s base to the Tale Barony?”

“Khm.”

At those words, awkward coughs came out from here and there.

With absolutely furious light in his eyes, Powell continued his words.

“Listen clearly. We infiltrated the Tale Barony upon Sir Count Jonathan Chase’s order. Infiltrated. When Sir Count Chase’s order comes later, we have to put our lives on the line and fight Baron Tale’s house. Understand?”

The moment his words finished, the mercenaries smacked their lips and nodded their heads.

“We know.”

“We know that. Who forgot it?”

“I’ve engraved that in my mind every day.”

Although their words were like that, bitter looks were plain on one side of their faces.

That was also the same for Powell who shouted.



‘How did we, the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild, get like this.....’

At one time, they were an enormous mercenary guild that ruled the battlefields while receiving chunks of money.

But now, they were receiving orders from a ambition-tainted noble and playing spies.

‘If we can just finish this work well, we can raise the guild once more.’

They won’t have to do dirty works like this anymore.

But paradoxically, the guild was already prospering much more than before.

Roan and the Baron Tale’s house’s sponsorship was that great.

‘Damn it. If it wasn’t for this work, it would have become quite a nice relationship, but.....’

His mouth pointlessly felt bitter.

To throw away the distracting thoughts within his head, Powell took out a different topic.

“Come to think of it, we need to pick new managers, right?”

“Yes. Because the number of mercenaries and mercenary guilds that joined have greatly increased, we need to pick about five new guys.”

Powell nodded at those words and asked their opinions.

“Is there someone good?”

As soon as he spoke those words, all the mercenaries spat out a word.

“If it’s someone good, it’s Griffith and Moffett.”

“I’ll recognize Griffith, but Bauls is better than Moffett.”

“Agree with Griffith. And I like Kwoles with that.”

“Kwoles is good. And Sweeney and Coleman there are good too. Of course, Griffith is the best.”

Powell, who had been listening, quietly nodded his head.

It wasn’t as if there wasn’t anyone.

“Good. For now, make a list of suitable people. After that, we’ll

pick the new managers based on the current managers' recommendations."

"Yes. Understood."

All of them answered in one voice.

They were bright and energetic answers as if a bright future had spread in front of their eyes.

But they did not know.

Of the truth that a shadow had been thickly casted within the guild.

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A secret room.

Several small candles were barely pushing away the heavy darkness.

"For now, it's going as planned."

"Yes. in the list of new manager nominees, five people have put up their names. Of course, Lepis, no, Griffith is the most likely candidate amongst them."

At the report that continued on, a young man nodded his head with a satisfied expression.

He was in fact Keep of the Tenebra Troop, Baron Tale's House's intelligence agency.

“For now, tell them to continue and earn the trust of the guild master and the managers.”

“Yes. Understood.”

The young trooper hid into the dark as he answered.

Keep looked down at the documents spread out on top of the desk, and slightly creased his brows.

‘Certainly, multiple suspicious circumstances are being discovered.’

But the situation was still not enough.

They had to find more definite evidence.

‘The infiltrating troopers, including Griffith, need to do well.’

With a short sigh, Keep closed his eyes.

Countless intelligence missions that were happening all over the kingdom filled his head.

Currently, he was one of the most busy retainers in Baron Tale's house.

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Winter had ended.

It was already the second month since Spring had come.

Pichio, who had become a Baron Tale House's retainer three months ago, gazed at the Mediasis Castle that developed remarkably every day and smiled.

‘A broad street extending straight from north to south and the small roads that are interconnected. And even houses and shops placed in an orderly manner. Mediasis Castle is truly an excellent castle.’

Especially the castle wall, which was just finished three days ago, showed off an incredible splendor that seemed like it will never allow an invasion of monsters and enemies.

At that moment.

Vvuuuuuu!

A sound of horn was heard from the north gate's side.

However, there was no one who panicked.

‘It seems Sir Count Io Lancephil and Sir Baron Aaron Tate have arrived.’

Once Winter had passed and the Tale Barony had more or less settled, the two, whose relationship with Roan was close, had visited the fief.

Through multiple announcements, Roan had already notified the Mediasis Castle's residents of this fact.

Thanks to that, the castle's citizens didn't panic and were passing a peaceful day like usual.

‘I should soon go down as well.’

Pichio's current rank was the captain of the Mediasis Guard who oversaw the Mediasis Castle's public order.

His steps, coming from the watch tower that rose high down to the street, were very light and confident.

On his face, even a bright smile had arose.

‘If the meeting this time goes well.....’

Because he knew what the next thing that would happen after that is.

The smile became much thicker.

Now, the Baron Tale House was about to start a great wing stroke towards its first goal.

# Chapter 153 : Poskein Subjugation (1)

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Would it feel like this if one's son succeeded?

Looking at the buildings that lined the sides of the far extending broad street and the happy faces of people, Count Io Lancephil couldn't hide a proud expression.

‘It's more brilliant than the Pavor Castle.’

The Pavor Castle, the center of the Lancephil County and where the lord's castle was located in, was a brilliant [castle](#) that was considered to be the best even in the Rinse Kingdom's Northeast.

just to clear up a term, if a castle is where a lord of a fief lives, it's a lord's castle. If the castle is in a fief but a lord of the fief doesn't live in it, it's just a castle

Although the Mediasis Castle had achieved many developments within a short amount of time, it wasn't at a level where it could dare to compare itself to the Pavor Castle.

It merely looked like so in Io's eyes.

‘It's a clean and beautiful city.’

His heart felt truly proud and accomplished.

‘The spearman who seemed like a child has already become a lord



of a fief.'

Io, who was looking around himself with a proud gaze, met eyes with Baron Aaron Tate, who was next to him.

Smiling widely, Aaron nodded his head.

He too, as much as Io, felt greatly surprised and proud.

'I definitely knew that he will become big.'

The day Roan raised a big achievement in the Battle of Pedian Plain and held the merits awards.

He had already felt it at that time.

'That he would become our Rinse Kingdom's future.'

Because of that, he had wished to tie his daughter Mary Tate to him.

But.

'Mary already has a boyfriend, and that boyfriend also is a young man not below Roan. Just that.....'

There was something that weighed upon his mind.

Aaron furtively turned his head and looked at Kali Owells, who was following behind Io.

‘The boyfriend’s father is Kali Owells.....’

Status, house, wealth, power, one’s own abilities.

There was not a single thing that was lacking of Kali.

Rather, the truth was that Aaron was lacking.

But despite so, Aaron found Kali unpleasant.

‘It feels as if he is concealing a sword within himself.’

A snake kept coming up to his mind when he looked at him.

‘I’m probably thinking too much.’

Aaron forcibly shook his head and looked forwards again.

“Ah.....”

Suddenly, a quiet exclamation flew out.

At the end of the broad street.

In front of the inner castle that surrounded the lord's castle, stood the young man he wished to see so much.

Roan Tale.

Wearing a clean and simple suit and accompanied by the chief retainers, Roan was standing still and looking at Io and Aaron.

“He got bigger.”

Io quietly murmured.

Aaron, who was next to him, nodded his head and agreed.

“Yes. He has become a big man.”

It wasn't merely talking about his stature.

The two people, with proud expressions, went down from their horses.

And as if it had been waiting, a grand music exploded out from the sides of the street.

Ppabababam! Ppabam! Ppababam!

Sounds that hit not the ears but the chest.

It was the performance of the Milta military band that Roan made to boost Tale Legion's morals.

The performance continued until Io and Aaron arrived in front of Roan.

Chaeng!

A clear metallic sound noted the end of the music.

Roan, as if he had been waiting, saluted.

Chk!

As if they had all practiced, the Baron Tale House's retainers all bowed their heads.

It was a courteous and polite attitude.

But the air that definitely exuded from them was so great, several scholar retainers of Io and Aaron unconsciously flinched.

"It has been a while. Sir Count Lancephil, Sir Baron Tate."

Roan brightly smiled and looked at Io and Aaron's eyes.

Io and Aaron took a step forwards and clasped Roan's hands.

"Yes. Have you been well?"

"You've become a man already."

As if greeting a son, the lights in the two people's eyes were warm and gentle.

At the passionate feelings felt through the clasped hands and the eyes, Roan merely smiled.

He too couldn't suppress the feelings that climbed up.

"For now, do please come in. The banquet has been prepared."

At those words, Io and Aaron faintly smiled and complained.

"Even a banquet....."

"There really wasn't any need to prepare like that."

Smiling brightly, Roan led the two people and walked into the inner castle.

The mood inside of the inner castle was also different than the outside.

Since it was the place where the legion's headquarter and its branches were gathered, firstly, the buildings were tall and large.

On the streets, officials wearing slightly red-tinted suits were busily moving about.

“Tale fief probably is the busiest place in our kingdom.”

“It's also the place that's growing the fastest.”

With amazed looks, Io and Aaron praised on once more.

Roan shyly smiled and hurried his steps.

A clean and neat lord's castle that had just been raised up to a second story, appeared.

In front of the door of the lord's castle, the Mediasis Guards, led by Pichio, were lined up.

Pichio, who had been guarding the gate, stepped to the side and pushed the scabbard at his waist in front of his knees.

And as if they had been waiting, the guards lining on two sides all pushed their scabbards at once.

Chk!

With a movement overflowing with vigor, a heavy sound echoed out.

It was the guards' own style of welcoming ceremony.

“Oh.....”

At the vigor that pricked and electrified their skin, Io and Aaron let out quiet exclamations.

Simultaneously, Pichio saluted towards Roan.

Roan slightly nodded his head and then stepped into the lord's castle.

Gulp.

The Count Lancephil House's retainers and the Baron Tate House's retainers, who were following behind Io and Aaron, unconsciously gulped.

Each and every single movement of the guards exuded with

etiquette and dignity.

In the end, Kali Owells slightly frowned.

‘It has become much more bothersome than I thought.’

The Tale fief had developed much more than he had thought.

‘I should take care of this side too before I carry out the plan.’

It was certain that it will become a big obstacle to the revolt he prepared.

Ddk.

His teeth gritted.

In Kali’s position, Roan was [a stone that rolled in](#).

reference to Korean Idiom “a stone that rolled in pushed out the stone that was stuck”, meaning a newcomer pushed away and took its senior’s place

And a very distasteful one at that.

But that stone was trying to push him, the stone that was stuck, away.



‘Roan Tale.....’

A cold gaze stabbed into Roan’s back.

‘I will definitely make you kneel below my knees.’

A vain dream flowed through his chest and up into his head.

Consequently, the head that was clear became blurred.

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[Uah. These misters are amazing!]

Kinis fussed about.

Currently, she was sitting on top of Roan’s head and was staring at Io and Aaron.

“Hahaha! The wine tastes unusually good today.”

“You are right, sir. I think I could drink it all night.”

The two people heartily laughed and tirelessly tilted their wine cups.

That was no wonder, as the Baron Tale House's retainers were taking turns pouring them a cup.

"I'm Chris, the one managing the Tale Barony's Agens."

"I am called Clay, the one in charge of the Tale Barony's administration and the Bureau of Druids."

"I'm Keep of the Tale Barony's Tale Legion."

The core retainers took turns introducing themselves.

Each time, Io and Aaron didn't refuse and received a cup.

[They're drinking wine as if it's water.]

Kinis once again shook her head in awe.

Although Roan's limit was also at quite a level, they were at a level he simply couldn't follow.

"Kinis."

[Ah, sure.]

When he whispered in a quiet voice, Kinis answered shortly and then waved her hand.

Paat.

Instantly, a short wave trembled in Roan's cup.

“Roan. You drink as well.”

Coincidentally, Io offered a drink.

Roan raised and showed the cup he was holding, and drank it all it in one breath.

The strong liquor had already turned into clear water.

‘I never knew Kinis would become a help like this.’

A smile hung on his mouth.

But Io and Aaron's limits were much greater than his expectations.

The two people's drinking showed an end only after most of the retainers that participated had fallen.

“Should we stop at this much for today?”

“Since there is still a several days’ worth of time.”

At those words, Kinis became appalled.

[These misters aren’t human.]

Roan slightly nodded his head and agreed to those words.

At that moment.

“Roan. I’m truly thankful to you for recommending me to be the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander. It was something I haven’t even thought of.”

Aaron faintly smiled and thanked him once again.

Roan shook his head.

“No. I had simply recommended the most fitting person.”

It was true.

He hadn’t recommended him to the position of the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander simply because of the Brent’s Ring.

Aaron, who he had watched from the side, had the ability and

character that could adequately shoulder the heavy responsibilities.

“But even though you could have received a big award for suppressing the rebellion.....”

Aaron left off his words with an expression that said sorry.

The recommendation of the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander was something that happened in the merits ceremony that was done after suppressing Baron Elton Coat's rebellion.

If it wasn't for that, Roan could have received a significantly great award.

Aaron lingeringly felt sorry for that.

Roan quickly shook his head.

“I also received a big award at that place. The king had said that he would give that wide lake to me if I could just subjugate the Poskein Lake.”

“Ah.....”

Io and Aaron leaked out quiet exclamations.

Come to think of it, they had completely forgot about that matter.

Io slightly creased his forehead and asked.

“Do you really plan to subjugate the Poskein Lake?”

“Yes. I plan to do so.”

Roan answered with a determined look.

Io and Aaron quietly nodded their heads.

‘Since Roan isn’t a guy who does something useless.’

There certainly must be a rational reason.

“Then you are currently preparing for the subjugation?”

When Aaron asked, Roan faintly smiled as he replied.

“The preparation is already at the final stage.”

“Then you will soon go out on the subjugation.”

With a bitter smile, Roan shook his head.

“That too isn’t like that.”

Io, who had been listening, cautiously asked.

“Is there some sort of problem?”

Roan slightly nodded his head.

“To subjugate the Poskein Lake, I have to transfer in most of the Tale Legion’s entire strength. But if that happens, the defense of the border region with the Istel Kingdom will become weak and there won’t be any way to defend even if monsters become active within the fief.”

“Hmm.”

Io and Aaron quietly groaned.

In short, he was worrying of making a gap in strength.

‘Is he planning to wait for now until the legion’s size becomes a bit bigger?’

Although that was the proper step, the time was too precious to do that.

Currently, the Rinse Kingdom was maintaining a precarious state of peace both domestically and internationally.

The three princes' tug of war internally, and the tug of war between the adjacent kingdoms externally were weirdly balancing themselves.

If he planned to subjugate the Poskein Lake, right now was the perfect time.

For a moment, the silence continued.

Then.

“Since I received a big debt from you, I can not sit still.”

Aaron cheerfully smiled and spoke up.

“I will allocate the 7th corp of the Eastern Regional Corps near Tale Barony's border. With even that much reinforcement, the Istel Kingdom's army won't have any strange thoughts.”

In the first place, the Istel Kingdom wasn't in a situation where it could start a large scale invasion or battle.

When Aaron offered a hearty offer, Io, who had been listening, suddenly chimed in.



“Then I will support the fief’s troops. If monsters possibly become active in the Tale Barony, I’ll subjugate them with our fief’s troops.”

“Sir Count, Sir baron.”

Roan stared at them with a slightly startled expression.

In truth, the two people’s offers were something Roan had wished to separately request.

But since Io and Aaron spoke up first, Roan simply felt grateful and thankful.

Roan stood up from his seat and bowed from his waist.

“Truly, thank you very much.”

Io and Aaron waved their hands at those words.

“There’s really no need for thanks.....”

“Just go and fabulously subjugate the Poskein Lake. Go and snap right off the noses of those bastards laughing at you.”

Their voices and expressions overflowed with sincerity.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“I will definitely answer your expectations.”

As soon as his words finished, Io and Aaron looked at each other, then raised their wine cups as if they couldn't hold it in.

“However I look at it, it's too regrettable to end it like this.”

“Let's drink a bit more.”

The two people quickly emptied their cups and offered wine even to Roan.

From above his head, he heard Kinis' voice.

[These two misters really aren't human.]

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“Isn't this really too much? For our fief troop to take on even the Tale Barony's defense. I have to tell him that I just can't do it, I just can't.”

The captain of the Lancephil Fief Troop, Perry Wilson burst out in rage.

But at the sound of Kali Owells clicking his tongue, he could only close his mouth.

“Tch Tch Tch. Why are your thoughts so shortsighted?”

“Yes?”

With a puzzled expression, Perry cautiously asked back.

Making a frightening smile, Kali answered.

“I too don’t like the Sir Count’s actions. But the current situation itself is very favorable to us.”

Even without that, he was about to make a move on the Tale fief’s side in preparation for the revolt.

But at the very perfect moment, a perfect situation had unfolded.

“If the Tale Legion’s entire strength heads towards the Poskein Lake, wouldn’t it become much easier when we are carrying out our work?”

“Ah.....”

Perry exploded out a quiet exclamation.

He hadn't quite thought up to that part.

Still making a chilling smile, Kali nodded his head.

“We should send someone to Sir Count Chase. That a perfect time to start the work has come.”

Gulp.

Tyrone Bess and Perry Wilson gulped.

Although they did first planned the work together, they instinctively became tense when the start came up in front of their nose.

Watching that sight, Kali faintly smiled.

“There is no need be so nervous. Because this work.....”

The smile became even thicker.

“Will definitely succeed.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Io and Aaron stayed about ten more days in the Tale fief.

Following Roan's guide, they toured many of the fief's locations and shared many stories.

Roan had, word for word, given them a passionate reception.

To him, the two people weren't simply acquaintances but no different a family.

That was also the same for Io and Aaron.

Only on the day the two people had to leave came did they open the bag of presents they had prepared.

It was an incredible amount of treasure that seemed almost unreasonable.

When Roan refused with a startled expression, Io and Aaron led their retainers and quickly left.

With Roan's refusal in mind from the start, they had pushed the present bag at the very last day.

Seeing off the two people who left, Roan couldn't move for a long time.

His heart felt void and empty.

But he couldn't stay like that forever.

He had works that he must do.

As soon as he returned to the lord's castle, Roan gathered the retainers.

Not in the meeting room they usually gathered but in a large and grand hall, the administrators and the commanders gathered one after another.

“What could it be?”

“It looks like most of the officials have all gathered.”

“Even the thousand-man commanders are all participating.”

An assembly of such a great scale was a first.

At that moment, the door that had been tightly closed opened fully and Roan showed up.

Behind him, the Three-thousand-man commanders Austin and Semi, Agens' president Chris, the head administrator Clay, Tenebra Troop's Keep, and so on showed up one after another.

The officials, who were spread out and chatting, all straightened and lined up, and bowed.

Roan walked boldly in between the officials who took their places on both sides.

Walking up onto the head seat a step higher than the floor, he glanced through each retainers.

A confident and gentle air flowed out from the light in his eyes.

“In the last Winter, our Tale Barony has achieved a shocking amount of development.”

His voice was composed.

“With the Mediasis Castle at the center, we have raised fortresses in key locations in the four directions and organized the roads all the way to the fief’s border. We have found various branches such as Agens, Tenebra, Tale Alchemy Department, Tale Engineering Department, Tale Navy, and Bureau of Druids, and built multiple human resource development institutions such as the Mediasis Academy and Tale Training camp. Here, the Tale Commerce Division, made up of Lidia Lumber Co. and Eska Restaurant, Ford Mining Co., and Charity Trust, has achieved a dramatic growth. Not only that, the Sale Company’s Transportation Division is scheduled to be created soon.”

In short, not only the economy and the military, the entire social

infrastructure had achieved a uniform growth.

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

“We will make this powerfully hardened basis as our foundation and charge towards the first goal.”

Strength went into his voice.

“Austin!”

It was a voice that made anyone’s heart race.

Austin, who was vowing amongst the officials, stepped forwards and saluted.

“Vassal Austin present.”

A deep voice echoed through the great hall.

Roan powerfully extended his right hand.

“You will lead the Piedades Troop and march to the Nuperu village first. Deliver the tools made by the Tale Engineering Department and the Reno Magic Tower to the Tale Navy.”

“Yes sir! I will carry out the order, sir!”



Austin deeply lowered his head once and stepped back.

“Semi!”

Soon following that, Semi stepped forwards and saluted.

“Vassal Semi present.”

“You too lead the Impasse Troop and march to the Nuperu Village. Collaborate with the Tale Navy and build a camp that the entire legion can stay in the village’s southeastern plain.”

“Yes sir! I will carry out the order, sir!”

When Semi stepped back together with his answer, Roan looked at Clay.

“Clay!”

“Yes. Head Administrator Clay present.”

Clay answered with a soft voice and bowed.

“You will make sure that there is no negligence in the ration and supply preparation.”

“Yes. I will carry out the order.”

Clay answered with a confident face.

Roan slightly nodded his head.

Besides other points, he too recognized Clay's talent at least.

Following behind, multiple orders were given to each branches and troops.

The mood in the great hall heated up fiercely.

‘What? Just what is it.....’

‘It's an incredible marching preparation.....’

Few minor officials, unable to understand the situation that was turning, could only gulp.

Soon, with the Mediasis Guard Captain Pichio as the last, the issuing of the orders ended.

Roan calmed his breath and glanced deeply through the officials within the great hall.

A burning heat wrapped around his body.

[What's this, my body is heating up for some reason?]

Kinis fussed about.

She too had felt the pressure that Baron Tale House's retainers exuded through their entire body.

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

“From now, we will.....”

His voice was hot as the heat.

Gulp.

Everyone gulped and waited for his next words.

The heat became fiercer.

Roan deeply inhaled.

“Subjugate the Poskein Lake.”

The order had finally fallen.

Every retainer, including Austin and Semi, kneeled down on one knee and lowered their head.

“We shall carry out the order, sir!”

Resounding voices shook the great hall.

That day, the advanced party of six thousand, led by Austin and Semi, marched through the south gate.

Roan went up all the way to the ramparts and watched that sight.

At the awe-inspiring sight, his heart felt proud naturally.

‘This year too.....’

A faint smile hung on his mouth.

‘Will be mindlessly busy.’

Coincidentally, a warm south wind blew.

That was the spring wind that signaled the start of a year, no, a new leap.

# Chapter 154 : Poskein Subjugation (2)

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At a watchtower above a fortress.

A man was watching the sight of Roan leading the army in march.

He was Chris, a retainer of Roan and the president of Agens.

When the other retainers were each receiving major and important missions, he too separately received a crucial mission.

“Since the lord has moved, raise the surveillance system on that man to the highest level. Transfer in all the agents of Agens and the spy animals we received from the Bureau of Druids.”

“But sir, if we do that, the intelligence line from other sides will all stop.”

Pens spoke with a worried look.

However, Chris was determined.

“The important thing right now is monitoring him. After this point in time, do not miss a single cough from him.”

“Hmm. Yes. Understood.”

Pens couldn't ask anymore and lowered his head.

However, he couldn't hide just one point of doubt.

“But will he really move?”

“If there is something, he will definitely move. Because.....”

Chris paused for a moment.

Gulping back a dry throat, Pens stared at Chris' face.

“Right now is the best opportunity.”

This wasn't only Chris' thought.

It was also the thought of Roan and Clay, who had built this plan.

“Hmm.”

Pens wordless nodded his head.

The two people, until the precession of the legion couldn't be seen, stood still at that place.

Like that, the time flowed on.

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The news of the Tale Barony reached the capital, Miller, about ten days later.

The information delivery system was still inadequate.

At first, they showed guarded looks at the movement of a large scale legion, but once they learned that the goal was the subjugation of the Poskein Lake, they instead laughed loudly at them and showed no particular interest.

Like that, most of the people thought that Poskein Lake Subjugation was a foolish and meaningless war.

“We have finally caught his tail!”

The Agens director’s office’s door abruptly opened and Pens appeared.

Chirs, who was trapped under an incredible pile of documents, abruptly stood up.

“As expected, he moved as we thought.”

“Yes. It is as the lord and director Clay’s expectations.”

Faintly smiling, Pens passed the paper he was holding.

Chris, as he read the content written on the paper, creased his brows.

“So it wasn’t Duke Bradley Webster but Count Jonathan Chase.”

“Yes. Because of that, it seems that there was a confusion even between the agents.”

Chris nodded his head at Pens’ answer.

“Good. Continue to carry out the monitoring on him.”

“Understood.”

Pens, along with the answer, jumped out of the director’s office.

It was a situation where even a single moment was precious.

There wasn’t the leisure to delay even a bit.

‘Kali Owells. You bastard has bit down on the bait.’



Originally, Agens was monitoring Kali's surroundings on Roan's order.

But due to numerous battles that had continued since the Poskein Exodus, they couldn't fully use their intelligence power.

Due to that, although they did notice that Kali was showing disturbing movements to a certain degree, they hadn't had a clear grasp of the situation.

'Furthermore, because the first place Kali lined up was to Duke Bradley Webster.'

Even before Io presented the Tale Region to Roan, Kali was constantly sending bribes to Duke Bradley Webster.

Thanks to that, there was a confusion in the Agens agents' information collection and analysis.

Within such situation, Roan and Clay made up a single trick.

That was the Poskein Lake Subjugation.

In the Poskein Lake Subjugation, there were two goals.

One was to literally subjugate the Poskein Lake.

And the other one was to make Kali's scheme rise up to the surface.

They had predicted that he would definitely show some kind of movement if the surrounding situation changed.

Their prediction hit the mark.

Possibly thinking of the Tale Legion's Poskein Lake Subjugation as the best opportunity, Kali moved rapidly and noisily unlike before.

Agens didn't miss this chance.

Furthermore, the Agens of now even possessed many spy animals received from the Bureau of Druids.

'In the end, we found out that the man Kali was lining behind was Count Jonathan Chase. Furthermore, the fact that he has already seized most of the county's military too.....'

To a point of wondering how the things had progressed to this state, Kali's hands were already spread throughout the entire County.

However, this wasn't Chris' nor Agens' fault.

The kingdom was too wide.

Furthermore, Roan had experienced too many things within a short amount of time.

Agens, which had just been born, grasping everything was close to impossible.

Also.

‘Since the most important person to us isn’t Sir Count Lancephil but our lord.’

Io was pushed down in the order of priority.

At least, if the help of Bureau of Druids wasn’t there, they would have missed it.

Chris quickly prepared the report and then took out a [messenger bird](#).

the “messenger bird” is different than “message bird” in ch. 136. “Messenger birds” are the letter-carrying birds traditionally used in history, while “message birds” are fantasy animals in this novel that literally speak the message rather than carry a letter

Pdududuk!

The messenger bird tilted its head left and right, then soon flew out the window with a strong flap of its wings.

On its leg, a small tube containing the report was attached.

Chris looked at the southern sky and inhaled deeply.

‘My lord. It seems a red season will start once again.’

A season of blood.

The time of war was coming back.

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“It’s enormous.”

Brian, who was wearing heavy armor, shook his head as he looked at the fleet that completely filled the entire lakeside.

Although there already was a time they used the Tale Navy’s fleet back during the Baron Elton Coat’s rebellion, it felt like the size had increased much more than back then.

Roan, who was next to him, proudly smiled and nodded his head.

“Daiv has done well.”

Honestly, it was above his expectation.

Tale Navy's warships, which were much harder and faster than regular sailboats, hung triangle sails and were able to sail easily even in headwinds and reach a fairly fast speed.

On top of that, the sharp iron spikes attached not only on the [stem and the stern](#) as well as all around the ship impeded the approach of underwater monsters.

“stem and stern of a ship” are basically the ship's front/bow and the back

Besides that, they had also meticulously analyzed the Poskein Lake's topography and the monsters and made various preparations.

Furthermore, the ones who had made such preparations weren't only the Tale Navy.

The Alchemy Department, the Engineering Department, and the Reno Magic Tower had collaborated and created two magic tools, and these were objects that could be described as so-called wonders.

‘If there was time, we could have made more plenty of them, but.....’

Currently, they could only load only one per ship at most.

Of course, making at least that many was a great result too.

“Brian.”

Roan organized the distracting thoughts, and looked at Brian.

“Yes, sir.”

Brian slightly lowered his head as he answered.

“You will lead the heavy armor troop Vende and two thousand-man troops, and.....”

For a while, a furtive instruction continued.

“Yes sir. I will carry out the instructions.”

Brian quickly saluted and then immediately moved his feet.

Although the heavy armor clashed loudly and made clanging sounds, his movements at least were very quick.

Roan did not look at him any longer.

It was because a shout he had been waiting for had come from the lakeside's fleet.

“We have finished boarding everyone, sir!”

At Austin’s shout, Roan slowly moved his steps.

He climbed up onto the largest ship amongst the fleet.

Daiv saluted and lowered his head.

At the end of the mast, the legion’s flag and the general’s flag symbolizing Roan were hung.

The flags, at the west wind that blew timely, fluttered powerfully.

< Roan Tale. >

< Tale Legion. >

< Amaranth Troop. >

The elegant crests and the majestic writings showed off their splendor.

“Please give the order to set sail.”

At Daiv's words, Roan climbed up onto the [ship's forecastle](#) and drew out the Traviias Spear.

“forecastle: the forward part of the upper deck of a ship”

Chang!

When he inserted mana, the spear, which had been about the length of a forearm, extended and soared.

The black handle of the spear took the light and flashed.

Roan, as he felt the hundreds, thousands of pairs of gazes pouring down on him, shouted aloud.

“Sail!”

The moment the order fell, the sound of horn followed.

Vvuuuuu!

At the same time, the gigantic ships began to softly move with sounds of wood twisting.

Ggiiiig.

With the flagship carrying Roan at the lead, the Tale Navy's fleet moved in perfect order.



Their goal was the Poskein Lake's subjugation, and their destination was the Exos Island, which they planned to use as a military port.

The remaining time.

‘There isn't much time.’

Roan gritted his teeth.

The Agens' report he received right after marching off filled his head.

Although it was something he had expected, he couldn't help but be annoyed.

‘Kali Owells. You probably think that the things are flowing as you wish.’

In reality, he was merely caught in the trap Roan had set.

‘But it is true that the situation is more difficult than I thought.’

He had tried to perfectly snare and bring him out, but the situation was poor.

‘I’ll have to give the flesh and save the bones.’

The world was still much too great an existence to move according to his will.

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Ggiaaaag!

A monstrous scream hit the ears.

The light leather armors made for above water battles were already drenched wet.

Piercing through the faintly fallen dark, an amazing number of monsters crawled up the ships.

“Block them! Stab with the spears!”

“Arrows! Fire the arrows!”

The ten-man commanders, the hundred-man commanders, and the thousand-man commanders’ voices echoed noisily.

“Uwaaaah!”

“Die!”

The soldiers, along with roars, swung their knives, spears, axes, and swords.

Each time, the monsters sprayed blood and died.

“The [port side](#) deck is being pierced!”

a bit of ship terminology: “port” means left, while “starboard” means right.

“The port! The port!”

Frantic voices rang out.

When the soldiers on the deck were moving to port a moment late.

Paat!

One man, with a sound of wind, landed on the center of the portside deck.

Simultaneously.

Pabababat!

Sharp sounds of impacts hit the ears.

A black spear rapidly spun and massacred the monsters that had climbed onto the ships.

“Ah! Lord!”

“Lord!”

The soldiers who had ran up a moment late shouted with exhilarated expressions.

The very man who was freely running through the port side deck as he split the monsters into halves was Roan Tale.

Ssskuk!

The spear’s blade soared diagonally and cut through a monster’s entire body.

Roan directly climbed up onto the edge of the deck and raised his spear up high.

“[Taemusa](#)!”

태무사, or Taemusa. If we break down the name, it literally means “great warrior”

A resonant voice echoed through the battlefield.

Suddenly.

“Sir! Taemusa at ready!”

An aura that electrified and rang through the skin exploded out.

On each ship’s center deck, soldiers wearing crimson helmets appeared.

They were the Baron Tale House’s very elite soldiers who had passed the impartial selection test and trained the Tale Mana Technique.

The men who consciously refused the title of knights and desired to be called Taemusa.

Unlike the traditional knights, they wished to fight while mixed together with the soldiers.

Sssuguk!

Roan pierced the head of a monster approaching below his feet, and shouted at the top of his lungs.

“Massacre them!”

A horrifying order fell.

“Yes sir!”

From each ship, resounding voices were heard.

At the same time, the crimson-helmeted Taemusas sprinted to the port and starboard decks.

They, going past the regular soldiers and onto the very front, swung each's weapons.

The weapons, faintly wrapped in mana, cut through the air.

Ggiaaaag!

The monsters screamed horrifying shrieks as they fell off.

The Taemusa's skills were still not comparable to traditional knights.

But with just the fact that they had learned a mana technique and the fact they knew how to use mana, they displayed a much greater strength than regular soldiers.

‘With this subjugation, they will grow even further.’

Watching the actions of the Taemusas, Roan gritted his teeth.

At the same time, he kicked off the deck and soar into the air.

The spearhead flashed and shined a light, then cut apart the space along with a sharp sound of impact.

Pbububububuk!

One after another, the monsters' heads exploded with a horrifying sound.

“Kinis!”

At Roan's call.

[Over here!]

A sharp and buzzing voice was heard.

Soon, a small column of water soared up below Roan's feet.

Tat!

Stepping on the column of water with the tip of his feet, Roan soared into the air once again.

To other people's eyes, it seemed as if he was moving nimbly while stepping on the monsters' corpses floating on the lake's surface.

"Are you not tired?"

Roan asked in a quiet voice.

Ever since the battle had begun, Kinis had continuously been using the power of the spirits.

Because Roan's level of aura of water was low and Kinis' own growth was in a slowed state, she just may experience an excessive stress.

However, Kinis was overflowing with strength for some reason.

[Nope! Instead, I'm getting more lively when I use my power?]

Her voice also seemed to find it hard to believe.

"Then that's good!"

Roan widely swung his spear and formed a faint smile.

'Is it because of piece of Biate somewhere in the lake.....'



The reason Kinis was able to display a much stronger power than usual.

It may perhaps be because of the piece holding the essence of water that the queen of water Biate had left as she died.

‘Anyway, now is the time to focus on the battle!’

Throwing away the distracting thoughts, Roan called out to Kinis once more.

“Kinis.”

[Got it!]

With a short answer, Kinis made a solid column of water.

Roan landed lightly on top of it, and then shook his spear in every direction.

Ssskuk! Sssuguk!

Ggiaaaag!

The monsters that swam and jumped through the surface of the water, without offering a single proper resistance, died off.

The Tale Barony wasn't the only thing that had grown during the winter.

Roan Tale.

He too had achieved an absolutely remarkable growth.

Not only the Flamdor Mana Technique, the spearmanship from real battles, and the Reid art of fighting, the Dion roots and the Flepsse Spearmanship became a great help in Roan's growth and development.

Pububububuk!

Roan, word for word, massacred the monsters and then lightly jumped onto a ship.

“Throw the iron nets!”

It was one of the tools Daiv had made in preparation for the Poskein Lake Subjugation.

Soon, a rattling metallic sound was heard from the [poop deck](#).

Poop: the higher part at the back of an old sailing ship

Splash! Splash!

With a heavy sound, a great splash of water sprayed out.

Ggiiiik!

With a sound of wood rubbing against each other, the ship's direction turned slightly to the right.

Sinking under the surface of the water, the tough and strong iron net swooped onto the monsters.

Gkieeeek!

The monsters screamed and tried to escape, but the Daiv's seamanship was much greater than they thought.

Furthermore, the entire fleet had thrown the iron nets.

The monsters that had energetically attacked were unable to find a place to escape and panicked.

Chrrrrrr!

The iron nets, with metallic sounds, wrapped around the monsters.

“Drag them up onto the surface of the water!”

The moment the order was given, two Taemusas grabbed the lever on the poop deck.

Because the height of even just the iron nets was so great, it was impossible to pull them up with ordinary soldiers' strength.

Daiv too, even after preparing the iron nets, had worried due to this problem.

At that moment, the Reno Magic Tower and the Engineering Department stepped up.

The engineering department created the levers that could pull up the iron nets, and the Reno Magic Tower carved a small-scale power-up magic array so that the levers could work with a little amount of strength.

Sssg! Sssg! Sssg!

Two Taemusas, flowing in mana, turned the lever around in circles.

Suddenly, the iron nets of incredible weight, nets full of monsters at that, rose up above the surface of the water.

Roan, who had been standing at the poop deck, shouted aloud.

“Pour down the arrows!”

It was the order they had been waiting for.

The archers, who had been lined up along the deck, pulled their bow strings without a delay.

Ping! Piing! Pipipiping!

With sharp sounds of impact, tens, hundreds of arrows cut across the air and planted themselves onto the surface of water.

Pububububuk!

The monsters, which were caught in the iron net and couldn't move a bit, became like porcupines just like that.

Kkeueeg!

The shrieks of dying breaths hit the ears.

The surface of the lake that had been blue was dyed with a red light.

It wasn't because the sunset had fell in the west sky.

‘This is war.’

Roan forcefully put away emotional thoughts.

Standing on top of the poop deck, he looked at the soldiers.

“Now, the sun will set soon.”

If it was a usual war of humans against humans, it should had been a time to take a rest.

However, the war with the monsters was different.

The real battle began after the sun had set.

After calming his breath, Roan spoke in a quiet but powerful voice.

“Prepare for the night battle.”

At that moment, Kinis’ complaining voice was heard.

[Eei. My skin gets bad if we stay up.....]

\*\*\*\*\*

“So it really is like that.....”

Count Io Lancephil spat out a long sigh with a distressed expression.

Even when he had first heard the news, he simply couldn't believe it.

Merely few days ago, he had spent a joyful time together with countless retainers.

But that had all disappeared as if it was a lie.

It felt as if he had dreamt a round of happy dreams.

“Hohoho.”

A despondent laughter flowed out.

He looked at Eik Lamus, his retainer and the one who took on the big and small works of the county, who was standing next to him.

“Are you saying that the knight order, the fief troop, and the magic corp's core commanders are all standing on Kali Owells' side?”

“It's not certain because we have looked into it so carefully and secretly, but eight out of ten, they seem to be standing on that side.”

His expression was shamed.

“Hohoho.”

Io let out a dispirited laugh once more.

“I thought that I had treated them well in my own way.....”

They were all retainers whom he favored.

However, most of them had betrayed him.

Because it was Io, who was known by the fief’s citizens as virtuous lord and a good natured noble even amongst the nobles, the shock was much greater.

At that moment.

“It probably is due to the [enfeoffment](#) problem, sir.”

“enfeoffment: to invest (a person) with a freehold estate by feoffment”

The young man sitting on the opposite side of Io carefully opened his mouth.

He was Roan’s right-hand man and the president of Agens, Chris.



Chris had already left the Mediasis Castle and had entered the Pavor castle.

“Enfeoffment?”

Io still looked dispirited.

Chris slightly nodded his head as he answered.

“Sir Count Lancephil did not grant land to your retainers because of the reason that the fief was a key border region contiguous to the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom. This was a judgment that managing it as one would be a powerful advantage in border defense.”

Io silently nodded his head.

Chris' words continued on.

“Due to that, the Count Lancephil House's retainers, even those whose nobility reached Viscount, don't have a land of their own. Even when comparing it with just the Count Chase House bordering to the west, there is a big difference compared to the House granting even to those who are baronets a small land.”

“Hmm.”

Io, with an uncomfortable expression, leaked a groan.

He too had noticed to a certain extent that his retainers were feeling disappointed about that part.

But if he were to divide the fief and grant them for personal reasons, a great problem may be created later on during a foreign kingdom's invasion.

‘Even though I had made sure to give them not a disappointing amount of wages because of that.’

It seemed that it wasn't enough with just that.

Chris' words continued on.

“In the middle of that situation, it seems that the dissatisfaction of the Count House's retainers has reached its peak as Sir Count cut off and granted the southern region of the fief, which included the Tale Region, to our lord. And Kali Owells has pierced through that very point.”

“But even though the land given to Roan was barren and no different than a den of monsters.....”

Chris shook his head at Io's words.

“To the retainers of a Count House who didn't receive even a

palm-sized land, it seems that even a wasteland like that is enviable.”

“Hhm.”

Io, with a quiet groan, closed his eyes.

He had prided in himself for knowing how to treat people with heart, but in reality, he hadn’t understood the feelings of his retainers at all.

“Then what should I do now?”

Io, with his eyes closed, asked.

Chris spoke in a careful voice.

“Firstly, the situation isn’t good, sir. Seeing the County’s military as having gone over to Kali Owells would be correct. If the Count Chase’s troops invade in this situation, we would absolutely lose without even giving a single proper resistance.”

Chris let out a short sigh.

Then laboriously making a smile, he added on.

“But it isn’t as if there isn’t any way, sir.”

However difficult a situation was, a breakthrough was always there.

Already, Roan and Clay should be moving.

Matching that, Chris and Io had to move.

Io slowly opened his eyes and looked at Chris.

Chris laboriously made a brighter smile.

He, with a quiet voice, spoke as if to whisper.

“From now on, we will.....”

Like that, the secret conversation continued on for a long time.

# Chapter 155 : Poskein Subjugation (3)

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Splash. Splash.

Low and rolling waves hit the warships.

That was the only sound that was heard.

Everywhere was submerged in darkness and the world was silent.

Huff. Huff.

Soldiers with tense expressions breathed out heated breaths.

At the [forecastle](#) stood Roan.

“forecastle” – the front part of a ship

Using the Kalian’s Tears, he was glaring at the surface of the lake covered in thick darkness.

‘Incredible.’

From a glance, it was a lake that looked truly peaceful.

But below the surface, more than hundreds of monsters were closing in.

Gulp.

Roan's expression too was slightly tense.

Slowly, he raised his right hand.

Shuaaah.

The surface swayed greatly.

The monsters that had almost reached the ships had prepared to attack.

Roan, as if he had been waiting, shouted out aloud with a resounding voice.

“Light!”

The powerful voice shattered the silence.

As if it had been waiting, a light blasted out from above the center mast.

Paat!

At the end of the mast, a smooth metallic cylinder was attached.

Within the cylinder, a ball of light the size of a grown man's head appeared.

The ball of light, following the mouth of the cylinder to the outside, poured out an incredible amount of light.

The light directly shone upon the lake's surface.

Instantly, the surrounding darkness moved back.

Kieg?

The monsters that had been approaching in the darkness, when the surroundings suddenly became bright, showed greatly panicked looks.

Most of all, the ones who had led the attack this time were nocturnal monster, Kutiers.

These monsters had a weakness of having their skin burn up brightly and momentarily becoming blind when receiving light.

At the light that scathingly beat down as if to burn their flesh, the Kutiers exploded out pained screams.

Kkieeeg!

Paat! Paat!

Ships, numbering more than tens, all shot out light at once.

The Kutiers, which had floated up onto the lake's surface, couldn't endure it and raved in madness.

‘Good! There is an effect!’

Roan faintly smiled as he looked at that sight.

The cylinders equipped on the masts were Boat Light that the Engineering Department and the Reno Magic Tower had collaborated together and made.

A type of magic lamp made for ships, it had a function of shooting a light in one direction.

Although it was merely a light to brighten the dark to humans, it could become a lethal and deadly weapon to the Kutiers.

‘I should thank Clay and the Academy Bureau as well as the fief's scholars.’

Thanks to them working day and night, they could perfectly



grasp Poskein Lake's monster's habits and weaknesses.

“Fire the arrows!”

The moment the new order fell, a rain of arrows poured down onto the thrashing Kutiers.

Pubububuk!

Kkieek!

The Kutiers turned into porcupines and lost their lives.

A few tried to dive in order to hide themselves once more below the surface.

However, Roan and the Tale Legion had already planned even for that part.

“Pull the iron nets!”

A powerful voice spread from one end of the ships to another.

The Taemusas, who had been in ready, grabbed and turned the levers.

Ggiiig!

With a sound of wood twisting, the ships, which had been standing neatly to the left and right, swayed.

‘Knowing you bastards will run, we have already connected the iron nets between the ships.’

Hanging hooks at the end of the nets, they had connected them to other warships.

Their plan was to lay the iron nets long beneath the surface and pull them up once the monsters dove.

Shwaaaak!

With a great spray of water, the iron nets floated up above the surface of the water.

Iron nets hanging between ships as if it were hammocks.

Above them, the Kutiers that dove and tried to run were tangled into one and squirming.

“Annihilate them!”

Roan, with a new order, kicked off the deck.

Drawing a beautiful arc, he landed on top of the nets.

Unless it was an unavoidable situation, it was better to save the arrows, which were consumable supplies.

Kkieeeg!

The Kutiers, caught in the nets and thrashing from being basked in the light, rushed towards Roan.

But perhaps because of momentarily having lost their eyesight, their movements were simply a mess.

Roan composedly swung the Traviar Spear and turned his body.

Ssskuk!

The spearhead, cutting through the light and the dark, bisected the Kutiers at the same time.

Spat! Pabat!

Within Roan's hands, the Traviar Spear repeated to change truly freely.

Becoming elongated and then shortened, turning thicker and then thinner.....

Everything was to Roan's will.

Kung!

The Traviass Spear that had turned almost twice as thick as an arm crushed a Kutier.

Puuk!

The head imploded and the body was crushed and caved in.

“Die!”

“Kill them!”

From tens of ships, Soldiers with the Taemusas at the lead poured down onto the iron nets.

The ones leading them at the head were the commanders of thousand-man and higher.

As all ones who had accompanied Roan from long ago, their current skills were at an level equal to novice knights.

Although there still was a long way to go if looking at just the level of mana techniques and the martial arts, it wasn't so for

group combat.

In the case of the Tale Legion, through the future's training methods, an advanced organization system, small-scale tactics and so on that Roan knew, they showed incredible strength in many on many combat.

Each and every individual soldier was showing a powerful martial strength above his own capability.

In short, the Tale Legion was strong.

And.

“You dare!”

Roan roared as he kicked off the iron nets and soar into the air.

When he put power into his wrists, the pole of the spear trembled and warped circularly, then split the air as if flicked.

It was a powerful strike.

Puuck!

Five Kutiers literally exploded.

Most of all, Roan's martial strength now exceeded the level of a regular knight.

At that moment.

[Roan! Something is approaching from the water!]

He heard Kinis' sharp voice.

Roan butched the kutiers pouncing near him then climbed up onto a ship's deck.

Zzirit.

Goose bumps rose through his skin.

A powerful killing intent that couldn't be felt until now.

Using the Kalian's Tears, he glared below the surface of the water.

Suddenly, Roan instinctively shouted.

“Retreat! Retreat! Untie the iron nets!”

An urgent shout rang out.

Instantly, a sound of a gong signalling retreat rang out.

Jiing! Jiing! Jiing!

With puzzled looks, the soldiers who had been massacring the monsters above the nets retreated.

No, they tried to retreat.

At that instant.

Shwaaaaack!

The surface of the lake broke in a long line and a wave of water exploded.

The soldiers who were climbing back onto the ships unknowingly looked at the place the splash of water exploded and soared.

The faces stiffened solidly.

“Ah.....”

A deep and despairing sigh drew and exploded out.

The entire bodies' muscles completely froze.

Roan too was feeling a horrifying and atrocious nervousness.

“What is this.....”

A face and voice that seemed to find it hard to believe.

His eyes were looking at the lake, where the blast of water fell.

\*\*\*\*\*

A sense of relaxation overflowed in Kali Owells' steps.

A faint smile hung on his mouth.

‘Io Lancephil.’

Laughter kept popping out.

‘Without knowing just how the situation is turning, for him to send his forces that he at least had left to Tale Barony.....’

A cold light hung at the edge of his eyes.

‘At least, I will be thankful that he did that. Kuk.’



A vicious smile rose up all the way to his throat.

He calmed his breath for a moment in front of Io Lancephil's office.

The office he had visited more than tens, hundreds of times.

The feeling felt fresh today.

'It's nearing forty years already.'

Thirty seven years.

Those were the years that Kali had followed Io.

Originally, the House of Owells was a very loyal retainer that had served the Lancephil House for generations.

For a long time, it had named itself as Lancephil House's right hand.

But in the war with the Byron Kingdom 50 years ago, the Owells House had sustained an enormous damage of a degree that was difficult to come back from.

The head of the house of that generation as well as the house's

core knights had all been killed.

Although the Lancephil House had sincerely and fully supported the Owells House that was like that, the house whose strength had waned once couldn't stand back up easily.

During that time, Kali Owells was born.

From the time he was young, he had gritted his teeth and strived only in swordsmanship training.

His talent too was outstanding and he soon had obtained an outstanding skill in swordsmanship.

'I had thought that the only method to raise the fallen house back up was swordsmanship.'

A bitter smile hung on Kali's mouth.

He wished to reenact the house's old glory with his own hands.

Kali during his youth was always covered in dirt.

He had repeated training upon training to such degree.

Perhaps thanks to such effort, he had appeared in the eyes of Io Lancephil, who was leading the Lancephil House at that time.

Io had personally selected Kali, who had tenacity and outstanding swordsmanship skill despite the young age, and assigned him to the fief knight order.

‘Since then, I have roamed the battlefield as if mad.’

Io was a brave general that was hard to be seen amongst the nobles.

Following him, Kali experienced tens, hundreds of battles.

The military merits continuously piled up.

His status and rank went up little by little, and he was granted even a status of a noble.

Soon, the house that had fallen regained its era of prosperity.

‘I wished to aid Io Lancephil and head out into a greater world.’

He wished to earn a greater fame and power, and a greater wealth and glory.

But the moment Io became a count, he moved his fief to a remote northeastern region on his own and focused only on border defense.

Kali, who was fully burning up fiercely at the time, couldn't hold back his shock.

The dauntless spirit, which had tried to go beyond the kingdom and command the continent, lost its way and fell straight into the earth.

Furthermore.

‘Under the pretext of border defense, he didn't even confer a fief.’

What kind of a noble house was a house without even a single palm-sized land?

The Owells House that was recovering its prosperity was stalled just like that.

Kali was enraged.

However, he did not heedlessly show such feeling or carelessly acted.

There was a chance.

‘Since Io Lancephil doesn't have a family.’

He thought that if he continued to remain as the right hand and support him, the Lancephil County's successor would naturally be him.

Of course, he didn't lean only on a vague anticipation like that.

Very slowly, carefully, Kali changed the core and chief executives of the knight order, the magic corp, and the fief troop to his own people.

Plainly, the current head of the magic corp Tairon Bess and the captain of the fief troop Perry Wilson were no different than his close subordinates.

‘At the same time, I even learned how to conceal myself.’

While filling the core forces with his own people, Kali himself leisurely spent a long time as the vice head of the knight order before becoming the head.

Thanks to that, there weren't many people, including Io and within his subordinates, who were suspicious of Kali.

Of course, Kali didn't plan to betray Io using his own faction as his base.

‘I merely tried to inherit the County through a just method.’

He planned to officially inherit the fief from Io, who had no son.

But recently, Io showed actions he had absolutely not expected.

Not only did he take off and gave a part of the fief to Roan, a fool who had abruptly appeared, he started treating him as if he was a son.

‘If this continues, the County’s successor will become Roan .’

The situation was such that anyone would have such thought.

Kali became enraged.

The rage of this time leaped over the rage of the old.

The time of tens of years he had supported him at the side could become a foam in an instant.

Thankfully, ones with dissatisfaction like Kali appeared even amongst Io’s close aides.

Kali persuaded them and strengthened his original faction.

‘Io Lancephil.’

The teeth gritted.

He glared coldly at the office's door.

‘This is all something that happened because of you. This isn't my fault.’

Kali thought that he was betrayed first.

“Huu.”

He forcefully spat out a long sigh and calmed his heart.

The cold light that hung at the edge of his eyes were already gone.

Kali carefully knocked on the door.

“It's Kali Owells.”

He spoke in a soft and subdued voice.

“Come in.”

Soon, Io's voice was heard.

Kali slowly opened the door.

“My lord.”

“Yes. What is it?”

Sending away Eik Lamus, who he had been chatting with, Io offered a seat on the opposite side to Kali.

“I heard that you are transferring the troops to Tale Barony.”

“Since there is a promise from the other day. It seems the Tale Legion had already began to subjugate the Poskein Lake.”

Kali slowly nodded at Io’s words.

‘Io Lancephil. It’s because of you pampering and coddling Roan like that, that it became this state.’

A curse flooded up.

However, Kali didn’t show his feelings and smiled.

“Yes. Since loyalty between nobles is most important. I would like to transfer our fief’s elite troop as well as the knight order and the magic corps together if I could, but.....”



His expression said that it was very difficult.

“Because the western border region has been unusual recently, we can’t disperse our forces.”

It was a contemptible excuse.

“The western border?”

Words asking despite fully knowing it.

Kali didn’t change his expression a single bit and laid out lies.

“Chase County’s movements are unusual. We will have to move the knight order, the magic corp, and a part of fief troop’s forces to the west.”

As if it was the truth, boldness rubbed off of his words.

Io wordlessly stared straight into Kali’s two eyes.

Within the soft outline of his eyes, the hard and incorruptible eyes flashed a light.

Those were the lights of the brave general Io that had roamed the battlefields in the past.

‘Hhm.’

Kali felt himself unknowingly sweating a cold sweat.

‘Did this old man perhaps.....’

Despite him thinking that he had aged all the way, he still held the pressure of a tiger.

At the gaze that seemed to pierce through his heart, Kali’s heart loudly beat as if [a thief ached his own leg](#).

“thief ached his own leg” – Korean proverb describing the sense of nervousness from having done a crime”

He wanted to pull out and raise the sword at his waist at any second.

At that moment.

The shape of Io’s eyes curved softly and the tips of his mouth slantingly went up.

It was a bright smile.

“I see. Please take care of it well yourself.”

His voice was dripping with trust.

‘Huu.’

Kali felt his muscles that had completely tensed loosen up.

Inwardly calming his shocked heart, he lowered his head.

“Yes. Please don’t worry. I will personally go to the west.”

Kali gave a short salute and stood up from the seat.

The two people, for a moment and without a word, stared into each other’s eyes.

Complicated feelings went back and forth.

‘Kali.’

‘Io Lancephil.’

A master, servant, and a comrade that had spent tens of years together.

The hearts fell down heavily.

The one who broke the silence was Kali.

“Then I will now.....”

Smiling awkwardly, he stepped back.

When Kali just reached in front of the office’s door.

“Commander Owells.”

Io called and stopped Kali.

Kali wordlessly turned his head and looked at Io.

“Commander Owells. No.....”

Io, for some reason, made a sad smile.

“Muddy Kali.”

“Ah.....!”

Instantly, Kali let out a quiet exclamation.

Muddy Kali.

That was his nickname during his youth.

Because Kali didn't rest a single day and trained when he was young, his entire body was always muddy.

Io had called Kali, who was like that, Muddy Kali and coddled him.

"How many years has it been since we worked together?"

Even his style of speech changed.

At Io's question, Kali answered without a delay.

"It's the 37th year, sir."

"It's been quite a while."

Io cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

Kali too slowly nodded his head.

Io exhaled a short sigh.

"For some reason, these days, I miss those days."

The days when they trusted their backs together and roamed the battlefield.

Kali wordlessly lowered his head and then opened the office's door.

The tips of his fingers kept shaking and his heart beat rapidly.

On the other hand, his face calmed down ghostly pale.

‘Io Lancephil. No, Sir Count Lancephil.’

He gritted his teeth.

‘We have come much too far.’

As long as the days they spent together, they had instead fallen apart as much as that time.

Kali forcefully smiled and moved his steps.

‘Now, we cannot go back to that time.’

The face that had been pale returned back.

On the brightly flushed face, a cold killing intent hung.

The heart that momentarily shook returned to its place.

After Kali exited the office, Eik showed himself once again.

“What did he say?”

It was a voice that was spat out while forcefully pushing down on the rage that flew up.

Io wordlessly made a bitter smile.

He didn't wish to have a long talk with his current feelings.

Seemingly understanding Io's such desire, Eik, with a short sigh, spoke in a quiet voice.

“The troop that will be going to the Tale Barony will leave at dawn tomorrow. My lord, use seeing them off as an excuse and please travel until the plain north of the Pavor Castle on a carriage.”

When his words reached about that point, Io let out a long sigh.

“Eik. However I think about it, I don't like this plan. How could I leave you and go alone by.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“My lord.”

Eik, with a firm and harsh expression, shook his head.

“We need someone who will remain here and deceive the traitors’ eyes. I am merely honored to have undertook this heavy responsibility. Please don’t care too much.”

His voice became even smaller and furtive.

“Please bear in mind. Even if the entire Lancephil County fell into Count Chase’s hands, we can raise the House of Count again at any time as long as my lord is alive. My lord, please only think about the safety of lord.”

His voice dripped with loyalty.

Io spat out a long sigh and held Eik’s hands.

There was no need for words.

All the sincerity was passed through the heat of the body and the light in the eyes.

Io resolved his determination to definitely remain alive,



condemn the traitors, and raise the House of Count once again.

He planned to do his utmost for his loyal subjects, who didn't leave his side and remained despite when the situation became difficult.

However, Io was at an age already passed sixty.

Just where did the spirit and vigor from his youth went, he exhaled a sigh while looking at the back of his hand that had become wrinkled already.

The old Io's heart was too soft.

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“Captain Wilson.”

“Yes. Commander Owells.”

Kali Owells, before heading to the western border, met the head of the magic corp Tairon Bess and the captain of the fief troop Perry Wilson.

“I am scheduled to soon head west with commander Bess. Captain Wilson will remain at the Pavor Castle and watch Io Lancephil well so that he doesn't do anything unnecessary.”

“Please don’t worry, sir.”

Perry answered with an expression overflowing with confident.

But Kali’s expression was not satisfied.

‘Him being excessively conceited compared to his abilities hangs on my mind.’

Although Perry had abilities outstanding enough to undertake the role of the captain of the County House’s fief troop, his conceit was much stronger than that.

Because of that, there were times when he spoiled the work now and then.

‘Since the situation has already become like this after all, what kind of thing could even happen.....’

Furthermore, Io’s close subordinates who were eyesores were scheduled to all leave to Tale Barony by tomorrow morning.

Now, the Lancephil County was no different than Kali’s world.

Kali forcefully pushed away the uneasy feeling.

“The moment the news that we attacked the Chase County is

delivered, lock up Io Lancephil and execute the state of emergency.”

“Yes. Understood. But.....”

Perry, who had been answering instantly, slightly creased his forehead and asked.

“Is there really any need for us to attack the Chase County first? It would be okay even if the Chase County Troops push and come in.”

At those words, Kali shook his head with a short sigh.

“It is to push the cause of the fief war’s outbreak onto Io Lancephil. Only then.....”

His eyes flashed and shined a light.

“It becomes easier to fabricate the work at the capital’s side.”

“Ah.....”

With a quiet exclamation, Perry nodded his head.

Kali inwardly shook his head at that sight and filled his wine cup.

“Although today it’s the toast for the declaration of war, let us drink a toast of victory the next time.”

At those words, Tairon and Perry brightly smiled and raised their cups.

The three people lightly tapped their cups and, in one breath, emptied their cups.

A slightly bitter wine wetted the throats.

‘Come to think of it, there is a good wine in Io Lancephil’s reception room.....’

A faint smile hung on Kali’s mouth.

‘I should drink that once the work ends.’

Already, it felt as if the tip of his tongue became sweet.

Of course, although that aftertaste would be quite bitter.

‘I’ll leave that bitter taste as a memory of you. Io Lancephil.’

That day, Kali and Tairon led the knight order, the magic corp, and the fief elite troops and left towards the west.

Perry, who had remained at the Pavor Castle, drastically increased the number of guards on the grounds of strengthening public order.

Io went up to the spire and let out a long sigh as he looked at that sight.

‘It is no longer the Lancephil County that I knew of.’

It felt as if he had held it in his hands for much too long.

The light in his eyes darkly abated.

“Is now the time to let it go?”

Suddenly, the past years brushed by like a wind.

Exhaling a sigh mixed with regret, Io turned his head.

The gaze that was looking towards the west turned to south.

At the end of that place lied the Poskein Lake.

# Chapter 156 : Poskein Subjugation (4)

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He had never seen it in reality.

But there were times when he had heard of it through words, rumors, and stories.

No, there were many times.

It was an existence that famous.

He had thought that it would be horrifying.

But he hadn't predicted that it could possibly be to such degree.

Sethus was more gigantic than any monster he had seen until now.

Boom!

With a thunderous boom, the forecastle of the left ship was pulverized.

“Uaaak!”

“Run! The ship is sinking!”

The soldiers ran towards the stern as they shouted.

“Throw the ropes! Save our comrades!”

“Leave the sinking ship!”

Tens of ropes were thrown from the ships that were still intact.

“Turn the bow around with the ropes still thrown! Run!”

“Retreat to the lakeside!”

The retreat order quickly fell.

But.

Boom!

When Sethus swung its enormous arm once, another ship shattered once more.

‘Damn it.’

Roan stood on the flagship’s deck and scowled at Sethus.

Sethus almost brought to mind a whale with arms and legs.

There was no difference between the head and the body, and it had a short back legs, a tail, and long forelegs.

It was a monster that usually swam or walked using the four legs to move deep below the lake, and could stand erect using its hind legs and tail.

‘To think it will appear so quickly.’

He knew that Sethus lived in the Poskein Lake.

However, he thought that they won’t be meeting it until they advanced to the Exos Island.

Because it was a monster that lived at much too deep place.

‘Is even the boat light ineffective.....’

Sethus was also a monster that was categorized as nocturnal.

But unlike Kutier, it didn’t show any particular reaction to even the boat light.

Boom!

With a sound of explosion, another ship was destroyed again.



Roan quickly called Harrison.

“Harrison. All ships retreat!”

“Yes! Understood.”

Harrison, the captain of the Roan’s direct Amaranth troop and a thousand-man commander, immediately gave the retreat order.

Soon, the sound of horn signalling all fleet’s retreat echoed.

Vvuuuuuu!

As if they had been waiting, the ships that had been panicking turned their bows around and began to retreat.

But.

Boom!

There was no way that Sethus would stay still and watch that sight.

Swinging its long arms, it adroitly strode and moved its steps.

Each time, an amazing swell of water hit the ships.

“Uak!”

“Throw the safety lines!”

“Grab the safety line!”

“Save those who have fallen into the lake!”

Screams endlessly flooded out from here and there.

Watching the ally ships being helplessly destroyed, Roan gritted his teeth.

‘Damn it. Can’t be helped.’

He couldn’t stay and simply watch like that.

Forget retreat, the allies were in danger of being annihilated.

“Kinis.”

[Un?]

“Please create a water column.”

While glaring at Sethus, Roan moved to the end of the forecastle.

[Roan. You aren't possibly thinking of fighting that bulk, right?]

Kinis asked back with a shocked voice.

Instead of an answer, Roan nodded his head.

'I will protect my soldiers.'

Although his expression was solid and stiff, a strong determination and an unwavering will could be glanced.

[You really aren't sane either.]

Kinis grumbled as she shook her head.

But she didn't repeatedly ask back or stop him.

It was because Roan and Kinis, who were tied with a spirit contract, could share their feelings to a certain degree.

[Alright. Then here I go.]

"Please."

A short conversation passed.

Suddenly, columns of water soared between the flagship and Sethus.

Roan moved without a delay.

Taat!

He kicked off the bow then stepped on the water columns one after another.

“Aa! My lord!”

“Lord!”

The soldiers shouted with shocked expressions.

Roan shouted without minding it.

“You guys retreat as is!”

The lord Roan’s orders were absolute.

But even so, they couldn’t leave Roan alone in danger and

retreat.

Harrison quickly gave a new order.

“All ships besides the flagship retreat!”

“Then what will we.....”

One soldier cautiously asked.

Harrison, as he stared at the back of Roan stepping on the columns of water and heading forwards, answered.

“The lord has staked his life for us. We will wait for the lord here.”

“Yes sir!”

The soldier didn't ask anymore and saluted.

Soon, the sound of horn signalling the retreat of all fleet echoed.

Meanwhile, Roan had neared Sethus.

The sight of him holding the Travis Spear slantingly behind him and kicking and running on top of the columns of water was truly a sight of a hero.

The sight of not stepping back even with the gigantic Sethus in front.

The Tale Legion's soldiers who were watching trembled in awe.

‘That man is our lord!’

‘Lord!’

‘Lord, please be strong!’

‘We are behind you!’

Burning sensations rose up within their chests.

Their entire bodies shivered and trembled.

They couldn't hold back anymore.

“Uaaaaaaah!”

“Roan Tale! Roan Tale!”

The soldiers raised their hands high and cheered.

Thunderous voices rang and echoed the Poskein Lake.

The spirits carried on the voices stormed like a whirlwind and pushed Roan's back.

“You guys.....”

Faintly smiling at the spirits felt behind his back, Roan kicked off the last water column.

Sethus' slick body was right in front of his nose.

Kwaaaaaaa!

Sethus too had noticed Roan running towards him.

An incredible scream that felt as if the eardrums would burst exploded out.

Slightly creasing his forehead, Roan stabbed the Traviass Spear into the slick and gigantic body.

Ssskuk!

The spearhead skewered deeply.

But no particular reaction came from Sethus.

To it, it was an attack similar to getting bit by a mosquito.

Sethus' elongated arm flew towards Roan.

“Damn it.”

Spitting out a curse, Roan used the Traviass Spear as an axis to turn his body and soar into the air.

Sssuung!

With a powerful gust, the monster's arm cut through an empty space.

“Kinis!”

[Got it!]

At Roan's call, Kinis put her hands together into a circle.

Suddenly, a round drop of water appeared in the air.

Quickly stepping on the drop of water, Roan jumped into the air once more.



Turning his body in the air, he climbed up on top of Sethus' enormous arm.

Kwaaah!

With a horrible scream, Sethus tried to squish down on Roan with the opposite hand.

Looking at the incredible-sized hand, Roan quickly threw his body.

Tatat!

The sight of running on top of Sethus' elongated and long arm.

To the Tale Legion's soldiers' eyes, it truly was a close sight.

Puuuckk!

With an earsplitting boom, Sethus' hand clapped its arm.

Gulp.

With nervous expressions, everyone gulped.

At that moment, Roan jumped up on top of the hand.

“Ah.....”

Exclamations of relief popped out from everywhere.

“Huu.”

Roan too spat out a short breath.

Once again, he climbed the arm and raced towards Sethus' face.

‘Having a large size is both an advantage and disadvantage.’

To Sethus, Roan was truly an annoying opponent.

He was small and quick.

Of course, that didn't mean that it was easy for Roan to take on Sethus.

If it was a normal human, it was close to impossible to cause a critical hit on it whether one swung a sword and stabbed a spear.

‘But that is.....’

Roan's eyes flashed and shone with light.

‘Stories of people without the Traviar Spear.’

For him, there was the Traviar Spear, which could freely change its length and thickness.

‘My mana needs to hold on.’

The problem was only the mana inside his body.

If only the mana was plenty enough, he could change the Traviar Spear to almost the size of Sethus.

Tat!

Roan kicked off Sethus’ arm and jumped towards its face.

An eye as big as a ship was right in front of his nose.

“Hahap!”

With a shout, Roan thrust the Traviar Spear.

The mana within the mana hole rose up as if to soar and flowed into the Traviar Spear.

Psht!

The Travis Spear, which was the size of a regular spear, flashed with light and then its length and width instantly started to become bigger.

It was a size that was simply difficult to hold with one hand.

Roan held the end of the spear with two hands and aimed at Sethus' eye.

Sssggk!

The spear that became as thick as the size of a man's body pierced its eye.

Using the mana within his body, he could increase the length of the spear at best to a length of a ship and a width of about Roan's body was the limit.

Although it still was absurdly insufficient level compared to Sethus' size, it was enough to give it a damage.

Furthermore, the attacked area was good.

At the pain of its eye being ripped out, the monster thrashed.

Kuaaaaah!

With a horrible scream, the two hands flew towards the face.

‘You dare!’

Roan quickly returned the Traviar Spear to its original size, then kicked off its eye and soared into space.

Ppuuk!

Sethus’ two hands hit its own face.

Roan stepped on the tip of its finger and climbed up to the top of its head.

“Die!”

While holding the Traviar Spear with both hands, he pushed and stabbed it directly into the top of Sethus’ head.

Simultaneously, he pulled up his mana and enlarged the Traviar Spear to its maximum size once again.

Pshshshhk!

As the length became longer and the thickness became thicker,

the sound of flesh being pushed out hit the ears.

Kuaaaaaa!

With a scream, Sethus swung its arm again.

However, Roan had already dodged that place and moved to another spot.

Once again, he stabbed the Travis Spear into its body.

He thought that if he continued to damage it the same way, the monster wouldn't be able to last.

'Stab twice if it doesn't fall with a single stab, and stab three times if it doesn't fall with two stabs. I'll stab and stab again until it falls.'

That was Roan's method.

But at that instant.

Uung. Uung.

A strange vibration was felt from the place he stabbed the spear.

"Huhph."

At the same time, the surrounding felt lumpy.

A sense as if the Traviar Spear he stabbed into the body was being pulled in.

Roan quickly set his balance and pulled out the spear.

Uung! Uung!

The vibration steadily became stronger.

Suddenly.

[Run!]

Kinis' panicked shout was heard.

The instant Roan turned his head wondering what it was, the skin below his feet flashed with a blue light.

“Hph!”

Instinctively, Roan pulled his entire mana to protect his body, and simultaneously and repeatedly executed the shield spell amongst the spells carved within the Brent's Ring.

All the mana within his body soared up.

The moment a transparent membrane covered his entire body.

Paat!

Sethus' body that had become lumpy widely opened up and an incredible jet of water gushed out.

Puuuuuk!

An incredible impact hit his entire body.

“Kuuk!”

With his teeth gritted, Roan curled up his body.

Just like that, Roan was bounced off as he was hit by the jet of water.

[No!]

With an alarmed voice, Kinis quickly created drops of water.

Tens of water drops appeared.



However, the speed Roan was bounced out at was too fast.

Pop! Popop! Pop!

The instant the water drops collided with Roan, they couldn't endure the impact and popped.

Puuuuuk!

In the end, Roan bounced and flew off the water's surface like a skipping stone and soon was pounded into the water.

Ggllllllk.

At the place he sank, bubbles arose.

“My, my lord!”

At the situation that suddenly happened, the soldiers on the flagship gasped and yelled.

“Move! Move! We will go rescue the lord!”

Harrison shouted aloud at the top of his lungs.

Ggiiig.

The flagship that hadn't moved even a bit even with the Sethus in front of them began to move with a sound of wood twisting.

Meanwhile, Roan was sinking endlessly.

The arms and legs drooped powerlessly and his conscious was faint.

But despite so, he was holding at least the Traviass Spear tight in his hand.

‘What happened.....’

Thanks to the Brent's Ring, there was no problem breathing even while underwater.

Of course, even this had a limit with the current state of mana.

‘I remember being hit by something like a stream of water and.....kuuk.’

Suddenly, an amazing pain assaulted him.

A feeling as if the bones of his entire body was shattered into pieces.

Also.

‘Did even the mana hole reach its bottom?’

He had spent all the remaining mana to protect his body.

‘If I stay like this, I will die.’

It was impossible to know how deep the Poskein Lake was.

But if he continued to sink like that, it felt like he would forever be unable to go out into the world.

Furthermore, it was also impossible to know how long the effect of the Brent’s Ring that allowed him to breath underwater would continue.

‘I have to move.’

Even though it was painful, he had to endure.

Roan tried to pull in the limbs that powerlessly drooped.

At that moment.

He felt killing intents that electrified and trembled his skin was felt.

Roan turned only his neck and looked around the surroundings.

Thanks to Kalian's Tears, he could even clearly see the underwater sights that light didn't touch.

‘Kutiers.....’

Kutiers were swarming towards his surroundings.

The monsters remembered Roan, who had ruthlessly massacred their comrades.

They bared their sharp teeth and extended sharp and long nails.

‘Will I die like this.....’

The body still didn't move as he wished.

It was almost impossible to take on all of them.

But he had no plans to giving up and welcome death just like that.

‘There is no impossible in my life.’

He tightened his heart that was scattering.

It was a life that he had stood up from despite falling again and again and had stubbornly walked.

There was no way that he could simply give up even if a foot was caught at the door of death.

‘I will kill at least one more of you.’

Perhaps because of the firm will, the limbs that hadn’t listened moved.

‘Kuuk.’

Of course, an amazing pain assaulted each time.

Roan took that pain as a source of his strength.

With fierce and sharp eyes, he glared at the Kutiers.

‘Come!’

His spirit at least was of [a greatest general under the sky](#).

“greatest general under the sky” – a sort of self-explanatory Korean term used as an exaggerated comparison to describe braveness

At that moment.

[You really are an absurd guy.]

A sharp and buzzing voice was heard.

It was Kinis.

Roan wished to greet her at the somehow happy feeling, but he couldn't say any words because he was underwater.

‘Even though it might be the last..... can I not even greet her?’

He felt a regretful feeling.

[What last? Didn't you say that there is no give up in your life?]

Kinis' voice was heard.

‘Un?’

Roan made a puzzled look.

‘You can hear my voice?’

Words passed through thought.

[I can hear it. No, not just hear it.....]

The end of her words blurred.

At the same time, a current oscillated in front of Roan's eyes.

A current swaying under the water was truly fantastic.

As if a whirlwind, it spun round and round then soon burst apart towards everywhere.

At the place the whirlpool disappeared.

A woman with a blue colored hair and skin tinted with a red light appeared.

A girl of short height that only reached up to Roan's waist.

The girl turned her head and looked at Roan.

A face that somehow looked like a mischief.

[You can see me now, right?]

She casually threw those words.

Roan widely opened his eyes.

‘Are you perhaps Kinis?’

At those words, the girl slowly nodded her head.

[Yeah. I’m Kinis.]

Her small and pretty lips moved softly.

Smiling faintly, Kinis shrugged her shoulders.

[Aren’t I prettier than you thought]

Those were words that completely did not match the situation.



## Chapter 157 : Poskein Subjugation (5)

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A strange nervousness hung on the border of the Lancephil County and the Chase County.

With the border region as the center, the Count Lancephil Troop and the Count Chase Troop scowled at each other.

No. It looked as if they were scowling.

The strange nervousness too was not directed at each other.

“Should we soon begin?”

One of Count Lancephil’s captains cautiously asked.

Kali Owells quietly stared at the Count Chase Troop over the border, then slowly nodded his head.

“After crossing the fief border, shoot the arrows towards the ground. The cavalry will move left and right rapidly and leave footprints, and the foot soldiers will throw away the broken spears, swords, and the shields.”

“Yes. Understood.”

There was no look of being puzzled even at the strange order.

Vvuuuu!

Soon, the sound of horn signalling the march echoed.

Unlike the normal tactics, the archer troop moved first and then crossed over the fief border.

It was undeniably a military invasion.

However, the Count Chase Troops instead merely smiled brightly as they watched that sight and didn't move thoughtlessly.

The archer troop, which had entered the Chase County, moved around this way and that and shot arrows at empty grounds.

Pbubububuk!

Tens, hundreds of arrows futilely crossed the empty space and planted themselves into the ground.

The cavalry and the foot troops swept through afterwards.

As according to Kali's order, the cavalry moved erratically left and right and left footprints, and the foot soldiers threw broken or bloodied weapons onto the ground.

A moment later.

Jiing! Jiing! Jiing!

The sound of gong signalling retreat rang out.

The archer troop, the cavalry, and the foot soldier troop all moved back and returned to the Lancephil Fief.

Hazy dusts fell down upon the place they left.

No matter who saw it, it was undeniably a sight of battlefield.

It was a battlefield fabricated with lies.

“Excellent.”

Viscount Royce Fielder, who received the role of Count Chase Troop’s supreme commander, made a faint smile.

His gaze went towards Kali on the other side.

‘I knew it will become like this.’

Royce knew Kali well.

It was because their ages were similar and had also spent a long time as rivals.

He knew that Kali would betray Io.

‘That bastard is probably blaming Count Lancephil.’

But that was Kali’s misjudgment.

The smile hanging on his mouth began much thicker.

‘There is no way Count Lancephil would pass the fief to a bastard like you.’

The existences called humans were essentially like that.

While the eyes for looking at others were bright, the eyes for looking at themselves were dim.

Due to that, most people didn’t know what their own faults were.

Kali too was the same.

‘In the first place, Count Lancephil who values people without discriminating status and you who are busy taking care of your own profit were opposites.’

Royce clicked his tongue.

If he was going to serve, he should have served a similar person.

Like him.

‘There really is no one like our Sir Count Chase who is all wrapped up with ambition.’

Royce and Count Jonathan Chase’s personalities were completely same.

Furthermore, Jonathan lightly ignored the process, unlike Io, as long as the result was good.

If one could just fill his ambition, he valued and used any one.

‘He doesn’t poorly treat his retainers just because of the lowly things. He grants lots of fiefs too. Kukuku.’

If Kali served Jonathan from the start, he would have achieved a large wealth and power in his hands.

No, truthfully said, it wasn’t a bad choice even now.

Because of that, this fief war was very important from Royce’s position.

‘Kali. I can’t leave you bastard to raise a big merit and serve Sir Count Chase.’

He had no desire to share the wealth and power with Kali.

‘You will have to die in this fief war.’

Of course, it wasn’t something Jonathan wanted.

No, he had no interest whether Kali lived or died.

The important thing was to gain the Lancephil County in his hands.

‘It should be fine to say he died during a chaotic battle.’

If he gave even that much excuse, Jonathan won’t delve any further.

Royce raised his right hand as he smiled frighteningly.

Coincidentally, a west wind blew.

“Charge.”

He spoke in a low and unperturbed voice.

The Count Chase Troop rode the west wind and charged towards the East.

Dududududu!

The sound of horse hooves noisily rang out.

Kali and the Count Lancephil Troop stared at the Count Chase Troop that were approaching and then slowly turned their horses.

The direction the horses turned to was East.

They too made preparation to ride the west wind and charge towards the East.

Kali raised up his right hand high.

“Charge!”

A resounding voice echoed the land.

Dududududu.

The Count Lancephil Troop, no, the Viscount Owells Troop and the Count Chase Troop massed together into one and charged

towards the East.

It was the moment the Rinse Kingdom's peace, which had continued on dangerously, shattered.

Lancephil Fief versus Chase Fief.

The Count Lancephil Troop versus Count Chase Troop and Viscount Owells Troop.

Like that, the fief war that would change many things began.

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‘What happened to you?’

Roan still made a surprised expression.

Although seeing Kinis was also surprising, the look that was different than what he had heard was also surprising.

‘Didn't she say she was only about a size of a palm?’

Those were words he inwardly repeated alone.

But it seemed that those words were clearly heard in Kinis' ears.



[I abruptly grew like this all of a sudden. Also.....]

Smiling peculiarly, Kinis extended her hands towards a Kutier that had already neared them.

Puung!

Suddenly, a ball of water burst out from her hands.

A ball of water made underneath the water.

That was truly an odd sight.

[My power got stronger too.]

Her voice overflowed with confidence.

Although her appearance was still that of a cute and young girl, she was still a spirit.

A strange mysteriousness and beauty coexisted.

Pop! Pbung! Pop!

Kinis continuously shot out balls of water towards the Kutiers

that were approaching.

Although they were wiggly and slow looking attacks, they actually were very powerful strikes.

The Kutiers either had their skull broken or shattered.

But even so, it wasn't as if Kinis' situation was leisurely.

[Uwa! There's seriously a lot!]

The Kutiers they faced with the boat lights and iron nets were at most a portion of them.

The Kutiers under the water were incredibly many to a point of being hard to count with eyes.

Pop! Pbung! Pop!

Kinis once again shot out balls of water and then turned to Roan.

[What are you doing? Are you just going to keep watching like that?]

At those words, Roan made a bitter smile.

'I want to help too, but the mana within me was completely

depleted.'

[Mana? What are you talking about?]

Kinis creased her forehead.

'I spent all the mana inside me to block Sethus' atta.....'

When his words had reached that point.

Kinis creased her brows as if saying what are you talking about.

[Then what's that inside your mana hole?]

'Mana hole?'

Creasing his brows, Roan focused his mind on his mana hole again.

'Just what is she saying is in there?'

The mana hole was still completely empty.

But even so, there was no way that Kinis would make up empty words.

With the mana hole as the center, Roan slowly felt the energy around it.

Suddenly.

‘Ah.....’

His eyes widely opened.

‘What is this?’

It wasn’t the mana hole.

To be exact, it was the exterior that wrapped around the mana hole.

An energy that felt completely different than the original mana was there.

If the mana hole’s mana tinged a pure heat due to filling it with the Flamdor Mana Technique, the mana of the mana hole’s exterior was.

‘Water?’

It was a flawless water energy.

A pure essence of water.

‘Why is this.....?’

Roan couldn’t understand it.

According to the words queen of water Biate left and words Kinis had said, it was a fact that he had absorbed the essence of water.

He had also realized that it was also the essence of water that had saved his life when he lost his mind and the Flamdor Mana Technique rampaged at the end of the war with the Istel Kingdom.

But that was all.

After that, he couldn’t feel the aura of water, the water energy anywhere in his body.

But because a more stable compression and management of mana became possible as he trained the Flamdor Mana Technique, he thought that the essence of water had naturally dissipated as it took on such role.

But.

‘It has been wrapped around the mana hole?’

And a water energy this powerful and plenty at that?

‘How did something like this happen?’

It was something that he simply couldn’t understand.

In truth, although Roan didn’t realize it, it was thanks to water spirit king Ellaim’s arrangement that water energy, and extremely pure water energy at that, was hidden inside his body.

So that the pure water energy won’t unknowingly become active before Roan realized the essence of water by himself, she had placed a limit that wasn’t quite a limit.

Only, in order to stop at least the situation where Roan becomes swept up by the Flamdor Mana Technique and rampage, she had chosen the surface of the mana hole instead of the head or the heart and hid the water energy.

Although he wasn’t a human that was quite likable to her, since he did inherit Biate’s will at any rate, she wished to stop him from meaninglessly losing his life.

But an event that even Ellaim too didn’t expect happened.

The moment Roan used up the heat that had fully filled his mana hole, he sank into the Poskein Lake where a piece of Biate was asleep.

When the two events happened simultaneously, the pure water energy that was wrapped around the mana hole had opened its eyes on its itself.

A coincidence and a coincidence had overlapped, and he had earned an opportunity that he hadn't even thought of.

Thanks to that, Kinis, whose strength was energetically overflowing thanks to the Poskein Lake even without it, received the effect of Roan's water energy and could repeat a growth after growth.

Of course, Roan as well as Kinis too wasn't able to guessed such truth at all.

'Anyway, a water energy that I could use instead of heat appeared.'

And an extremely pure and amazingly great amount of water energy.

But there still was a problem.

'Could I used the Flamdor Mana Technique to pull up and use the water energy?'

Even if he simply thought about it, it was something absolutely

impossible.

There was even a possibility that the mana could rampage if not careful.

At that moment.

[Roan! Hey! Just how long are you going to stay like that?]

Kinis' panicked voice was heard.

Already, Kutiers were tightly closed in around her surroundings.

It was a situation that Kinis could be in danger if not careful.

'Damn it. To think it's a situation where I can't use the mana even when it's there!'

Even thoughts of blindly trying out the Flamdor Mana Technique came to his mind.

'I would have at least tried it if I knew any other mana techniq..... ah!'

Suddenly, Roan's mind abruptly got hold of itself as if he was hit on the head.



‘There is one!’

There was one other mana technique that he knew.

The mana technique that anyone knew of as long as they are higher commander than a thousand-man commander.

‘The Tale Mana Technique.’

The very man who had trained the Tale Mana Technique first right after Brian finished it was Roan.

But because he had the Flamdor Mana Technique, he hadn’t separately trained it after understanding that there was no big problem to the mana technique itself.

‘It should be fine if it’s the Tale Mana Technique, right?’

Because it was a mana technique that exceedingly emphasized the basic of the basics, it could control all types of mana.

Of course, there was one worrisome problem.

That there was a chance that it could collide with the Flamdor Mana Technique if not careful.

‘But if it’s at a state like now when the heat is completely

depleted.....’

The possibility of collision was very slim.

But since there was something like perhaps, there was a need to be careful.

‘I don’t touch the inside of the mana hole.’

Roan gulped once, and visualized the mana hole.

When he focused on the surface of the mana hole, the water energy that had softly wrapped around it soon began to move little by little.

‘It’s working!’

At the very moment he was about to cheer at the mana that moved as he willed.

‘Hgh!’

Roan gasped back an empty air.

It was because the water energy within his body had explosively increased and completely filled his mana road.

No, it wasn't only that.

As if the space within his body wasn't enough, the water energy that had explosively expanded tried to even jet out of his body.

‘Kinis! Run!’

Roan hurriedly yelled towards Kinis.

Kinis too, befitting a water spirit, had already felt the abnormal phenomenon happening within Roan body.

She quickly moved below Roan's feet and curled up her entire body.

As Kinis, who had checked them while shooting out balls of water, disappeared, the Kutiers extended sharp claws in front of them and leaped at Roan.

However, their desires couldn't be achieved.

The very instant before Kutiers' claws would rip apart Roan's body.

Boooooom!

An incredible water energy exploded from Roan's body.

The strength of the water energy was unbelievable.

Pbubububuk!

The Kutiers that were energetically attacking disappeared without a trace.

Not just at the level of exploding, they were completely erased.

It truly was an incredible power.

The at least one good point was that the energy didn't extend towards above his head or below his feet thanks to Roan controlling the explosion's direction until the end.

Thanks to that, the ships above the water's surface and Kinis, who hid below his feet, could be safe.

[Ro, Roan. Your appearance.....?]

Kinis looked around at the empty water where the Kutiers disappeared, then stared at Roan a moment later and made a shocked expression.

Roan.

His appearance right now was undoubtedly that of Ellaim.

Blue hair and a transparent skin.

Of course, it wasn't a look as beautiful as her.

\*\*\*\*\*

“My lord! My lord!”

Harrison's panicked voice echoed out.

“Shine the boat light!”

“Call the ships that retreated!”

The flagship arrived at the place Roan sank.

But however they shined the lights and shouted, Roan's appearance wasn't seen.

“The soldiers capable of diving step forwards!”

Harrison personally took off the on-water-use leather armor and stepped up for diving preparation.

The ones originally good at swimming and capable of diving amongst the soldiers hurriedly made preparations.

Their setup seemingly looked ready to dive into the lake at any moment.

But.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, one of the ships that were approaching towards the flagship sank.

Sethus, which had blasted away Roan, had already reached near them.

“Thousand-man commander!”

The soldiers turned to Harrison and hurriedly shouted.

Harrison, who was about to jump into the water to save Roan, gritted his teeth as he looked at Sethus.

‘Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!’

Curses rose back up all the way to his throat.

But if he became emotional, the soldiers below him would fall into panic.

Harrison forcefully calmed his heart that shook and gave an order.

“Prepare to attack with the arrows! All fleet hold back its legs!”

A miserable order.

The damage would be extreme.

But while the entire fleet stopped Sethus, he himself and the flagship's soldiers planned to save Roan.

With the current situation, that was the best.

However, Sethus was much more powerful monster than Harrison's thought.

Kwang! Kwakang!

At a swing or two of its arm, three ships were half demolished.

Tens, hundreds of arrows cut through the space and planted themselves into Sethus' body, the monster didn't show any reaction.

Roan, who had taken on the such gigantic bastard alone, newly felt amazing.

‘Damn it!’

Harrison was anxious.

He couldn’t stop Sethus, and he couldn’t save Roan either.

“Uaaaak!”

“Sa, save me!”

“Throw the ropes!”

“Save our allies!”

Hell.

All kinds of screams mixed and were heard.

Kuaaaaah!

With an aberrant scream, Sethus once again raised its arms up high.



Now, the thing the monster aimed for was the flagship.

Looking at the gigantic hand large enough to block out the night sky, Harrison bit his lips.

‘My lord.....’

He wasn’t afraid of dying.

But, the fact he couldn’t save Roan felt lamentable.

Harrison grabbed the bow he hung on his back.

‘Even if I die a timely death, I will have to leave a single scratch on you bastard’s body.’

The bowstring was tightly pulled.

A single spindly arrow sharply trembled its body.

Kwaaaah!

With an aberrant scream once again, Sethus slowly swung the arm he had raised high.

It was a slow movement as if to make fun of the humans who would be crushed by its hand and die.

‘Even though you’re a mere monster!’

Harrison gritted his teeth and let go of the pulled bowstring.

Piing!

With a clear sound, a single arrow cut through the air.

It was an infinitely small and spindly thing compared to Sethus’ gigantic body.

‘Is this the best.....’

Watching the arrow fly up, Harrison spat out a long sigh.

At that moment.

Booooooooooom!

With an explosive sound, a column of water soared up next to the flagship.

“Huhugh!”

“Wha, what the!”

“Is it a monster again!”

The soldiers loudly shouted and stared at the column of water.

The column of water was truly grand.

It endlessly soared up.

Kwah?

Sethus too, at the sudden situation, blinked its eyes and glared at the column of water.

Shwaak!

Suddenly, an incredible stream of water extended out from the column of water.

Drawing a long curve, it hit the Sethus’ arm that was raised up high.

No, the stream of water that they thought had hit Sethus’ arm directly passed through it.

It was a strange sight.

Kwah?

Sethus too, once again, shouted out a strange and aberrant scream.

That moment.

Paaaaaat!

Following Sethus' arm, an incredible fountain of blood soared up.

At the same time, the arm that was attached to the gigantic body slowly become disjointed and then fell on top of the lake.

Kwaaaaang!

With an incredible splash of water, a swell of water arose.

The flagship and the ships greatly swayed.

Kwaaaah!

Looking at arm that was cleanly cut off, Sethus exploded out a horrendous scream.

On the other hand, the Tale Legion's soldiers, at the situation that suddenly happened, became mutes who ate honey.

At that moment, a soldier from the flagship shouted.

“It, it's the lord!”

The end of his finger pointed at the column of water.

Everyone's gazes headed towards the end of the column of water.

“Ah.....”

With a greatly moved look, Harrison let out a quiet exclamation.

He was there.

The man proudly standing at the end of the column of water and glaring at Sethus was definitely Roan.

Although both the color of the hair and skin was different than before, he could clearly recognize him.

“My lord.....”

For some reason, tears flowed.

Roan whom he thought was dead.

He had soar up riding the column of water and then had cut off Sethus' gigantic arm.

At that moment, Roan pointed at Sethus with the Traviar Spear.

The soldiers, while staying mute, looked at that sight.

A thundering roar exploded out as if it had been waiting.

“Sethus! You bitch! Who told you to touch my guys?”

Who told you to touch my guys.

They were words they really heard a lot somewhere.

# Chapter 158 : Fief War (1)

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“We have to immediately dispatch a messenger. A fief war at a time like this! This is ridiculous!”

First Prince Simon Rinse shouted with a brightly flushed face.

For once after a long while, he was currently pouring out his rage to his heart's content.

However, the thing that instead shot out from the opposite side was a sharp and cold smile.

“Older brother. Can you really say such words even after listening to the report? The ones who first attacked the fief is the Count Lancephil Forces. The Count Chase Forces has merely invoke its right to self defense.”

Snickering lips.

The owner of the annoying and provocative voice was the Second Prince Tommy Rinse.

At the urgent message that flew from the kingdom's Northeast, Rinse Kingdom's three princes and the nobles had hurriedly sought the palace grand hall.

An outbreak of a fief war between Lancephil County versus Chase

County.

Rinse Kingdom had ended a large scale war and a subjugation, and had just began to calm its breath.

Each fief were focusing on healing the damage and exhaustion that had piled up until now.

Thanks to that, the Rinse Kingdom was maintaining a precarious state of peace even in the middle of the throne succession competition.

However.

‘The entire kingdom should shake once again with this fief war.’

‘Count Lancephil versus Count Chase.....’

‘Prince Simon versus Prince Tommy, no is it a battle of Prince Simon versus the other two princes?’

The fief war at the current situation wasn’t at a level of power struggle between nobles.

‘The one who wins this fief war can walk ahead in the throne succession competition.’



If Count Io Lancephil won, the throne succession competition would become Simon's solo landslide.

On the reverse, if Count Jonathan Chase won, Tommy and Kallum, who had fallen behind a bit, would gain strength once again.

“We have to immediately stop the fief war!”

Simon glared once at Tommy, then shouted towards the nobles.

“That is correct! A fief war at a time like this.....”

“Lancephil County and Chase County are major border regions. If a fief war breaks out at a place like that, an enormous hole will be created in the border defense.”

“We cannot respond properly if the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom invade.”

The nobles who followed Simon pour out words of support at the top of their voices.

But.

“Firstly, let us clearly go over this once more. According to the messenger's report, the one who first attacked the fief was the Count Lancephil Forces. The cause of the outbreak of this fief war

is in Lancephil County. We acknowledge that point, no?”

“Hhm.”

At Tommy’s words, the nobles who supported Simon all swallowed back coughs with uncomfortable looks.

‘Why would Sir Count Lancephil commit such a foolish thing?’

‘Conspiracy. This is definitely a conspiracy.’

‘Sir Count Lancephil isn’t a man who would commit such an act.’

Count Io Lancephil was a noble who loved the kingdom more than anyone.

He wasn’t a man to start a trouble first because of trifle things.

But however it was, it was true that the Count Lancephil Forces had attacked Chase County first when they only looked at the objective facts revealed until now.

“Chase County has invoked its right to self defense to protect itself, and are taking the momentum to push back the Count Lancephil Forces who are the invaders. Furthermore, the Count Chase House and the Count Lancephil House have been rivals for generations, and the aged emotions between the two houses aren’t a kind that other people can understand. The Count Lancephil

Forces attacking Chase County too is.....”

For a while, Tommy explained his thoughts on the current fief war with a clear and definite voice.

Stepping up to the center of the grand hall, he looked straight at Simon.

“I will repeat, the one who first started this event was Lancephil County. At a situation like this, to order a withdraw to Chase County is highly unreasonable. Leaving the assailant and scolding the victim isn’t something very nice to look at. Isn’t that right, older brother?”

As expected, his voice was annoying and provocative.

Simon sharply trembled his entire body while clenching his fists.

He wished to throw a punch and break Tommy’s jawbone at any moment.

But then, everything would end.

It was certain that the nobles who supported Tommy and Kallum would flock up like a swarm of bees.

‘If not careful, I could be dropped from not only this fief war problem but also the throne succession competition.’

Barely pressing down on the anger that rose up to his throat, Simon exhaled a long sigh.

“Tommy. There is also truth to your words. But the two counties are located at major border region. If we just leave the fief war alone, a large hole will be created in the border defense.”

At those words, the Third Prince Kallum Rinse, who had been standing at the back, walked forwards.

“Older brother. Please don’t worry about that. We just need to send a fast message to the Northern Regional Corp and the Eastern Regional Corp to make full defensive preparations. Furthermore, the Istel Kingdom and the Byron Kingdom currently aren’t in a situation to invade our kingdom.”

It was true.

In domestic situation, the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom were more appalling than the Rinse Kingdom.

“Hhm.”

Simon thinly opened his eyes and glared at Tommy and Kallum.

‘So they will join together.’

It was something he had expected ever since he first heard the news of the fief war's outbreak.

‘No, the fief war itself may perhaps be those guys’ work.’

Simon gritted his teeth.

He turned his head and stared at Duke Bradley Webster.

The man who was one of the four dukes of the Rinse Kingdom and maternal grandfather.

But for some reason, Bradley shook his head as soon as he met Simon's eyes.

Clearly, it was a gesture to stop and step back.

‘Why.....?’

Even amongst the nobles who supported Simon, Io was on the side of those of large power.

It was a situation where if he lost at this fief war, Simon's base could shake greatly.

Simon, with eyes full of disbelief, stared at Bradley.

At that moment, Bradley stepped forwards with a short sigh.

“I have heard well of Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum’s words.”

The four duke houses were one of the great columns that supported the Rinse Kingdom.

The weight of Bradley’s statements were different than the statements of ordinary nobles.

Naturally, everyone’s gazes headed towards him.

“But even so, we cannot just merely watch. I believe it would be good to limit the length of the fief war to one month and disallow the participation of other fiefs excluding the Lancephil County and the Chase County.”

“Sir Duke Webster!”

Simon shouted as he creased his brows.

Bradley shook his head with a solidly stiffen expression

It meant not to step up any further.

“Kuk.”

Although Simon was the First Prince of the kingdom, he couldn't thoughtlessly cling to him and protest.

With a completely flushed face, he could only close his mouth.

‘Just what is he thinking.....’

When Simon stepped back, Bradley slowly looked around at Tommy and Kallum as well as many nobles and asked.

“How is my proposal?”

Unlike the soft voice, the light in his eyes were glaringly shining.

A light seemingly telling them to concede at an adequate level since I have also stepped back this much.

Tommy and Kallum's eyes moved rapidly.

Duke Edwin Voisa and Duke Liss Kowan subtly nodded their heads.

‘It is fine with this much.’

‘The situation is more advantageous to us.’

Their intentions were passed through the light in their eyes.

Tommy and Kallum faintly smiled and nodded their heads.

“As expected, I could only clap at Sir Duke Webster’s insight.”

“Since fief wars like this are something that are common. As long as it doesn’t escalate, it doesn’t seem that there is anything that will particularly become a problem.”

The two people’s smiles tinged with a cold light.

Already, they knew of the inside story set behind the current fief war.

‘Duke Webster. It seems that he is trying to put a brake ahead of time in case me and Kallum join hands and aid Count Chase, but.....’

‘How tragic. Even though Count Lancephil has collapsed from the inside. Kuk.’

Laughters kept leaking out.

When they thought that Simon and Bradley didn’t know anything, their mood naturally become good.

Bradley, knowing or perhaps not knowing the two people’s such inner thoughts, faintly smiled as he nodded his head.



“Then, I will organize the content we agreed on and report to his majesty the king.”

He tried to hurriedly clean up the meeting.

Simon still had an expression that said it was hard to understand, and Tommy and Kallum’s expressions were those of forcefully holding back laughters.

Looking at the sight of the three princes, Bradley slightly shook his head.

‘Huh..... they are all still young.’

An unknown and peculiar smile appeared on his mouth.

That was a truly guileful smile.

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Kuaaaa!

A hideous scream exploded out.

That was rather closer to a wail.

“No, no way.”

“Is, is he really the lord?”

“Sethus isn’t able to do anything!”

The expressions of Tale Legion’s soldiers were half dazed out of their minds.

They were staring at Roan, who had rode the column of water and soared up.

Shwaaak!

Each time the Traviass Spear moved once, a jet of water cut through the space.

Following the complex and beautiful line of the spear, a great spray of water rose.

And each time, Sethus’ solid body split straight apart and crimson blood sprouted out.

‘To think the power that the essence of water has is this much.’

Roan, who was fluttering blue hair and pressuring Sethus, was inwardly being greatly shocked.

It was because the power that the essence of water, the water energy, that was wrapped around the surface of the mana hole was much greater than he had imagined.

‘If only there was a powerful mana technique like the Flamdor Mana Technique.....’

He would have shown a might several times more powerful than now.

When his thoughts reached about that point, a bitter smile hung on Roan’s mouth.

‘Flamdor Mana Technique is strong but the heat I could actually use is scarce, and the water energy is truly plenty but actually has no mana technique that could properly utilize it.’

The heat and the water energy.

The two were both still at half-done states.

Of course, even so.

‘It’s this strong!’

Roan gritted his teeth and thrust the Traviar Spear forwards.

Suddenly, an amazingly large stream of water formed a shape of a sharp spearhead and flew towards Sethus.

Kueng!

With a horrible scream, Sethus violently swung the one arm that was left.

But.

Puuk!

The spearhead-shaped stream of water directly pierced through its arm and stabbed into its body.

Ssskuk!

The steam of water that penetrated all the way to a deep place within its body soon lightly disappeared and hid its trace.

Kuaaaaah!

Sethus wailed and shrieked as it looked at the widely perforated arm.

Roan prepared the final strike as he watched that sight.

‘I want to torment it more if I could, but.....’

In truth, he too wasn’t quite full of leisure.

After he had soared up out of the lake, heat kept coming in and filled the mana hole that had been empty.

‘It becomes hard to control the water energy the more the heat fills in.’

Not only that, the power too was drastically decreasing.

‘So I still can’t control both energies together at once with my skill.’

Although he felt regretful, he had no plan of being greedy.

Because the heat and the water energy may collide and rampage while forcefully trying to control the two energies.

‘I will go slowly.’

There still was a lot of time.

‘For now, let’s take care of this bastard.’

With his teeth gritted, Roan twisted his wrists.

The Traviar Spear tightly clung to his side.

A stream of water soared following the spear's shaft and the spearhead.

It literally was the final strike.

There was no need to leave any water energy within his body..

Paaaat!

Incredible water energy whirled with Roan as the center.

The hair that was colored with a blue light slowly returned to its original color.

The skin that was transparent also found its own color.

[Roan.]

Kinis, who had grown as much as a little girl, also shrunk to a size of a palm.

The one thing that was at least good was that her form was still clearly visible.

‘Sorry. For making you become small again.’

[It’s fine. For now, this is more comfortable. Since it was also hard for me to adapt because I suddenly grew so big.]

Kinis forcefully smiled brightly and flew onto the top of Roan’s head.

Roan slightly nodded his head instead of an answer, then glared at Sethus.

“Let’s finish already.”

He briefly threw those words.

Kuaaah!

Sethus answered with an unintelligible and terrible shriek.

Breathing in deeply, Roan directly thrust the spear.

The water energy that was whirling around his entire body rode the stream of water and flew towards Sethus.

Shwaaaak!

The stream of water cut and tore through space.

Sethus glared at the stream of water flying towards him and fully opened its gigantic mouth.

Kuah!

With a horrible sound, a jet of water of an incredible size spew out.

That was much bigger and thicker than the stream of water that Roan had shot.

“Ah.....”

“No!”

The Tale Legion’s soldiers, who had been watching, exploded out regretful exclamations.

It seemed as if Sethus’ stream would eat up Roan’s stream.

To that much degree, there was a clear difference between the two streams.

However, Roan didn’t even blink an eye.



‘I believe it.’

He believed the power of the essence of water, the water energy, that he was carrying.

Kinis too, with a confident expression, stayed on top of Roan’s head.

And finally.

Boooooom!

Roan’s stream and Sethus’ jet collided.

With a sound of explosion, a great wave of water sprayed everywhere.

“Kuuk.”

“Ugh!”

At the wave of water that hit their entire bodies, the Tale Legion’s soldiers gritted their teeth.

Boom!

An explosion rang out once again.

The soldiers thought that Roan's stream was eaten up by the incredible jet of water.

But.

Kuaaah!

The one that panicked was Sethus.

The monster saw Roan's stream that was insignificantly small piercing through its jet of water and slowly approaching.

Kuaaah!

Sethus struggled with its entire strength and sprout out a jet of water once again.

But even so, it couldn't stop Roan's stream.

Almost like a strong salmon, Roan's stream of water climbed up against Sethus' jet.

Kuaah!

Sethus threw up a monstrous scream at the end.

That was a wail mixed with despair and fear.

Simultaneously.

Puung!

With an amazing sound of explosion, Sethus' head exploded out.

Shwaaak!

With a great spray of water, the spouted blood thickly spread like a fog.

“Uugh!”

“Wugh!”

Few soldiers couldn't endure the thick smell of blood and vomited.

Kukukukukung.

Meanwhile, Sethus, which had been standing straight up, leaned diagonally and slowly fell.

An incredible swell hit the ships.

“Kuk!”

“Grab the safety ropes!”

Panicked voices echoed from here and there.

But even during that while, Harrison raced to the forecastle.

Towards the place Roan was standing until just now, he yelled at the top of his throat.

“My lord! My lord!”

An anguished voice shook the thick spray of water.

Soon following that, even the other soldiers swarmed up to the edges of the deck.

“My lord! My lord!”

“Turn on the boat light!”

“Show him our location!”

Hurried sounds filled the space between the ships.

As the heartrending sounds kept continuing on, several soldiers cried out in tears.

“Hhgh. My lord.”

“Hhhugh. Hhg.”

At that moment.

“I’m not dead so stop crying.”

A familiar voice was heard from the center deck mast.

A soft but powerful voice.

It was definitely Roan’s voice.

The flagship’s soldiers, including Harrison, all rushed towards the center of the deck.

Ssssss.

At the mast that wasn’t even very visible due to the spray.

From above it, a black human silhouette was coming down

towards the deck.

Tap.

A soft landing movement.

The man who appeared with a faint smile was Roan.

The blue colored hair and the transparent skin had regained their original colors.

“My, my lord!”

“My lord! Are you hurt anywhere?”

Starting with Harrison, the soldiers ran towards Roan.

Roan brightly smiled as he shrugged.

“I’m fine. Rather than that, first.....”

Staring at Sethus’ corpse bulging up above the lake, he formed a strange smile.

“There is something we have to do.”

“Something we have to do, sir?”

Harrison asked with brightly red eyes.

Roan slightly nodded his head and spoke in a quiet voice.

“There’s one rumor I heard since a long time ago, and.....”

The smile hanging on his mouth became much thicker.

“I plan to test it.”

His expression and voice were weighty.

Harrison and the soldiers unknowingly followed Roan’s gaze and stared at Sethus’ carcass.

That almost brought to mind a small island in the lake.

Vvuuuuu!

Soon, a sound of horn signalling advance echoed out with the flagship as the center.

Shwaaak!

Soon, tens of ships crossed the water's surface and began to move.

Their target was Sethus' carcass.

Their goal?

Only Roan knew it yet.



## Chapter 159 : Fief War (2)

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In the last life, the first person to take down Sethus was the pirate king Beck.

No, the only man to have taken down Sethus was Beck.

Although there were more than plenty of people stronger than Beck on land, Beck was the strongest man at least on the Poskein Lake.

‘Since even besides his individual strength, he also had the support of the mermaids.’

Anyhow, after taking down Sethus, which was categorized as an upper echelon even amongst the Poskein Lake’s monsters, Beck dissected its body into pieces.

The reason?

‘There is an oil sac within the monster’s body.’

Sethus secreted a peculiar-smelling oil when seducing its mate, and this was the very Sethus oil.

‘If one covered the ships, armor, and clothes in that oil, the monsters categorized under lower echelon of the Poskein Lake will run far away just from smelling the odor.’

The Sethus oil was stored in an oil sac deep inside its body, and as much as its gigantic sized body, the oil sac also boasted an amazingly great size.

Enough for all the Tale Legion's ships and soldiers to use and have left overs.

Not only that.

'Sethus' crimson blood has the effect of stopping the approach of other Sethus.'

The predator of the Poskein Lake Sethus instinctively had a strong repulsion towards its own blood.

'These were the very rumors that I had heard.'

No, to be exact, it could be called information.

'Since Beck actually became a pirate king with the ships and armor washed in Sethus' oil and blood. Of course, he did receive the mermaids' help.'

The problem was after that.

After completely seizing the Poskein Lake, Beck had committed atrocities that were incredible enough to be almost unimaginable.

Levying tolls to the merchant ships travelling the lake was understandable.

But depending on his mood, he even seized or sank the ships that were travelling.

Not only that, he had raided the villages on the lakeside, plundered their properties, and killed the people as he wished.

The four nations bordering the Poskein Lake had tried to fight against Beck's such tyranny, but there was no way to fight him, who had settled himself at a place deep in the Poskein Lake.

‘One of the reasons I'm trying to subjugate and conquer the Poskein Lake first.’

If he were to conquer the Poskein Lake, Roan planned to only collect appropriate tolls and usage fees.

‘Of course, there isn't only economic reason like that.’

The biggest reason he was hurrying to subjugate and conquer the Poskein Lake.

‘The damage from the monsters is severe.’

Although the cases of monsters carrying out large-scale land

invasion like the Poskein Exodus weren't something that happened often, cases of large and small villages being attacked were happening frequently.

Furthermore, in case of few terrestrial monsters, there even were research results that said their roots were in the Poskein Lake.

‘At least for the lakeside villages’ safety and the residents’ peaceful lives, Poskein subjugation is necessary at any cost.’

Although it was an immensely anthropocentric thought, it was a natural decision to the human Roan.

Since Poskein Lake’s monsters too were attacking the human villages on the lakeside on their own decision.

‘On top of that, there just was a need for a situation to sound out Kali Owells’ plan.’

The Poskein Lake Subjugation was utilized even as a part of the stratagem to reveal Kali’s black intentions. Since he would definitely move if a vacuum of power appeared.

Like that, the subjugation had arose with numerous schemes as the background.

“Soak the sail and the mast, forecastle and the stern with Sethus’ blood!”

“Soak also the helmets and armors thoroughly!”

The commanders of and above the thousand-man commander rank ordered the soldiers.

Even the Tale Legion’s soldiers, who instantly reacted to any order, hesitated a bit at least at this moment.

Bathing the armor in the blood a monster had bled was simply disagreeable.

At that moment, the one stepped up was in fact Roan.

Taking the lead and setting an example, he plunged his helmet and armor into Sethus’ blood.

“Ah.....”

Seeing that sight, the soldiers hid their looks of hesitation, took off their helmets and armor, and thickly plastered Sethus’ blood in ones and twos.

Splash. Splash.

From here and there noisily echoed the sound of plunging armors into the crimson blood.

The sticky yet metallic-smelling blood began to color the armors and the ships red.

The alchemists and the engineers who had boarded along, just in case there might be a need for it later, were bottling the Sethus' blood fully in empty wooden caskets and loading them.

‘Right. Since who knows if there is another effect to Sethus' blood.’

It wasn't as if Roan knew everything.

He especially and greatly lacked technical knowledge.

‘The alchemy department and the engineering department should take care of it well.’

If even the Reno Magic Tower were to assist the research, they should be able to gain a greater result.

If possible, he wished that there was a mana enhancement property to Sethus' blood and oil, no, at least in its chunks of flesh.

‘Is it an overly excessive expectation?’

He pointlessly felt embarrassed and smiled.

At that moment.

“We found it!”

“We found the oil sac, sir!”

The soldiers who had been digging through Sethus’ body shouted aloud.

Roan quickly kicked off the stern and climbed up onto Sethus’ body.

When he claw through and entered into the crimson body, he saw the oil sac of an incredible size.

“Like how we rubbed on the Sethus’ blood, thoroughly plaster the oil too on the ships and the armors.”

“Yes. Understood!”

The commanders and the soldiers answered in one voice.

Soon, with the Roan at the lead and starting with the commanders as an example, they covered Sethus’ oil onto their entire armor.

Following after that, the soldiers continued on the work of rubbing the oil.

As expected, the amount of oil was plenty.

Not only once but over two, three times, the Tale Legion's soldiers meticulously rubbed on the oil again and again.

In that time, the darkness went away and the sun rose.

But even so, the oil rubbing work continued on.

The sun set once again and the darkness fell onto the surroundings.

Perhaps thanks to Sethus' crimson blood and oil, there wasn't even a single monster that attacked the legion.

“We have completed everything, sir.”

Austin reported.

With Sethus' crimson blood and oil, the ships and the soldiers were newly born.

The world was completely red.



If the Istel Kingdom's soldiers saw that sight, they would have trembled in shock saying it's the Crimson Ghost's army.

A crimson legion.

Like that, the legion of fear that would later shake and thrill the world began.

“Bottle the remaining blood and oil into wooden casks and load as much as possible.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Soon, the work continued.

However, the amount of blood and oil was much too great compared to the amount that could be loaded.

Sethus was that gigantic.

‘It's regrettable, but can't be helped.’

If he could, he would have liked to tie Sethus' body to a ship and haul it, but it was simply too big so they couldn't.

Putting the regrettable feeling behind him, Roan called together the thousand-man rank commanders.

“Since we have covered the armors and ships with Sethus’ blood and oil, the lower echelon monsters won’t be able to even dare to approach.”

At those words, numerous thousand-man commanders clenched their fists tight.

“It became no different than attaching a wing to Poskein Lake Subjugation.”

“Subjugation of lake’s northern region shouldn’t have any problem.”

“Let us immediately advance to the Exos Island.”

Their voices were confident and energetic.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“One should row when the tide comes in.”

With this opportunity, he planned to advance to the Exos Island and build a military port.

But even so, it wasn’t a situation where he could lead the entire legion and advance.

Roan looked at Semi.

“Three-thousand-man commander Semi will take ten ships and subjugate the lake’s northern region.”

“Yes. Understood!”

Semi instantly saluted as he answered.

The rest of the commanders, as if asking what he meant, stared at Roan with blank expressions.

Roan faintly smiled as he looked at them.

“The rest will return to the fief.”

The instant he said those words.

“Eh?”

“We’re going back?”

Several thousand-man commanders asked back with surprised expressions.

They couldn't understand returning to the fief when they had just seized the chance to victory.

But Austin and the core commanders, who already knew the meaning behind the Poskein Lake Subjugation before marching, slowly nodded their heads.

Roan turned his head and stared towards the north.

“By now, the north should have become very noisy.”

As he had expected, currently, the Lancephil County located north of the Tale Barony was greatly noisy.

No, it wasn't at a level of being noisy.

It was literally a scene of hell.

That day, Roan left ten ships and headed towards the Nuperu village, the port they sailed from, under the cover of darkness.

A dark night when even the moonlight hid.

Tens of crimson boats and soldiers slowly moved north.

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“I am the captain of the Tale Barony Northern Road Troop 1st Castle Hughes. Sir Count Lancephil. We welcome you to the Tale Barony.”

A man who seemed to have just entered his thirties saluted in front of a wide open castle gate.

The troop that was approaching with the Count Lancephil House’s flag at the lead stopped their motion.

They were the transferred troops to the Tale Barony that Count Io Lancephil had promised before.

Soon, the soldiers split to the sides and haggard-looking Count Io Lancephil appeared.

“Northern Road Troop 1st Castle?”

Io cautiously asked as he climbed down from his horse.

The man who had been saluting, Hughes, faintly smiled as he answered.

“We cannot tell you exactly because it’s a military secret, but in the case of Tale Barony, we have divided our defense forces and are managing them as five separate troops. The Northern Road Troop is the troop defending the fief’s northern border and is stationed with twelve big and small forts at the center. I am responsible for managing the 1st Castle amongst those.”

It was a straight and powerful enough pose that was almost hard to see as from a commander of a commoner background.

“Hmm.”

Io nodded his head with a slightly surprised expression.

He knew that Roan was developing an elite troop with the Tale Legion as a base, but he didn't know that he possibly had separately put side a defense force and was firmly defending the fief.

‘And to think there are twelve forts like this just on the fief's northern border.....’

Suddenly, he remembered Kali Owells' past report.

‘He said that we need to warn and guard against Roan since he had built forts and has stationed troops at places close to our fief.’

For some reason, a bitter smile came out.

‘Has telling him not to mind at the time instead help me?’

He hadn't quite knew that the situation would become like this.

With a short sigh, Io shook his head and looked at Hughes.

“Could you tell me the state of our fief?”

“I will answer you that, sir.”

Pushing aside the soldiers lined up behind Hughes, the president Chris of Agens showed himself.

His expression wasn't very bright.

“For now, let us move the location.”

At Chris' words, Io nodded his head.

With a little tired look, he moved his feet and briefly asked.

“As expected, it isn't good, no?”

His words asked of the state of the war.

Chris bitterly smiled and nodded his head.

“Already, most of the west have went over to Count Chase Forces' hands. Of the detailed stories.....”

He lightly glanced at the Count Lancephil Troops lined up behind them, then spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“I will tell you inside.”

His voice was heavy.

As much as that, Io’s expression too turned solid stiff.

“Huu.”

A sigh holding heavy regrets extended out long.

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“Idiotic bastard!”

Kali Owells kicked over the table in front of him and shouted.

The commanders who were sitting together with him were abruptly surprised and stood up from their seat.

It was the first time that Kali became this much angry.

‘Even though he was always cool-headed.’



‘Well, this event is hard to tolerate.’

‘Stupid Perry Wilson.’

The commanders searched Kali’s mood and cursed the Lancephil Fief Regiment Captain Perry Wilson.

Boom!

Kali kicked aside the table once again.

The table shattered into pieces and they couldn’t even guess its old look.

But Kali didn’t shout nor show a look of jumping around in fit like before.

In that short moment, Kali was already regaining his composure.

He threw himself down onto his seat and glared at the opposite side.

The messenger of the Fief Regiment Captain Perry Wilson.

The young man, who looked to be just now about mid twenties, was lowering his head with a completely nervous expression.

“So, Io Lancephil’s current location is?”

Kali asked with a quietly subdued voice.

The messenger dryly gulped once and then answered.

“We sent a pursuit troop but it was already too late. Sir Count Lancephil has, no, Io Lancephil has entered the Tale Barony.”

The end of his voice shook.

“Huu.”

Controlling the rage that boiled up, Kali spat out a long sigh.

‘Perry Wilson. You stupid and conceited man. You finally ruined the work.’

It wasn’t even as if he had asked for a difficult work.

‘Even though I merely told him to carefully monitor Io.’

Perry was overflowing with confidence.

No, his conceit was excessive.

In the end, that conceited attitude had ruined the work.

When Kali was subjugating the western region of the Lancephil County together with Count Chase Forces, Perry Wilson's messenger arrived.

The news the messenger brought was Io Lancephil's escape.

Uddk.

The teeth naturally gritted.

'Io Lancephil. If I can't catch that old man, the work won't end even if I conquer the Lancephil County.'

If Io, who survived, continued to call himself the owner of the fief, only Kali's position would become vague.

'Damn it!'

Curses pushed up to his throat.

But it wasn't as if the work would be solved just because he mindlessly raged.

'I need to find a way. A way.....'

With his eyes closed, Kali rolled his mind.

Tens, hundreds of bizarre, extravagant, and complicated plans repeated to arise and be estranged.

After an unknown amount of time.

Gulp.

The commanders who were sitting together with him were merely watching Kali's mood.

At that moment.

Flash!

Kali opened the eyes he had closed and looked at the magic corp head Tairon Bess.

“Baron Bess. Immediately take a part of the magic corp and a part of the knight order and go to the Lemy Region.”

“Le..... my Region you say?”

Tairon creased his brows.

Even within the Lancephil County, the Lemy Region was a very

remote countryside region located in the north.

Although it was known as a place where the scenery was good, it wasn't a place where the number of residents were great since it was a place too close to the Byron Kingdom.

It wasn't a place where they would go out of their way to lead the members of the magic corp and the knights to find in such situation.

Kali slowly nodded his head.

With a meaningful expression, he spoke as if to whisper.

“There is a bait there that could lure out Io.”

“A bait that could lure out Io?”

Tairon unknowingly asked back in a quiet voice.

Kali looked around at everyone and answered shortly.

“Lemy Region is where the last head of the knight order and Io Lancephil's old friend, Albert Wein retired.”

A cold killing intent hung on his voice.

“Capture and bring him here.”

If it's Albert Wein, he should become an excellent bait.

The tips of Kali's mouth slowly went up.

It was a horrifying smile.

‘Io. Will you be able to endure and stand?’

Could he simply watch his friend's neck be cut?

Kali shook his head.

‘He will definitely come to rescue him.’

He was certain.

‘Since that's exactly Io.’

Kali had the confidence to catch a big fish with a one old bait.

A big fish called Io.

# Chapter 160 : Fief War (3)

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Fishing didn't always succeed just because the bait and the skill were good.

With a solidly stiffen face, Kali shook his head.

“You definitely said that you spread the rumors, right?”

At those words, one of the Owells Forces' commanders stood up from his seat.

“Yes. Io Lancephil too should definitely have heard of Albert Wein's news.”

“And there's no reaction at all even so?”

Kali gritted his teeth.

The commander nodded his head.

“Yes sir. There is no reaction at all from the 1st Castle where Io is cooped up in.”

“Hmm.”

At the report that continued on, Kali swallowed back a groan.

‘It seems that I thought too lightly of that old man.’

He thought that if it was Albert, whom roamed the battlefields together with Io for tens of years, it would be more than enough to lure out Io.

But this was Kali’s complete misjudgment.

“If it was at a level of returning because of a single retainer, he wouldn’t have ran in the first place.”

The head of the Magic Corp, Tairon Bess, spoke in a slightly low voice.

With a sinister expression, he continued to speak.

“Rather than that, instead.....”

“Instead.....?”

Kali squinted one eye and waited Tairon’s next words.

Tairon quickly glanced through the surrounding commanders’ faces and then spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“Why don’t we break the things Io loves the most?”



“The things Io loves?”

Several commanders asked with puzzled looks.

Tairon formed a frightening smile and answered.

“I’m talking about the fief’s citizens.”

“Ah.....”

Quiet exclamations popped out from here and there.

Few, with faint smiles, nodded their heads.

‘Right. The things Io loved the most are the fief’s citizens.’

‘Since he was to a degree of enjoying inspecting the castle city even on normal days.’

But.

“We don’t only have the goal of merely conquering Lancephil County. We must take this place as a fief and build a base.”

Kali continued to speak with a worried expression.

“It means that we could face a great difficulty at a later date if we treat the fief’s citizens carelessly.”

At those words, Tairon snorted out a laugh.

“Why would you say something so alike Io? Since when did we began watch the lowly fief’s citizens’ moods?”

At the sharp words, Kali slightly flinched.

Tairon smacked his lips and nodded his head.

“>Smack<. If it’s that worrying, we can disguise as Count Chase Forces and cut down the citizens. No, it should be better to do it like that. Since if Count Chase Forces’ infamy becomes high within the fief, it would become a big advantage when competing with them over the fief’s administration in the future.”

Literally two birds with one stone.

It was a plan that could simultaneously plant the infamy of the Count Chase Forces, whom are the invaders, into the fief’s citizens and drag out Io.

Kali slowly nodded his head.

“It’s not bad.”

No, in truth, he very much liked it.

The next plans flooded into his head.

“There are bastards who are currently blocking our advance, right?”

At the inquiring words, the commanders lowered their heads.

“Yes. It seems several village residents have come together and formed a militia.”

Suddenly, a frightening killing intent hung on Kali’s eyes.

“Capture them as well as all of their families. Execute them as an example.”

“Yes. Understood.”

The commanders answered in one voice and then went out of the barrack.

Kali and Tairon watched that sight and made faint smiles.

‘Io. Will you truly be able to endure even this?’

They couldn't catch a big fish with a single good bait.

This time, they planned to lay tens, hundreds of baits at the same time.

So that even a big fish with however strong a patience would ultimately can only open its mouth.

Kali's smile became much deeper.

'The fishing hasn't ended yet.'

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"It seems there are many excellent talents in Lancephil County, sir."

Chris shifted through various reports and honestly exclaimed in awe.

Count Io Lancephil, who sat on the opposite side, made a bitter smile.

"Everyone is all working hard because of this foolish old man."

A long sigh flowed out.

In truth, he had predicted that Lancephil County would soon fall into Count Chase Forces' hands through Kali Owells, Tairon Bess, Perry Wilson and so on's betrayal.

But Agens and Tenebra Troop's reports that rapidly arrived more than overturned that prediction.

"Currently, a front line was created with the Lancephil County's northeast as the center."

"They said Guardian Army, no?"

"Yes, sir. They called themselves the Lancephil Guardian Army. They are made up of academy students and ordinary commoners."

Chris answered with a careful voice.

He lifted the report and added on.

"Beside that, few knights, mages, and Fief Regiment soldiers who didn't join Owells Forces are included."

"Hohoho."

It was a proud yet dispirited laughter.

Io's face expression was truly complicated and delicate.

‘So I haven’t merely lived in vain even so.’

When he realized the truth that the fief’s citizens are fighting with their lives on the line for him, one side of his heart was moved.

“But Kali and Jonathan Chase’s Forces are elites amongst the elites. It won’t be easy for ordinary commoners to face them.”

His voice naturally rubbed out with sadness.

At Io’s words, Chris, with a short sigh, nodded his head.

“Yes. It seems that quite a many citizens have lost their lives already. But despite so, the number of citizens joining the Guardian Army isn’t going down. No, I should say that it’s increasing instead, sir.”

Chris shook his head with a very surprised expression.

At the situation that he was proud yet was unable to simply be happy of, Io’s heart felt pained.

Chris searched Io’s expression and added on.

“Anyhow, due to the Guardian Army’s actions, Owells Forces and the Count Chase Forces has not been able to advance toward the

east and northeast regions even after conquering the Pavor Castle.”

“Could they hold on until the end of the fief war’s time limit that the capital has decided on?”

At Io’s inquiry, Chris contemplated for a moment, then slowly shook his head.

“They will fall before that. Since the difference in strength is so big. But.....”

Chris hesitated for a moment, then continued his words with a quiet voice.

“With the Guardian Army’s actions, we should be able to cut down a large part of Owells Forces and Count Chase Forces’ strength. This will become a big aid when Sir Count steps out for counterattack in the future.”

It was a cold but exact judgment.

With a long sigh, Io shook his head.

“They are spilling too much blood because of me. The people who don’t need to die are dying.”

His heart felt heavy.

Even without that, when he heard the news that his friend and comrade Albert Wein was captured in Kali's hands, his heart wanted to immediately run to him.

'I had stayed since Chris stubbornly stopped me, but.....'

Because it felt that more and more of the fief's citizens were dying as the fief war continued, he couldn't stop the pained feeling.

Chris noticed that inner feeling.

"Sir Count. As long as Sir Count is alive, Lancephil County can stand up again at any time. Please see the situation longer, and much wider."

"Yes. That is so, but....."

Even though he knew through his head, his heart trembled as it pleased.

At that moment.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

A sound of knocking on the office's door was heard.



Chris excused himself to Io, then turned towards the door.

“Come in.”

The instant he spoke those words, the door opened and a young man showed himself.

He passed the letter he was holding in his hand and then exited out again.

Kung.

When the door closed, Chris carefully cut open the envelope and then took out its content.

On the brownish paper, small letters were densely crammed in.

“Hhm.”

Chris, who was looking over the content, leaked out a quiet groan.

His look was slightly panicked.

“What is it?”

Io asked with a worried expression.

Even though Chris had received all kinds of reports until now, it was the first time Io saw him shaken like this.

Chris folded the letter and placed it on top of the table, and then stared straight into Io's eyes.

‘Should I tell him, or should I not.....’

In the first place, they had promised not to hide even a single small thing happening in the Lancephil County.

But he couldn't help but hesitate to pass at least the content he just received.

“Please tell me truthfully.”

Io spoke in a quiet and low voice.

‘Everything is Sir Count's share.’

Chris breathed in deeply and extended the letter forwards.

Io similarly extended his hand and picked up the letter.

Rustle.

The thin paper opened fully.

“Ah.....”

Suddenly, a quiet exclamation flowed out of Io’s mouth.

Almost as if to rip apart the paper, he tumultuously trembled his body.

Boom.

Io couldn’t hold back in the end and stood up from his seat.

With a shocked expression, Chris followed and stood up.

“Sir Count. You must stay calm.”

His words adamantly tried to stop him.

But Io had already made up his mind.

“No, I cannot be patient any longer. I will lead the troops and charge into the county.”

It didn’t matter even if it was a road leading to death.

Chris stared at Io with complicated eyes.

‘To think they would possibly put their hands on the citizens who aren’t related at all.’

The content of the report he just read tore through the inside of his head.

It was a story about hundreds of the fief’s citizens around the Pavor Castle were being executed.

He could understand Io’s rage.

But even so, he had to stop him.

He had to hold onto Io at least until Roan came back.

“Sir Count. Count Chase Forces and the Owells Forces are hiding in ambush outside the fort.”

It was the truth.

Agens and the Tenebra Troop had already grasped such facts perfectly.

Io breathed in deeply, then spoke in a calm but blazing voice.

“I know. My life will become perilous. But even so, I cannot only watch innocent citizens die.”

A light flashed from his eyes.

“I am their father, and they are my children.”

His face and voice were resolute.

Io, who had stayed even when Albert Wein whom he roamed the battlefields together with for tens of years was captured, simply couldn't endure at least the news of the execution of the citizens.

He put Chris, who was desperately trying to stop him, behind him and went out of the office.

Soon, the Count Lancephil Troops lined up in front of the 1st Castle's gate.

“Those who wish can stay behind.”

At Io's words, the Count Forces' soldiers smiled.

There was no particular need to speak up and talk.

They already had made the resolve to march through the bloody road with Io.

Ggiiiik!

The tightly closed gate opened.

As if he had been waiting, Io kicked his horse.

Hihihing!

The war horse cried out long and kicked off the ground.

Dudududu!

Soon, a white cloud of dust rose with the sound of horse hooves.

Like that, Io charged towards the heart of the enemies on his own.

“Ah.....”

Chris stood on the castle wall and quietly stared at that sad and beautiful march.

A heavy sigh extended long.

‘Sir Count. If the situation truly becomes hard, you must do as I

told you.'

His heart felt heavy.

Before parting ways, Chris and Io shared a secret conversation for a long while.

'Since he said to do so, I will just have to believe him.'

Now, the work left was just one.

Chris called the messenger bird with a hand gesture.

A letter was quickly written down.

Pdduk!

A bird tied with a tube flew up into the sky.

The direction it flew was south.

At that place was Roan.

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It wasn't surprising.

If it was Io, if it was Io Lancephil, he thought that he would easily have done more than that.

‘No, in the first place, him leaving his retainers behind and escaping the fief on his own is a surprising event.’

Roan, who had left the Poskein Lake Subjugation to Semi and quickly climbed north, reached the 1st Castle merely two days after Io had left.

He first allowed the tired soldiers and horses to rest, then quickly called a meeting of the commanders.

“How is the situation?”

At the short question, Chris stood up from his seat.

“Firstly, Sir Count is in a very dangerous situation according to the report of the Agens agents acting within the Lancephil County and Tenebra Troop members who followed along with Sir Count Lancephil. He had received attacks from Count Chase Forces and Owells Forces the very moment after he left the 1st Castle, and about twenty big and small battles have continued on until now.”

“Hmm.”

Sounds of groan leaked out from here and there.



On the other hand, Roan was calm.

“Is sir still climbing north?”

At those words, Chris shook his head.

“That isn’t so. He is currently tied down.”

“Because of the traitors?”

Austin asked with a brightly flushed face.

Chris shook his head once again.

“No. It’s because of the fief’s citizens.”

It was a completely unexpected answer.

Everyone creased their brows.

But, only Roan had surmised what kind of situation it was.

“It seems the fief’s citizens are stopping Sir Count’s climb north.”

“Yes. According to the report, the nearby region’s citizens have all come together and are blocking Sir Count’s march. Because the fief’s citizens.....”

“Because they know the truth that Sir Count Lancephil will die if he goes to the Pavor Castle.”

Chris slowly nodded his head at Roan’s words.

“Yes. That is correct.”

The short answer passed.

A heavy silence fell within the meeting room.

Io who had thrown away his life to save the fief’s citizens and was marching towards the Pavor Castle.

The fief’s citizens who stood and blocked Io’s path of march to save him.

Their feelings for each other were truly incredible.

Their hearts became hot.

The commanders including Austin couldn’t hold themselves and stood up from their seats.

“Let us march right away!”

“Let’s go save Sir Count!”

“We have made our preparations!”

Powerful voices rocked the meeting room.

At that moment, Clay, who had been sitting quietly, subtly shook his head.

“That is impossible.”

His voice was very calm unlike the other people.

Then, the commanders’ sharp gazes fell down.

But despite so, Clay continued his words without changing his look a single bit.

“The capital has sent an order not to participate in the current fief war. If we were to personally join in on the fief war, we would turn all the nobles of the kingdom into enemies. No, perhaps we may be executed by decapitation for the crime of ignoring the capital’s order.”

The quiet voice pierced through the ears of the highly excited commanders.

“Ugh.”

Austin swallowed back a groan with an uncomfortable look, then powerlessly sat down.

“Then are you saying that we should just watch like this?”

“If Sir Count were to die at this rate.....”

“The Northeast will fall into Count Chase’s claws.”

Comments mixed with worries poured out from here and there.

Clay, with a calm expression, shook his head once again.

“No, I meant that it is so if the situation is as it originally was. But thankfully, it seems our side’s situation has slightly changed.”

“What are you talking about?”

Austin angrily shouted aloud.

Clay turned his head and stared at Chris.

“I heard that President Chris has already started the work.”

At those words, everyone's gazes headed towards Chris.

At the gazes that poured down, Chris made a bitter smile.

‘So he already knew even that far.....’

He inwardly awed greatly at Clay's intelligence strength and ability.

He faintly smiled and carefully opened his mouth.

“I have prepared a hand in the Montea Mountain.”

The instant his words ended, puzzled voices flowed out from here and there.

“If it's Montea Mountain, the place where our magic stone mine is?”

“Isn't it the mountain located located in the western part of Count Lancephil's territory?”

“Yeah, that's right. We also built a fort while opening the mine.”

Because it was a highly important mine, it was a place that the Lancephil Fief Regiment and the Tale Fief Regiment were working together to protect.

Suddenly, the heat inside the meeting room fiercely blazed up.

At that moment, Roan, who had been staying quiet, opened his mouth.

“All forces prepare to march.”

“Yes? Yes!”

The commanders, including Austin, answered in a moment of confusion.

However, the confused looks were still strong on their faces.

Harrison couldn't hold back and asked in a worried voice.

“My lord. We can't participate in the current fief war due to the capital's order.”

Roan didn't carelessly opened his mouth.

Instead, the answer flowed out from an odd place.

“Please don’t worry.”

It was Clay.

He cheerily smiled and spoke on.

“Since we aren’t participating in the fief war for the time being.”

His smile became much thicker.

“Well, it is still for the time being.”

His gaze turned towards Chris once again.

“Isn’t that right, mister president?”

# Chapter 161 : Fief War (4)

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The gate of the Tale Barony Northern Road Troop's 1st Castle opened fully.

The castle guards stood on top of the walls and saluted.

Below them.

From the fully opened gates, a crimson wave poured out.

These ones, wearing the crimson armors dyed in Sethus' blood, were the Tale Legion with Roan at the lead.

The crimson light, flashing from receiving the light, exuded a strange dignity.

But in actuality, the faces of the soldiers reflected a hint of anxiety.

“Is it okay to do this?”

“Didn't they say not to join in on the fief war?”

Sound of whispers floated.

At that moment, one of the thousand-man commanders, who



were each leading a troop, glared at them.

“Quiet! Haven’t you heard the lord’s words? We are marching to protect our assets located within the Lancephil fief. We aren’t entering the fief war!”

A stern voice hit the ears.

The few soldiers who were whispering closed their mouths.

The thousand-man commander’s words were the truth.

Before the march, Roan stood in front of the soldiers and revealed the destination and goal of the march.

The destination was Montea Mountain.

The goal.

Was the protection of the magic stone mine, the fort, and the Ford Mining Co. of Tale Commerce Division located within the Lancephil fief.

According to the story Roan revealed before the march, the Montea Mountain’s magic stone mine and the fort had received damage from Count Chase Forces and Owells Forces’ attack.

The march was unavoidable.

But even so, they had no plan to carelessly enter the fief war.

In fact, Roan had given an order to repeatedly wrap the weapons besides the armors in rough clothes and hide them.

It was an act to show that they had no desire to fight.

“My lord. Has the Montea Mountain really received an attack?”

Amongst the thousand-man commanders, Harrison came close to Roan and cautiously asked.

Roan merely made a faint smile and did not answer.

At that moment, Chris, who was next to them, spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“Sometimes, there are moments when the situation itself is more important than the truth.”

They were strange words.

With a puzzled look, Harrison stared at Roan's side and then returned to his original position.

Clay, who was slightly apart, saw that sight and exhaled a short sigh.

“Huu. The lord is like that, the retainers are also like that, everyone’s hearts are too soft.....”

They lacked the venomous side that could fool, trample, and mercilessly crush the others for one’s own profit.

‘I’ll have to fill that part.’

The only one who could act that role in the Tale Barony was Clay.

No, there at least was one more person who had a similar disposition.

‘President Chris.....’

The man who devised and commanded this plan at the head.

Clay’s gaze headed towards Chris.

‘He’s a more amusing man than I thought.’

Somehow, he was a person whose future Clay looked forwards to.

At that moment.

Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

With a clamorous sound of drums, a group of troop showed itself from over a hill.

< Simmons Troop. >

The troop flag flapped harshly.

An affiliate of the Count Chase Forces, they were the troop that were monitoring and checking the 1st Castle.

“Stop!”

Simmons, who was leading the troop, shouted at the top of his lungs and blocked in front of Roan and the Tale Legion.

It was a sudden confrontation.

Roan raised his right hand and stopped the legion.

For a moment, a silence fell heavily.

Prururu.

The neighs of the horses sounded noisily.

“Where are you going?”

Simmons’ face was originally rough.

And as he even glared his eyes fiercely, his face became heinously abominable.

At the rather threatening tone, the commanders including Austin became enraged.

“You dare in front of.....”

“Stop.”

Roan raised his hand and restrained his retainers.

Simmons inwardly snorted as he looked at that sight.

‘Bastard that became a noble from good luck.’

In his heart, he looked down on Roan.

He was envious at the sight of a commoner spearman becoming the kingdom’s noble and spreading his fame.

Roan quietly glared at that Simmons.

‘Hmph. What will a mere brat like you going to do by glaring? Even amongst the Count Chase Forces, I’m a one whose future is bright..... Hph!’

Simmons, who was looked down in his heart, involuntarily gulped back an empty air.

“Kuk!”

With a groan, he gritted his teeth.

It was because an incredible pressure sprouted out from Roan.

That wasn’t a killing intent or animosity.

‘Thi, this is.....’

A pressure that naturally made others lower their heads.

A dignity that only a great general who roamed the battlefields for decades could exude.

Roan’s pressure was similar to that.

“Reveal your affiliation and name.”

He spoke in a low and soft but powerful voice.

Roan looked straight into Simmons' eyes.

When Simmons couldn't easily answer and hesitated, the pressure spewing from Roan's body became a level stronger.

“Kuk!”

His throat closed up tight.

The head he was forcefully holding up lowered on its own.

“I'm troop commander Simmons of Count Chase Forces' Simmons Troop.”

Roan pulled back the pressure only then.

“I'm Baron Roan Tale. We have marched to protect the Baron Tale House's asset in the Montea Mountain. We have no desire to enter the fief war.”

At the same time, he slightly raised his left hand.

The Tale Legion's soldiers showed the weapons tightly wrapped

in rough clothes.

“Hhm.”

Simmons leaked a short groan.

He looked truly troubled.

‘I can tell that they had no intention to fight, but.....’

He couldn’t blindly step back.

“I will send a messenger to Sir Count Chase. Please wait until then.”

Simmons spoke in his most polite attitude and voice.

Roan slightly creased his forehead.

“Do you plan to keep a noble of the kingdom standing on a dirt road?”

Originally, he didn’t like showing off the power of nobility or pressure people using status.

But to someone like Simmons, there was no method more effective than this.



“That, that isn’t.....”

Simmons shook his head with a flustered expression.

Roan’s words continued.

“Further, I am merely trying to protect the right I have. If you have the right to carry out the fief war, I have the right to protect my wealth.”

A powerful voice tore through the ears.

Already, Simmons spirit was greatly pressured.

Furthermore, it was not possible for Simmons Troop’s strength to stop Roan’s legion.

In the end, Simmons, who rolled his head this way and that, lowered his head.

“U, understood. But, but you definitely cannot enter the fief war.”

“Of course.”

Roan answered shortly.

Simmons, unable to dare and without looking at Roan's face, receded back.

Soon, the Simmons Troop that was blocking their fronts moved back to one side.

Clip clop. Clip clop.

With sounds of the horse hooves, Roan and the Tale Legion began to advance once again.

The crimson wave that momentarily stopped swayed.

On the faces of Tale Legion's soldiers, an obvious pride floated up.

'Even Count Chase Forces are flustered by our lord.'

'Even though that gigantic Sethus wasn't an opponent for our lord, how dare a mere troop commander.....'

'Right. As long as the lord is here, there is no need to be scared and be unnerved.'

The anxiety and worry that had took place in one corner of their hearts disappeared as if washed clean.

A strength was carried in the crimson wave, no, the crimson legion's march.

“But my lord.”

At that moment, Austin came up to Roan's side and spoke in a careful voice.

“This road isn't the road towards the Montea Mountain. If we want to go to the Montea Mountain, we need to turn our direction here towards the west.”

At those words, Roan faintly smiled and answered.

“Roads are made to connect towards anywhere. Let's do some sightseeing while on the way.”

Roan's gaze headed towards the end of the road that extended in front of his eyes.

“However I see it, it seems the sight on this road is better.”

Strange words fell onto the road.

His gaze was already chasing a place that couldn't be seen.

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“Sir Duke Webster! No, grandfather! Are you really going to merely keep watching like this?”

The owner of the loud voice was the First Prince Simon Rinse.

He, with Duke Bradley Webster, one of the Rinse Kingdom’s four dukes and his own maternal grandfather, in front of him, shouted aloud.

On the other hand, Bradley was sitting still and was tilting a cup of tea with a composed expression.

“Grandfather! Already, almost half of the Lancephil County’s land has fallen into Count Chase’s hand. The Lancephil County will forever disappear at this rate.”

Count Io Lancephil, who was on the side of those of large power even amongst the nobles who supported Simon.

He was facing a peril of being overthrown.

“Grandfather!”

Simon shouted once again.

Bradley only then put down the teacup he was holding and made a faint smile.

“Prince.”

At the soft and calm voice, Simon, who was storming about in fit, startled and trembled his body.

He realized late that he was acting too rampageously.

“Please speak.”

Simon forcefully suppressed his anger and sat down.

Bradley stared still at such Simon, then spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“In truth, this fief war is flowing more complicated than you think.”

“Please don’t talk around and speak shortly only the important points.”

Simon had no desire to listen a miscellaneous story.

Bradley nodded his head.

“In truth, Count Io Lancephil isn’t supporting your highness the prince because he trusts and likes you. He is merely loyal to the Rinse Kingdom. Due to that, he is merely supporting your highness based on the principle of inheritance by eldest.”

“I already know of that, sir. That is Count Lancephil’s personality and values.”

Because he was like that, he was someone he could trust even more.

It was because there was no chance of him changing the prince he support for a miscellaneous reason.

Of course, this was Simon’s thought, and Bradley’s thought was completely different.

“It is true that Count Lancephil is trustworthy. But the problem is, he isn’t easy to control. He is someone who thinks of the kingdom first before the prince or the throne succession competition. If a situation where a blood is shed arises in the throne succession competition in the future, he will definitely be unwilling to move actively.”

Even if one had a sharp sword and a strong shield, there was no use if one couldn’t utilize them.

To Bradley, Io was an existence similar to unuseable sword and shield.

“Furthermore, he is an individual without even an ambition or greed.”

He had no ambition and greed to raise the prince he support onto the throne and grasp wealth, honor, and power in his hands.

“Because of that, he is much harder to control.”

“Hmm.”

Simon sat quietly and leaned his ears at Bradley’s story.

Bradley pushed his face forwards and spoke in a much quieter voice.

“During that time, a contact came from Viscount Kali Owells amongst Count Lancephil House’s retainers.”

“If it is Kali Owells.....?”

Simon creased his forehead with a slightly shocked expression.

Bradley formed a peculiar smile.

“He is the bastard who betrayed Count Lancephil and has side with Count Chase’s side.”

After a short silence, a shocking story continued on.

“Kali Owells. He hasn’t sided with Count Chase, but is pretending to have sided. He is actually someone from our side.”

“Just how.....”

Simon, with a perplexed look, hesitated the end of his words.

Bradley’s words continued to follow on.

“In truth, Viscount Owells has been contacting me since the time Count Lancephil had took apart and gave the Tale region to Baron Roan Tale. It meant asking for support when he would later inherit the Lancephil County. But as you know, Count Lancephil has a great interest in Baron Tale. It was a situation where the Lancephil County could go over to Baron Tale if not careful. Due to that.....”

For a while, unbelievable stories continued on.

“Hmm.”

Simon, who had heard all of the story, leaked a quiet groan.

He looked straight into Bradley’s eyes.



‘Instead of Io Lancephil who is hard to control, he planned to make Kali Owells into Lancephil County’s lord?’

That wasn’t all.

‘After that, he planned to raise the fief war again and swallow even the Chase County using that Kali.....’

The fief war that was currently happening was all unfolding on top of Bradley’s palm.

“Prince.”

Bradley brightly smiled and lowered his head diagonally.

Somehow, it was a despicable and spiteful looking sight.

“Please don’t worry of anything and trust me. You will have a much greater support faction once this event ends.”

As soon as those words ended, Simon stood up from his seat.

His face was solid stiff.

The anger was gone, but an unknown sense of displeasure was smeared on.

Simon asked with a calm and quiet voice.

“Is that support faction something that supports me, or is it supporting grandfather?”

He hadn't know of anything.

At the place he knew nothing of, a situation he knew nothing of was unfolding.

Simon's eyes burned blazingly.

‘Oh ho. Look at this kid.....’

Bradley inwardly smiled while looking at that sight.

‘Even though I broke him so much, a tiger is a tiger, is it. But.....’

The tips of his eyes softly curved.

‘A tiger too is possible to be trained as much as needed.’

Bradley hid his secret intent and lowered his head.

“It is obviously a faction supporting the prince.”

Simon quietly stared at that sight, then wordlessly moved his steps.

Once he exited the brilliant reception room, Viscount Tio Ruin who was guarding the surrounding approached.

“Viscount Ruin.”

“Yes. Prince.”

At Simon’s call, Tio slightly lowered his head.

Simon moved his steps into the insides of a hallway as he spoke in a small voice as if to whisper.

“I will have to change the horse.”

Instantly, Tio asked back with a shocked expression.

“Eh? What do you.....”

“The horse I’ve been riding has began to run about mad.”

“Hmm.”

Tio gulped back a groan.

He needlessly looked about the surroundings and asked cautiously.

“Have you chosen a horse to change onto?”

At those words, Simon nodded his head.

“I won’t need to ride an old horse while starting new, and.....”

His steps began to become slightly faster.

“At this rate, a young horse that was just born instead should be good.”

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Dududududu!

The sound of the horse hooves loudly rang.

Piiing! Ping! Pibing!

With sharp sounds of impact, arrows poured down.

“Kuk!”

“Kuuk!”

Several horsemen that were riding madly were struck by the arrows and fell.

“Chanz! Ronbert!”

The white-haired old man who was running at the very front looked back and shouted.

“Please don’t look back!”

“Keep running on! Sir Count!”

The horsemen that rolled on the ground, Chanz and Ronbert stood up instantly and pulled out their swords.

Gritting their teeth, they raced towards a cavalry.

It was a look of mantises trying to stop a cart.

But on the two men’s faces, there wasn’t even a hint of hesitation or fear.

Kwagagagang!

Soon, they were swept away by the pursuit troop's charge and departed from their lives.

“Chase them!”

“We must not lose them!”

“Chase them! Capture Io Lancephil alive!”

The white-haired old man looked at that sight and tightly bit his lower lips.

The white-haired old man, he was Io Lancephil.

The armor was scratched here and there or had fallen off, and the revealed skin was completely covered in wounds.

When the innocent citizens of the fief were executed because of him, he had led a small-scale troop and had charged towards the Pavor Castle.

It was the very charge that Chris had desperately tried to stop.

The Count Chase forces and the Owells Forces, which were monitoring the 1st Castle, actively reacted at Io's charge.

They had sent an elite troop and had tried to capture Io alive.

However, Io was an old veteran of hundreds of battles.

He had avoided the large battles, focused his entire forces, and attacked the places that the enemy hadn't expected.

Ghostlike and swift strategies and tactics.

And an unmatched valor and strength on top.

A successive series of victories that no one had expected continued on.

Io was Io.

But once the battles reached about twentieth, the Count Chase Forces and the Owells Forces took out an absurd tactic.

'To think they would use the fief's citizens as shields.....'

Once the situation reached this point, Io couldn't carelessly give the order to attack.

The force that had been successively victorious fell in an instant.

Io could only continue to fall back, and had lost countless soldiers

while doing so.

‘If the people of the nearby villages didn’t help me, we would likely have been annihilated a long time ago.’

To protect Io, the villagers had put down their sickles and spades and had picked up bamboo spears and worn-out swords.

They, to save Io, threw away their precious lives on their own.

‘Any further advance was impossible.’

If it was a fair and front fight, he had the confidence to win easily.

But he couldn’t pour down an attack towards the fief’s citizens who had stepped forwards as the enemy’s shields.

Ultimately, he chose retreat.

But that too wasn’t an easy decision.

Already, the path of retreat was tightly blocked.

At that moment, what came up in his mind was, in fact, Chris’ advice.



‘If the situation becomes truly perilous, please run towards the west.’

From a quick listen, they were absurd words.

To tell him to run not towards the northeast or east where the Guardian Army was resisting or the south where the Tale Barony is, but towards the west where the Chase County is.

It was the same as telling him to walk into a tiger’s mouth.

However, Io did not hesitate even for a moment.

‘If it is Chris, he is a genius amongst geniuses who Roan greatly value and trust. There is no way that he would say nonsense.’

Like that, Io led the soldiers who were still alive and began to run towards the west.

‘Jonathan Chase, Kali Owells. I will definitely cut you bastards’ necks. To think you would dare push my children, my citizens forwards as shields.....’

His teeth gritted naturally.

Io kicked his horse’s stomach and continued to sprint west and west.

It was a run with his life on the line.

But unexpectedly, the western region's guards were lax.

It was because even Count Chase Forces and Owells Forces had not expected that Io to possibly run towards the west.

‘Has Chris aimed at this very point?’

But the problem was after that.

They couldn't simply continue to run towards the west.

Even though the border may be lax right now, the surroundings were all Count Chase Forces' base.

During that while, although small, a pursuit troop had caught up right behind their heads.

It literally was a moment of life and death.

But even so, Io did not gave up.

‘Whatever happens, I will survive until the end and have my revenge.’

He gritted his teeth.

‘Even if I have to sell my soul, definitely!’

A light flashed in his eyes.

Suddenly.

“Un?”

A very small and strange voice that tickled his ears was heard.

“A sound of music?”

It was a sound that simply couldn’t be heard in a such situation and a place like that.

As they headed farther and farther towards the west, that sound was gradually heard more clearly.

Chang! Chajang! Dudum! Phbababam!

It was the sound of music heard by a harmony of various instruments.

The even stranger thing was.

‘It’s a familiar sound.’

However, he didn’t remember where he had heard the sound.

At that moment, several soldiers came up to his side.

“We can hear a sound of music.”

“Furthermore, it’s a very familiar sound to the ears.”

They spoke the same words as Io.

Io and the remaining alive soldiers, while tilting their heads, pressed their chests onto the backs of their horses.

Behind them, the pursuit troop followed right behind.

“Uurat!”

“Go up onto the hill.”

Io and the soldiers kicked their horses.

The tired horses plucked up their strength and furiously climbed up the hill that rose in front of them.

Hwaa!

Suddenly, their views instantly opened up with a western wind.

The sound of music that was heard softly was heard sonorously.

Phbababam! Phabam! Phababam!

Sounds that hit not the ears but the chest.

“Ah.....”

From Io’s mouth, a quiet gasp exploded out.

The sight that spread in front of his eyes.

That almost brought a crimson wave to the mind.

The music flowed out from within that wave.

A sound familiar to the ears.

“So it is the Milta military band’s performance that greeted me and Baron Tate when we visited the Mediasis Castle.”

He remembered everything clearly.

With the sound of music, the crimson wave approached right in front of his nose.

A crimson legion.

Several familiar faces were seen in his eyes.

The soldiers split apart to left and right, and the young man he missed even in his dreams showed himself.

“Roan.....”

Io shook his dry lips.

Goose bumps rose all over his body.

The young man who appeared together with the crimson legion.

He was Roan.

Roan slowly rode his horse towards Io.

The Milta military band's performance continued on until Roan reached in front of Io.

Chang!

A clear metallic sound noted the end of the music.

Roan saluted as if he had been waiting.

Chk!

The Tale Legion's soldiers all lowered their heads.

A perfectly ordered and powerful motion.

A courteous and polite attitude.

Roan faintly smiled and stared at Io.

“We came to greet you. Sir Count Lancephil.”

# Chapter 162 : Count

---

It was an uneventful life.

No, it was an extremely ordinary life.

He was born in a so-so house and lived a so-so life with a so-so talent.

And during that time, a fief war broke out between the Chase County and the Lancephil County.

Soon, a large scale draft was invoked.

Ronball, who had once served in the army as a horseman, had received the squad commander role for a cavalry squad that were made up of nobodies.

It was a situation that one could call it a success if one wished.

He stayed at the back of the Count Chase Forces and had received the mission of converting the Lancephil Fief's citizens.

Although it was so far away place that there was no chance of raising a big merit, it was that much safe place as well.

Even though he was sent into a war, boring days after days passed by.



And during that time, the one chance of a lifetime came to him.

“To, to think Io Lancephil would appear in front of my eyes!”

While inspecting the nearby region’s villages like any day, he had discovered Count Io Lancephil, who was running towards the west.

Although there were few soldiers who were guarding him, they all had disastrous looks, so it wasn’t a situation to be greatly afraid.

‘If I just catch Io, I can flip this life around!’

He instantly led the squad and went on a chase.

But with a cavalry made up of nobodies, it was closer to an empty dream to catch Io and his elite soldiers.

‘But even so, I thought that I would ultimately be able to catch him.’

Io’s direction of run was west.

West was the place Chase County was.

He thought that he would ultimately be driven into a corner.

But Ronball's such thought disappeared as if washed away the moment he climbed up onto the hill that rose in front of his eyes.

"Ah....."

The rose-tinted future dyed into an ashen light.

'Even though I did say the ordinary life was boring.....'

A spiritless voice leaked out of his mouth.

"I didn't want it to be this dramatic."

A dry spit naturally gulped back.

"Hic!"

His ally soldiers, who had caught up a moment late, hiccuped with frighten white faces.

"Hic! Hic!"

"Hic!"

The hiccups spread here and there like an epidemic.

‘Le, let’s get a hold of myself.’

Ronball tightly grabbed onto his fainting mind.

‘Ce, certainly, they said no one could enter in on this fief war.’

He remembered the content of the order that came from the capital, Miller.

He inhaled deeply and looked at the bottom of the hill.

A crimson wave, no, a crimson legion.

On the troop flag that rose high, the name of the young man who shook and rang the Rinse Kingdom was written.

< Roan Tale. >

Gulp.

A dry spit gulped back again.

Ronball got down from his horse and went down to the bottom of the hill.

“I, I’m squad commander Ro, Ronball of Count Chase Force’s Kerro Troop.”

He tried to disguise his facial expression with a bold look, but his words kept getting caught on his tongue.

“I am Roan Tale.”

Roan, who was watching Io’s treatment, took a step forwards.

His voice was bold and dignified.

‘Thi, this man is the very hero of the expedition and the one who suppressed Elton Coat’s rebellion.....’

Ronball unknowingly tinged a look of admiration in his eyes.

Roan, who became a noble from a commoner background, was an idol of envy as well as awe.

But he soon discovered Io, was was being treated within the Tale Legion, and collected his mind.

“Si, Sir Baron. We, we are currently carrying out the fief war. The capital has forbidden anyone who aren’t directly involved from entering the fief war. If, if you enter the fief war without permission like this, a big trouble for the future will follow.”

His words kept stuttering.

His face burned up brightly from embarrassment.

“We have no desire to enter the fief war.”

As soon as Roan's words finished, the Tale legion's soldiers extended and showed the weapons wrapped in rough clothes.

Ronball looked at the sight of the soldiers and then nodded his head.

Certainly, they didn't seem to have the desire to battle.

‘Th, then.....’

His courage slowly arose up.

“Th, then please hand over Sir..... Count Lancephil.”

At those words, Roan made a cheerfully smile.

It was an expression as if he would almost immediately hand over Io.

‘It looks like the situation is resolving well.’

Ronball's worry soundlessly melted down.

Then.

"I cannot do that."

He heard a cold voice.

Roan took a step forwards and closer and stared straight into Ronball's two eyes.

"Sir Count Lancephil is a guest who visited our legion. Indiscreetly chasing out a guest is not the way of the nobility."

"Eh, eh?"

With a flustered expression, Ronball asked back.

Roan once again took a step forwards and closer.

"Uu....."

Ronball involuntarily and waveringly stepped back.

Roan looked at that sight and formed a faint smile.

“I will say it again, I have no desire to enter the fief war. But I also don’t have any plan to indiscreetly chase out my guests. If you wish to accompany Sir Count Lancephil away, you will have to use force against me.”

Immediately as his words finished, a sharp pressure bursted out from his entire body.

“Huhph!”

Ronball was greatly shocked and fell down on his butt.

The faces of the nobodies who were lined up behind him were also bleached white.

“S, squad commander!”

“Wh, why don’t we just go?”

Their expressions were completely afraid as if they may just lose their life.

In the first place, they were no match for the Tale Legion.

“I, if I were to step back, would you please simply let me go?”

Ronball asked as he waveringly stood up.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Of course.”

As soon as his words finished, Ronball deeply lowered his head, then ran towards his own squad.

Hihihing!

He, who instantly climbed up onto the saddle, led the nobodies and quickly disappeared over the hill.

The thought of catching Io alive and raising a big merit had already long disappeared.

Now, he merely.

‘Want to live.’

He missed the boring and uninteresting life.

Tightly scrunching his body, he kicked his horse’s stomach.

Roan quietly stared at that sight, then headed towards Io again.



Io and the knights who followed him had more or less finished being treated.

“Are you okay, sir?”

“I’m okay. I kept my life thanks to you.”

Io bitterly smiled and grabbed Roan’s shoulder.

Although a tired look was seen, his eyes were still and clearly shining light.

“I’m glad that you are okay.”

He was honest.

However, Io’s heart wasn’t simply happy.

“From now on is the problem.”

There was nothing more he could do.

The number of knights and soldiers below him were now merely in tens.

Although the Guardian Army was resisting in the Northeast region, it was impossible to move all the way there.

But even so, he couldn't ask of Roan.

‘Since the order has come from the capital, Miller.....’

Furthermore, the truth that he had joined Roan's camp would now soon become known.

However clear Roan revealed that he won't enter the fief war, they didn't know how the situation would flow.

The possibility of them using the content of the order as an excuse to request his extradition was high.

‘If Jonathan and Kali cooperate and pressure him, Roan too would find it hard to endure.....’

It was an awkward situation.

It was something he couldn't bear to do to Roan.

In the end, the most realistic method in the current situation was to return to Tale Barony together with Roan and hide himself until the fief war ended.

‘Although even that won’t be easy.....’

His heart felt heavy.

A sigh naturally flowed out.

Roan looked at that sight and let out a short sigh.

‘For now, I have rescued Sir Count Lancephil, but.....’

Certainly, from now on was a problem.

Originally, his plan was to go into the Montea Mountain’s fort and take a sit at the Count Chase Forces’ rear.

With only having a camp at their back, he thought that he could pressure the Count Chase Forces.

But that too wasn’t a fundamental solution.

When everyone was deep in thoughts from complicated feelings, Clay cheerily smiled and shook his head.

“Everyone is rather excessively deceitful.”

It was a statement that, if not careful, could become a discourtesy.

Roan and Io as well as the nearby commanders all looked at Clay.

Few plainly showed displeased looks.

Clay didn't mind them and added on with a silvery voice.

“Doesn't everyone already know the solution?”

The instant his words ended.

“What are you saying?”

“What do you mean?”

“To say there is a solution, what are you talking about?”

The nearby commanders asked with perplexed looks.

Roan and Io stared at Clay without a word.

Clay exhaled a short sigh.

“Do you truly not know? Of this simple solution?”

His voice was overflowing with confidence.

In the end, Io asked with a solid stiff expression.

“What is that simple solution? If I can have vengeance on Jonathan and Kali, I will sell even my soul.”

At those words, Clay shook his head.

“There’s no need for Sir Count to sell even your soul. But.....”

His gaze glanced and looked back and forth between Io and Roan.

“The Lancephil County and the title of Count are needed.”

Boom.

Instantly, a heavy silence fell down.

Few people made expressions that didn’t understand, and few people made startled shocked expressions.

Clay’s expression was still cheerfully smiling.

“The capital, Miller, has given an order that anyone besides those directly involved must not enter the fief war. Then it means that to enter the fief war.....”

He intentionally left open the end of his words.

Io took on the remaining words.

“It should be fine if one becomes directly involved.”

“That is correct, sir.”

Clay quickly nodded his head.

He turned his gaze and looked at Roan.

“Please pass on the Lancephil County and the title of Count to our lord. Then, all the problem will be solved.”

Clay looked long around the surrounding people again and shrugged his shoulders.

“How is it? It’s too simple of a solution, isn’t it?”

His voice was bright and clear.

But the actual mood of the surroundings were extremely heavy.

“Don’t say unnecessary words.”

Roan quietly spoke criticizing words.

With a short sigh, Clay lowered his head.

‘Do you plan to kick away such a good opportunity?’

He forcefully swallowed the words that had climbed up all the way to his throat.

Roan’s expression was that severe and his attitude too had no disturbance.

“O, our lord will take the Lancephil County.....?”

“Ridiculous.”

“But it’s true that we can enter the fief war if only that happens.”

“Is it okay to suddenly start something so big?”

The soldiers whispered in small voices.

“Quiet!”

“Be quiet!”

The thousand-man rank commanders quickly quietened the commotion.

Roan lowered his head towards Io.

“Sir Count. Please excuse my retainer’s slip of tongue. For now, I believe it should be good to take refuge in the Tale Barony.”

He proposed the most realistic method.

But, with a solidly stiffen expressen, Io didn’t show any reaction.

The few knights who had lived until the end and were guarding him understood Io’s complicated heart.

‘We will follow our lord’s decision.’

They wordlessly stood and awaited Io’s decision.

After who knows how long.

The western wind became slightly stronger.

“Roan.”



Io finally opened his mouth.

The face that had been stiffen solidly had loosen softly.

“Yes. Sir Count.”

The nearby commanders and the soldiers’ gazes headed towards the two people.

Gulp.

Sounds of nervous gulps came out.

Io stared at Roan and made a faint smile.

“You have a clever retainer.”

He was talking of Clay.

Roan wordlessly and merely lowered his head.

“I won’t say any long words.”

Io continued to speak with a powerful vigor.

“Roan. I will give you my fief and title.”

Boom!

A great shock stormed through the grounds.

The Tale Barony's retainers formed strange expressions mixed with happy and flustered looks.

That was also the same for the Tale Legion's soldiers.

They forcefully swallowed the cheers that soared up to their throats.

On the other hand, the knights who had escorted Io tightly bit their lower lips and lowered their heads.

'Yes. This is the best.'

'We will respect the lord's decision.'

Furthermore.

'If it is Sir Baron Tale, he is a trustworthy man.'

'He is someone most suited to our fief.'

Even beyond the situation and just looking at the person himself, Roan was the most qualified person.

The knights tightly clenched their fists and raised the lowered heads high.

Their expressions became much brighter.

“Sir Count. Please take back those words.”

Roan quickly lowered his head.

As if it was difficult to dare take it on, he sharply trembled his entire body.

Io looked still at such Roan, then carefully stroke his back.

“It is something I originally.....”

His voice became soft.

“Planned to give to you.”

A shock stormed once again.

‘I knew that Sir Count valued our lord, but.....’

‘Ah..... so he thought of him that much.’

Baron Tale House’s retainers and soldiers all made deeply moved expressions.

“Sir Count.....”

Of course the one who was most moved was Roan.

Roan and Io’s meeting.

The events from that start to today’s events brushed past in front of his eyes.

“Kneel down.”

From his bosom, Io took out the metallic medallion engraved with the crest of Count Lancephil House.

Roan quietly stared at that sight, then bent down on one knee.

The moment he looked at Io’s blazing and honest eyes, he realized that he couldn’t repeatedly refuse.

‘It’s done!’

Clay, who was watching, inwardly shouted in delight.

The event was flowing as he wished.

‘Once the lord climbs up onto the title of a count.....’

His path to endless success would also open up.

“Roan.”

Io held the crest of the house up with both hands.

“Because the situation is so, I can only carry this out informally.”

He breathed in deeply.

“As the head of the Count Lancephil House, protect the fief and the fief’s citizens.”

The end of his voice shook.

The thing Io was holding up wasn’t simply the crest of the house.

Right now, he was holding up the past tens of years and centuries of history together with it.

“The fief’s citizens are my children. They are screaming in pain. May you punish the invaders, the traitors, and save my children.....”

Io slowly kneeled one knee.

“Ah.....”

From somewhere, a quiet gasp flowed out.

At an empty field where the western wind blew.

There was nothing of a splendid stage nor food.

At the place surrounded by the soldiers of the crimson legion.

At the center of that place, Roan and Io each lowered their heads and kneeled their knees.

The Count Lancephil House’s crest passed from Io’s hands to Roan’s hands.

‘Hhm.’

Roan tightly gritted his teeth.

His heart soared up from pride.

He could feel the weight of the medallion.

‘I have become a count of the kingdom.....’

It was an event that unfolded much too suddenly.

But he had the confidence to take on that weight.

At that moment.

Phbabam! Pham! Phababam!

The Milta military band performed a grand and powerful music.

It was because Clay had given the order with his eyes.

It was truly a timely action.

Chang!

With a clear sound of metal, the music ended.

Roan received the crest Count Lancephil House with two hands and spoke in a careful voice.

“Sir Count. As the head of the Count House, I will fulfill your call.”

He raised his head and stared at Io.

Io faintly smiled as he nodded his head.

“I will trust you.”

What other words would be needed.

At that moment, the knights who were standing behind Io all saluted.

“We greet Sir Count.”

It was a resounding voice and a powerful movement.

Roan quietly stared at them.

A peculiar air rode the western wind and whirled.

That was a blazing spirit that signalled the start of the counterattack.

Roan turned his head and looked at the soldiers of the Tale Legion.



“All forces.....”

He spoke in a quiet voice.

His eyes brightly shined red.

“Prepare for battle!”

A powerful voice rang through the empty field, no, the battlefield.

“Yes sir!”

The soldiers answered in one voice, then untied and shook off the rough clothes that were wrapped on the weapons.

Flap!

The long clothes rode the wind and spread towards all directions.

The Tale Legion stood within the center.

An incredible spirit rode the western wind and stormed.

“Ah.....”

Io let out a quiet sigh.

‘It is done. My small wish will definitely be achieved.’

The sight of seeing Jonathan and Kali kneeling below his feet was drawn.

Roan slowly moved his feet and climbed onto his warhorse.

Chang!

With a metallic sound, the Traviar Spear showed itself.

“We head to the Pavor Castle!”

The powerful voice hit the ears.

The soldiers strongly grasped their own weapons.

The blood within their entire body circled rapidly and the hearts raced fiercely.

“Let us rescue our brothers and families from the invaders and the traitors!”

Roan raised up his spear high.

“All forces.....”

The energy of a moment just before an explosion.

Finally, the order they waited and awaited for fell down.

“Charge!”

# Chapter 163 : Enter The War (1)

---

He wasn't even enraged.

Instead, the blood within his entire body cooled coldly.

‘Just what great thing would I accomplish with idiots like these.....’

Kali Owells sharply glared at the man who was kneeling on one knee in front of the tent.

The surrounding air was frigid.

The Owells Forces' commanders, including Tairon Bess, merely watched Kali's mood while stifling their breaths.

“What did you say your name was?”

Kali asked to the man who was kneeling on one knee.

The man answered while only slightly raising his head.

“I'm Simmons, leader of the Simmons Troop of the Count Chase Forces.”

The man was Simmons, who was monitoring the Tale Barony

Northern Road Troop's 1st Castle.

He was the very troop commander who easily opened up the road after being crushed by Roan's pressure.

"You say that Roan Tale has marched to protect his assets in the Montea Mountain?"

At Kali's question, Simmons slowly nodded his head.

"Yes. I have already reported to Sir Count Chase as well, but Baron Tale has merely marched to protect his assets and did not show any desire to enter the fief war."

"What has Sir Count Chase say?"

His voice deeply sank low.

But Simmons, who hadn't realized this, answered in a calm expression and voice.

"He said to give the same report to Sir Viscount Owells."

"Was that all?"

Kali asked again.

Simmons nodded his head.

“Yes. He said that I will be able to receive the next order if I do so.”

“The next order, is it.....”

Kali blurred the end of his sentence.

He moved his steps towards Simmons.

Looking at Kali who was approaching him, Simmons added on.

“Yes. He said to carry out the order Sir Viscount Owells gives with utmost sincerity regardless of what it is.”

At those words, Kali made a faint yet somehow ghastly smile.

“Truly, he said quite thankful words. No.....”

The end of his words momentarily blurred.

He looked straight into Simmons’ eyes.

“He said annoying words.”

“What do you.....”

Simmons did not understood and asked back.

Kali did not readily answered and slowly opened his mouth after calming his breath.

“I will give an order.”

At the abrupt words, Simmons made a slightly blank look.

“Ah, yes. P, please grant the order.”

But he soon took a hold of himself and lowered his head.

Kali glared at the back of Simmons’ head and spoke in a cold voice.

“Die.”

“Eh?”

Simmons, with a shocked expression, raised his head.

On his face, the look of asking just what does that mean was clear.

Kali shook his head as he looked at that sight.

“No. I’ll simply.....”

His voice was cold.

“Kill you myself.”

Chang!

The instant his words finished, the sword on his waist cut through the space.

“Uh?!”

Simmons, still with a surprised expression, merely blinked his eyes.

Tack!

Kali’s sword returned to its original place.

Sss.

A red line extended following Simmons’ neck.



“Wh, why.....’

He looked at Kali with eyes full of disbelief.

Kali said no words.

With the tip of his forefinger, he lightly tapped Simmons’ forehead.

Paat!

Suddenly, hot blood spouted out from the red line drawn through the neck.

At the same time, Simmons’ head that was attached straight fell apart from the body and rolled on the ground.

“Idiotic bastard.”

With a curse, Kali kicked away the large head.

With a dull sound, Simmons’ head bounced and tumbled on the ground.

“There was absolutely no desire to enter the fief war? So you just let him go? You think that..... tch!”

Annoyance erupted.

Kali kicked Simmons' body, whose head had fallen off, and knocked it down.

‘Anyhow, Sir Count Chase too is truly sly. To think he would borrow another's hand and make it cut off a stupid subordinate's head.’

He instantly saw through the reason Count Jonathan Chase had sent Simmons to him.

‘Anyway, he really is a similar man to me.’

Between him and Jonathan, there were many similar points.

‘Because of that, it's more awkward instead.’

Kali shook his head while making a bitter smile.

Then he soon glared at the nearby commanders and roared.

“All of you keep your heads straight.”

A storm like pressure spewed out of his entire body.

“We have started a revolt right now with our lives on the line! All our necks will be sliced if the work goes wrong!”

The thunderous voice hit the ears.

“Roan Tale going to the Montea Mountain itself is a problem! Actu and Labo lead troops and go to the Montea Mountain. Capture Roan alive. No.....”

Kali thought that whether Roan’s words were true or not, he was no different than having already joined the fief war.

“Kill him. Cut off his head!”

The order had fallen.

Actu and Labo took a step forwards and saluted.

“Yes. We will carry out the order.”

They soon ran towards their own troops.

Kali stared at that sight for a moment, then clenched his fist.

“I will send a messenger to Sir Count Chase. The content of the message will be.....”

For a while, a long story continued.

One of the commanders wrote down the story into a letter.

A moment later, a messenger riding on a horse started towards the North.

Within his chest pocket, the letter containing Kali's message was held.

Ggiiiig!

A sharp and peculiar cry sounded.

Above the messenger's head, an eagle with great wings glided brilliantly.

The direction the eagle flew was also towards north.

That truly was an amazing coincident.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I told you, it's true."

"Eeh, don't lie."

At a camp raised on an open plain.

On the inside of the fences, several men gathered and were chatting.

They were the squad commanders of a temporary troop that inspected the nearby villages and converted the Lancephil Fief's citizens at Count Chase Forces' rear.

“Really, I could have caught Count Lancephil.”

The man who was heating up with a small voice was no other than Ronball.

He, who ran as if wishing his butt to fall off after meeting with Roan, was laying out a heroic tale.

“It really was just right before catching him, but I ended up meeting Baron Tale at that moment. Tch.”

Ronball smacked his lips regrettably.

One of the men who were quietly listening to his words whispered in a small voice.

“If that's really true.....”

“I told you it’s true.”

Ronball cut in on his words with a frustrated look.

The man shook his hand and nodded his head.

“No, if that’s really true, I think it’ll be good to keep your mouth shut.”

“Un?”

Ronball widely opened his eyes as if saying what does that mean.

The man who just spoke up, with a cautious expression, added on.

“Whatever the situation was, you simply ran away from the moment when this fief war could have ended. If this needlessly goes into higher up’s ears, you might get reprimanded. And.....”

His voice slowly became smaller.

“If the day Baron Tale comes to attack comes, a spark might pointlessly fly even towards you.”

At those words, Ronball snickered out a laugh and shook his

head.

“No. There’s no way that’ll happen. I told you, Baron Tale had absolutely no desire to join the fief war.”

His voice was full of certainty.

“Then that’s good, but since there is something called just in case.”

The man’s expression was one still full of worry.

Ronball brightly smiled and shook his head.

“It’s true. I saw it, and Baron Tale had absolutely no.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

From the direction of the camp’s fences, a panicked sound of a bell rang.

It was the sound signalling an enemy’s attack.

It was an unpleasant sound they absolutely hadn’t heard nor needed to hear until now.

“I, is it Count Lancephil Forces?”

“Even though those guys called Guardian Army are all gathered in the northeast region?”

“Perhaps the Lancephil Fief’s citizens?”

The temporary squad commanders including Ronball kicked and stood up their seats and prepared for battle.

Their faces were brightly flushed.

Because carrying out the conversion of fief’s citizens at the rear were all they had done, they in fact hadn’t experienced a proper battle even once.

The tips of their hands rapidly trembled.

Around them, many commanders and soldiers quickly moved.

Ronball equipped his armor the fastest and pulled out a soldier who was running towards them from the direction of the fences.

“Is it an enemy?”

At the urgently asking sound, the soldier saluted and answered.



“Yes! That is correct, sir!

The instant his words ended, the temporary squad commanders swarmed.

“Wh, who is it?”

“Lancephil Guardian Army?”

“The Count’s forces?”

“The fief’s citizens?”

Questions poured down.

The soldier gulped dry spit and shook his head.

There was no correct answer amongst them.

“Then who is it?”

Ronball asked with a completely tense expression.

The soldier, with a voice that trembled sharply, answered.

“It’s Baron Roan Tale.”

Boom.

For a moment, a heavy silence fell.

The temporary squad commanders turned their heads and looked at Ronball.

Ronball, while feeling the sharp gazes, shook his head.

“No. Tha, that can’t be.....”

He murmured as if he was a man who lost his mind.

But the sound heard from the back of his ears were much too clear.

Kwakang!

The sound of the camp’s fences being destroyed along with an explosive sound rang out.

Following that, a flag that rose straight up between the leading cavalry was seen.

< Roan Tale. >

\*\*\*\*\*

‘Is this the view of a general.....’

Roan clenched his horse’s rein.

The battlefield spread out in front of his eyes.

The Taemusas, who wore crimson armors, were tearing apart the enemy’s camp.

Roan stood in the center of the camp and personally commanded every troop.

The energy and the heat of the battlefield wrapped his entire body.

[Roan. An enemy troop is coming from the left.]

Kinis, who was flying above Roan’s head and observing the battlefield’s state, fussed about.

Roan lightly extended his left hand and sent a hand signal.

“Thousand-man commander Tane. Lead the Panther Troop and towards the left!”

“Yes sir!”

Tane, who was pushing and driving the enemies, lead the troop with an answer and moved.

The left side that had been thin instantly became thick.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the enemy troop that was aiming for a surprise attack violently collided with the Panther Troop.

[There’s an archer unit at the back!]

Kinis shouted once again with a sharp voice.

‘Un. I saw it too.’

Roan answered shortly and then quickly raised his right hand.

“Be ready for an arrow attack! Raise the Parma!”

Parma meant the small shield that the Tale Engineering Department had made by improving and improving again the small-scale shield they developed.

Instantly, the Tale Legion's soldiers, including the Taemusas, pulled the parmae they wore on their backs and equipped them on their left arm.

Ssweaaaak!

As if they had been waiting, arrows flew up from the enemy's rear.

Pubububuk!

Dull sounds hit the ears.

The arrows tightly embedded themselves on the strongly raised and supported parmae.

Roan spun the Traviass Spear around and struck away all the arrows that flew towards him.

“Charge! Charge the enemies!”

He bent his upper body and kicked his horse.

Before the enemy archer unit's arrow attack continued, he planned to completely destroy the enemy position.

“Protect the lord!”

“Follow the lord’s back!”

The thousand-man and higher ranked commanders shouted at the top of their lungs.

Ttdududuk!

The Tale Legion’s soldiers stroke away the arrows planted on the parmae with the weapons on their hands and kicked off the ground.

A charge like a flash of lightning.

They did not fear close quarter combat or scuffle.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

With metallic sounds, sparks flew.

Sssguk! Ssskuk!

Soon, horrifying sounds followed.

The enemies’ necks were cut and the hearts were pierced.

“Damn it! Stop them!

“Stop them! Capture the enemy commander!”

The Count Chase Force reorganized their lines and aimed for a counterattack.

They aimed for Roan, who stood at the front and was personally waging a scuffle.

But.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

The soldiers fell with throes of death.

The Count Chase Force’ ordinary soldiers weren’t a match for Roan.

Each time Roan swung the spear once, three or four soldiers lost their lives and fell.

“Damn it! Move aside!”

Rogers, who had the highest rank amongst the Count Chase

Force's commanders, stepped forwards.

He raised up his spear high and lunged at Roan.

“Roan Tale! For you to dare go against the capital's order and enter the fief war! I Rogers will cut off your.....”

When his words had reached about that point.

“Sorry but there is no time to chat right now.”

Roan swung the Traviass Spear he held in a long line.

The solid handle of the spear softly bent and even its length abruptly extended out.

Ssskuk!

The blade of the spear instantly cut Rogers' neck.

It was an absurd death.

“Hii!

“Uaaaah!”



At the commander's death, the morale of the Count Chase Force's soldiers was snapped apart.

Even the formation that were getting reorganized perfectly collapsed.

After that, the battle flowed in a very one-sided direction.

No, from the start, the battle was one-sided.

The troop that was left at the rear and merely did inspections were no match for the Tale Legion.

"We will let live those who surrender. Those who will fight under the Tale Legion's flag, throw away your weapons and surrender!"

Roan's voice rang the battlefield.

Few soldiers glanced at others, then soon threw away their weapons, ran towards the Tale Legion, and kneeled.

Amongst them, even Ronball's figure was seen.

It was enough for even the squad commanders, although temporary, to surrender.

The Tale Legion's power was just that incredible.

But surprisingly, the number of those who surrendered wasn't many.

'Even though it's a fief war, would he really kill us all?'

'He probably would only be able to let us go, right?'

'It's a prisoner treatment at most, tch.'

They were complacent thoughts.

It was a fief war between nobles of the same kingdom.

Furthermore in Roan's case, the rumor of him being a good person was renowned.

He wouldn't indiscreetly take the soldiers' lives.

That was the thoughts of Count Chase Force's soldiers.

'Even if they don't know, these bastards don't know our lord too much.'

Looking at that sight, Austin inwardly shook his head.

It was definitely true that Roan was a good person.

Sometimes, there were times when he was excessively delicate and soft.

But that was talking of the usual Roan.

The Roan on the battlefield was a completely different person.

“Is this all?”

Roan quietly whispered while looking at the surrendered soldiers.

Simultaneously, he raised his left hand and gave a short hand signal.

“Execute all those who did not surrender.”

It was a cold judgment.

But even to Roan, this was an inevitable decision.

‘If we look at only the number of soldiers, we are inferior.’

The situation was same as fighting two counties.

‘There is no reserve to control enemy prisoners.’

It wasn’t a situation to be leisurely.

But even so, it wasn’t a condition that they couldn’t simply let them go.

‘War isn’t a joke.’

Abruptly, he remembered Clay’s request.

< We cannot take prisoners. Unconditionally execute them, my lord. >

Even without that particular request, Roan had no plans to leave a future trouble.

“Yes sir!”

The Tale Legion’s soldiers, without even a single bit of hesitation, answered.

“Hihii!”

“You, you will kill the same kingdom’s people?”

The Count Chase Force's soldiers screamed with bleached white expressions.

“Same kingdom's people?”

Roan, with a calm and quiet voice, answered.

“On the battlefield.....”

He soon pulled his reins and turned the horse around.

“There are only allies and enemies.”

A cold-blooded and frigid voice fell onto the ground.

Simultaneously.

“Execute them!”

The three-thousand-man commander Austin's order fell down.

Instantly, Taemus as well as Tale Legion's soldiers raised their weapons and lunged.

Sssguk! Ssskuk!

“Uak!”

“Sa, save me!”

“Ku uk!

With a frightening sound, sounds of scream echoed through the land.

At those sounds, the ones who surrendered trembled their body.

And at the same time, a sense of relief at having survived wrapped their body.

Roan, feeling the western wind that blew towards them, murmured in a small voice.

“This is war.”

He did not wish to put up a particularly kind looking pretense.

One would die if one did not kill.

A cold-hearted world.

That very place was the battlefield.

Roan forcefully ignored the sound of screams that were heard and closed his eyes.

‘Chris and Clay.....’

The figures of the two people, who should be moving busily by now, appeared in his mind.

While marching towards the Pavor Castle, Roan simultaneously proceeded numerous works.

He did not wish to stop this fief war merely at the level of saving the Lancephil Fief and the fief’s citizens.

‘If everything we have prepared until now only connects into one.....’

Roan was already looking at a place beyond that.

Somehow, the goal that was only like a dream now felt like something that was possible in reality.

‘Anyhow, Sir Count Lancephil, no, is he now godfather Lancephil..... godfather should have safely arrive, right?’

Io Lancephil took on a difficult mission on his own and had left for the capital, Miller.

‘Since he said to simply trust him, I will simply trust him and wait.’

Roan faintly smiled and exhaled a short sigh.

The western wind blew increasingly stronger.



# Chapter 164 : Enter The War (2)

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‘It’s noisy.’

The Rinse Kingdom’s current King, Deni Von Rinse, looked at the nobles that filled the grand hall full and frowned.

‘Really, I said I’ve no interested.....’

Today as well, his situation was that of attending the meeting against his will at the request of the nobles.

On his face, a tired and bored expression was full.

“Baron Tale’s action is an act that disregards the Rinse Royalty!”

“It’s the same as treason!”

“To dare ignore his majesty the king’s order and enter the fief war! You really can’t help the nature of the lowly things. Tch tch tch.”

Criticizing and censuring sounds rose from here and there.

Most of them were the nobles who supported the Second Prince Tommy Rinse and the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

“All of you are saying too much!”

“We haven’t grasp the exact truth yet!”

“That is correct. For what reason Baron Tale has entered the fief war, please criticize or censure after checking that first.”

The nobles who supported Simon countered back.

If they simply kept their mouths shut here, the possibility of losing a reliable comrade called Roan Tale was high.

“Your majesty the king! Baron Tale has went against your majesty’s order and has personally entered the fief war! This is something absolutely unforgivable!”

“Please give the summoning order immediately!”

The nobles who were raising their voices suddenly swarmed towards Deni III.

When the nobles supporting Tommy and Kallum uttered their appeals, the nobles supporting Simon too bowed towards Deni III.

“Your majesty, we must precisely question the front and back circumstances for such a heavy and important matter.”

“Since many couriers will soon bring the news, please be deliberate at least until then.”

They were stories and opinions that perfectly oppose each other.

Sharp voices and urgent voices tangled up into one and were noisily heard.

‘Ah..... it’s noisy.’

Deni III shook his head with a completely annoyed expression.

At that instant, his neck felt an almost shocking sharp gaze.

He turned his head and looked at the place the four dukes were standing.

‘Hmm.’

Duke Francis Wilson was looking at him with a fierce light in his eyes.

Deni III uselessly jolted and mumbled his lips.

‘I know. I just need to act a plentifully contemplating and contemplating pose.’

He soon scrunched his nose and supported his forehead on his right hand.

In anyone's eyes, it was a look of delving deep in thought after listening to other nobles.

‘His majesty has delved into contemplation!’

‘We must persuade his majesty!’

Thanks to that, the nobles' nettling and appeals became much worse.

At that moment.

Boom!

The grand hall's door, which had been tightly closed, abruptly opened up.

The nobles who were noisily clamoring all closed their mouths and stared at the grand hall's entrance.

That was also the same for Deni III, who was acting as if having fallen into contemplation, and the three princes and the four dukes, who were quietly watching the scene.

Everyone's gazes headed towards the door.

"He, he has come."

The one who opened the door and appeared was the captain of the palace guards, Viscount Dow Fint.

With a greatly panicked look, he was breathing out rough breaths.

It was clear that he had ran urgently.

"He? Just who is he?"

One noble who was closest to the door gruffly asked.

Dow laboriously calmed his breath and urgently opened his mouth.

"The man directly related to the current fief war, I....."

When his words reached about that point, a large shadow set behind Dow.

An old man of a bold built had appeared.

"Huph!"

“Ho, how is he here.....?!”

“How is this possible?”

Suddenly, the nobles all widely opened their eyes and made shocked faces.

The old man who was receiving everyone’s gazes alone.

He cheerily smiled and stepped into the grand hall.

“It’s as if I came to a place I cannot.”

His voice was small but powerful.

The old man walked between the nobles and arrived in front of Deni III.

Chk!

He kneeled down on one knee and lowered his head.

A bold presence was felt.

“Vassal Io Lancephil, greets his majesty the king.”

The old man, he was in fact Io Lancephil.

“How, how are you here.....?”

Deni III asked with a half dazed expression.

However little he had no interest in domestic politics and state of affairs, he knew well of what kind of circumstances Io was currently in.

“I have come to visit his majesty because I have words I need to tell.”

His voice was calm.

From start to finish, Io was relaxed.

It simply wasn't a look of a man directly involved in the fief war nor that of a protagonist of the disadvantageous situation.

“Sir Count Lancephil, just how did this happen? What did you do with the fief war and come all the way to the capital, Miller? The fief war couldn't possibly have ended already, could it?”

Simon's right hand and the one who had close relationship even with Io, Viscount Tio Ruin asked with a stiffly solidified expression.

Many nobles twitched their ears up and awaited Io's answer.

‘Right, we heard that more than half of the Lancephil County has already fallen into Count Chase Forces’ hands.’

‘Who know if he perhaps didn't have the strength to endure the fief war and surrendered.’

‘Then are the words he have to tell his majesty the declaration of the end of the war?’

The faces of the nobles supporting Tommy and Kallum became infinitely bright.

On the other hand, the faces of the nobles supporting Simon was greatly dark.

Io looked long at such nobles' expressions, then spoke in a calm voice.

“The fief war is continuing on.”

It was a short answer.

“Ah.....”



Completely different exclamations flowed out from the two sides.

One side was a deep sigh, one side was a breath of relief.

Tio, with a slightly loosened face, carefully asked.

“Then what did you do with the fief war and came here, sir?”

The man who commanded the fief war and gave orders to the commanders.

That was the responsibility of the fief's lord.

But Io had thrown that away and had appeared in the capital, Miller.

Io cheerfully smiled and answered.

“Hasn't the capital, Miller, sent out an official order with his majesty the king's name?”

“Yes. It was an order for anyone excluding those directly related to not enter the fief war.”

Tio instantly answered.

Io faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Because of that order, I too cannot enter the fief war.”

“Eh? What do you.....?”

Tio made an expression that said he couldn't understand.

No, it wasn't only that.

“Sir Count Lancephil, what do you mean by that?”

“What do you mean?”

“What are you saying?”

From here and there, questions mixed with perplexity poured out.

Io cheerfully smiled, then looked at Deni III.

Deni III too had a completely curious expression.

Io once again kneeled down on one knee and lowered his head.

“Vassal Io Lancephil, has passed Lancephil County together with the title to my successor.”

Boom.

In an instant, an incredible impact struck the inside of the grand hall.

Deni III as well as the three princes and all the nobles fully opened their eyes and made shocked expressions.

Being shocked too much, there was no one who spoke up a word.

After an unknown amount of time.

“Wha, what do you mean?”

“You’ve passed fief and the title?”

Tommy and Kallum asked while creasing their foreheads.

As the heavy silence shattered, questions poured down from here and there.

“What do you mean a successor?”

“You had a successor?”

“Even if you are a count, you passed down the title without the palace’s consent? This is something that goes beyond one’s authority!”

At that moment, Deni III, who was staying still, raised his right hand.

The nobles who were loudly shouting all closed their mouths.

Deni III asked in a quiet voice towards Io.

“Who is the successor you bequeathed the fief and the title to?”

It was the most central question.

Gulp.

All the nobles swallowed dry spit.

Io faintly smiled and answered.

“It is Roan Tale, your highness.”

“Ah.....”

Instantly, quiet exclamations flowed out from here and there.

The reason Roan entered the fief war had finally been clearly revealed.

‘It’s a disaster.’

‘That Roan Tale will become a count?’

The light from the faces of the nobles who supported Tommy and Kallum went dark.

Whatever happened, they had to put a brake to this event.

On the other hand, the light from the faces of the nobles who supported Simon, which had been dark throughout, became unrecognizably bright.

‘It’s the case of attaching wings to a tiger.’

‘Hahaha! The work got solved much better instead!’

The mood between the nobles flipped in an instant.

At that moment, Tommy went forwards with a displeased expression.

“Sir Count Lancephil, successor selection and the bequeathment

of the fief as well as the title is not something you can decide on alone. Unless it is a viscount house or a baron house, upper nobles of and above count house must receive the royal family's consent."

Numerous nobles nodded their heads.

Io made a cheerful smile.

"I know of that, your highness Prince Tommy."

He continued his words as he looked long through Simon, Kalum, and Deni III.

"For selecting the successor of and above count house, one needs his majesty the king and the three princes' consent."

When his words continued to about that point, Simon cutted in.

"To be exact, one only needs more than two people's consent amongst the four people."

His look was very cautious.

It wasn't a very good situation.

'Even if I were to support Sir Count Lancephil.....'

Tommy and Kallum would set down a wedge.

In the end, they had to be able to persuade the one card left, Deni III.

If the approval and disapproval were to be split 2 to 2, the nobles' vote followed.

‘It’s subtle, but the number of nobles supporting me is greater.’

If it just went to the nobles' vote, the possibility of concluding according to Simon and Io's will was high.

‘Sir Count Lancephil, do you have the confidence?’

Simon looked at Io, who was leisurely throughout, and exhaled a short sigh.

Knowing or perhaps not knowing Simon's such feeling, Io lowered his head towards Deni III along with a leisurely smile.

“Baron Roan Tale is an individual who has no lacking as my successor. If it is him, he will lead the Lancephil County well. Please consent the transfer of the fief and the title.”

Finally, the main topic was thrown.

Now, only Deni III, Simon, Tommy, and Kallum's decisions were left.

Tommy went a step ahead and spoke in a resolute voice.

"I disapprove. The title of a count is not something that could be transferred so carelessly. We must take time and thoroughly check."

At those words, the nobles who supported Tommy clapped.

"That is correct!"

"We must go through a thorough checking procedure."

The inside of the hall momentarily became loud.

Tommy had disapproved and went up, but Io's expression was still relaxed.

The one who went up next was Simon.

There was a need to change the mood.

"I approve. There is no one as suitable as Roan Tale anywhere else."



As soon as his words finished, the nobles supporting Simon exploded out cheers.

“Waaaah! Right! Exactly right!”

“If it’s the hero of the expedition and the one who suppressed Elton Coat’s rebellion, Baron Roan Tale, he is more than enough to lead the county.”

Thunderous voices shook the grand hall.

Now, the ones left were Deni III and Kallum.

‘We have to secure one person’s support here.’

Kallum’s support was illogical.

In the end, they must capture Deni III’s heart.

About the moment Simon’s thoughts became complicated.

Io, who had been staying quiet, stared softly at Deni III.

“Your majesty the king.”

“Speak.”

Deni III leaned his body on the throne and shook his hand.

In truth, he wasn't particularly satisfied with the current situation.

'County's successor? It doesn't matter who it becomes.'

He merely wished to quickly end this uncomfortable and boring place.

If Francis wasn't there, he would already had jumped and stood up from the seat.

"Vassal Io Lancephil is an old general who has roamed the battlefields since the time of the previous majesty the king. I have carried out big and small wars with the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom as well as even the Estia Empire. And after the kingdom had entered the era of peace later on, I have retired to the current Lancephil County and have given my one life to border defense. This was all an action for the prosperity of our kingdom."

"I know well of your hard work."

Deni III slowly nodded his head.

Io was a veteran general of hundred battlefields who had been active ever since the time he was the crown prince.

‘The previous king truly valued him.’

The king of the previous generation and the man who was Deni III’s father, Marubel Rinse was a very belligerent man.

Although he slightly lacked in politics, his strength was so outstanding that he was even called with an nickname of war king in the continent’s Northeast.

War King Marubel.

He was a true monarch of war who did not fear even the war with the Estia, which was a great empire.

Io’s words continued.

“Perhaps because he had looked kindly at such me, the previous majesty the king had left to this vassal a small present.”

“A small present?”

Deni III creased his forehead.

The other nobles were also the same.

Io did not mind and took out a blue silk about a size of a palm

from his bosom.

“What could that be?”

“What is it?”

The whispering voices gradually became bigger.

Io carefully untied and opened the silk.

Within the silk, a small box made of wood was inside.

Click.

When he opened the lid, a ring embedded with a five-colored gem showed itself.

“Ah.....”

Quiet gasps flowed out from here and there.

There was almost no one amongst the nobles within the grand hall who had personally seen that ring.

But everyone knew of the ring's identity.

The object that one could not absolutely not know of if one was the Rinse Kingdom's royalty or a noble.

“The War King's ring!”

Deni III shouted with a completely shocked expression.

The War King's Ring was the ring the previous king Marubel Rinse had made right before he died, and was known to be a total of five.

Marubel had shared those five rings with the retainers he trusted and valued, but had actually kept thoroughly and completely silent of the identities of the retainers who received the rings.

But, in the case of the owner of the ring were to appear, he had separately left a will before he died to absolutely accept the ring owner's request unless the request was of making the royal family and the kingdom's fate perilous.

Additionally, he left together even a will to treat the ring's owner as the senior of the royal family.

“Yes, the War King's Ring is correct.”

Io faintly smiled and lowered his head.

In an instant, a silence fell inside the grand hall.

‘Th, the War King’s Ring.....’

‘So one of those five retainers was Count Lancephil!’

‘Ah..... this is something completely unexpected.’

The nobles were half-dazed out of their minds.

That was also the same for Edwin Voisa, Bradley Webster, Liss Kowan, and Francis Wilson.

‘Hohoho, the War King’s Ring..... finally, that damned object has revealed itself.’

‘Anyhow, has one of the ring’s owner revealed himself.....’

‘With things done like this, would this matter flow according to Io’s will? No, even if his majesty approves, it is a 2 against 2 situation. If it goes to the nobles’ votes, we can place a wedge once again.’

‘The War King’s Ring.....’

The each’s different and complicated thoughts tangled and entwined.

That was also the same for Deni III.

‘To see the War King’s Ring again..... because of King father who passed on, my head hurts just simply too much.’

Even without that, he already knew one of the ring owner.

A very tiring and painful ring owner.

For some reason, he felt like he was feeling a sharp gaze.

With a false cough, Deni III slowly nodded his head.

“Count Io Lancephil, I haven’t expected for you to have the War King’s Ring.”

Io merely smiled and did not say any word.

Deni III exhaled out a short sigh.

“You probably plan to request me to approve the fief and the title’s transfer with that, right? But it isn’t as if the transfer will be decided just because I approved.”

If Kallum disapproves and step up, the approval and the disapproval would become 2 against 2.

Even after using the War King's Ring, he couldn't certainly finish the matter.

"I know, your majesty."

Io answered with a composed voice.

In the first place, he planned to contend for the victory in the nobles' vote.

'If we just get to the nobles' vote, there is a plenty chance to win.'

Deni III creased his brows.

"You will use the War King's Ring even while knowing that? Wouldn't it be better to request to stop the fief war instead? If so, I could make Count Chase fall back with my authority."

That was a truth.

Unlike the fief and title transfer, stopping the fief war or making Count Jonathan Chase fall back was something Deni III could decide even alone.

But Io shook his head.

"I cannot use the War King's Ring on such a petty matter."



Because of his own lacking, his retainers betrayed him and attached themselves to Count Chase Forces.

It was a truly embarrassing thing even with just that.

But he couldn't request to pull away the enemies because it was difficult to fight them.

It was Io, the man amongst men and a veteran of hundred battles' last pride.

“Hohoho, a petty matter is it.....”

Deni III exploded out a hearty laugh.

His eyes flashed and shone a light.

“Alright, the ring's value really is just that great. Then, is transferring the fief and the title to Roan Tale something suitable to the ring's value?”

As soon as the question ended, Io answered in a brave and powerful voice.

“The value of Roan Tale is beyond that of the War King's Ring.”

Boom.

Once again, a great impact stormed within the grand hall.

Roan's value is higher than that of the War King's Ring the previous king Marubel had left?

If not careful, it could be heard like a statement insulting the royal family.

“Hohoho.”

Deni III popped out a hearty laugh once again.

‘As expected, Io is Io, is it? He is enough to have received King Father's ring.’

He looked straight into Io's eyes and nodded his head.

“Good. The will of the his majesty the previous king's will is held within the War King's Ring. I take on the previous king's will and approve the transfer of Count Lancephil's fief and the title.”

Finally, Deni III made the difficult decision.

With this, the ones who approved the transfer were two, and the one who disapproved was one.

Simon and Io inwardly shouted and cheered.

‘Alright. Even if Kallum says to disapprove, we can go all the way to the nobles’ vote.’

‘Thankfully, the matter is resolving in the way we desired.’

Bright smiles hung even on the faces of the nobles who supported Simon.

Of course, they weren’t being unguarded.

The vote was literally a vote.

Until the result came out, they could never relax.

The nobles supporting Tommy and Kallum gritted their teeth.

‘Right, it’s still too soon to give up.’

‘How much we persuade the neutral faction nobles is important.’

‘The victory and loss hasn’t been decided yet.’

At that moment.

“Kallu, now only you are left.”

Deni III gestured towards Kallum.

Kallum, who had been silently watching the situation, went forwards.

Already, Simon, Tommy, and the nobles who followed them were raising plans to how to set the vote that would follow.

There was no one who gave any attention to Kallum.

Kallum looked long around at them and spoke up with a low voice.

“I, of Sir Count Lancephil’s transfer of the fief and the title.....”

The end of his voice slightly trembled.

His expression too was dark.

However, there was no one who noticed this.

No one had any interest in Kallum’s words.

It was because they thought that he would disapprove anyway.

Finally, Kallum gave his decision.

“I, of Sir Count Lancephil’s transfer of the fief and the title..... approve it.”

Boom.

An incredible impact greater than any impact until now stormed through the great hall.

Simon, Tommy, and the many nobles who were preparing the nobles’ vote completely opened their eyes and made shocked expressions.

Deni III and Io as well as the kingdom’s four dukes’ expressions were that of having completely not expected.

“Ka, Kallum!”

“Prince! What are you saying!”

“Wha, what do you mean approve!”

Tommy and the nobles rushed up towards Kallum like a swarm of bees.

Deni III, who took a hold of his mind a moment late, asked once again.

“Wha, what did you say? You will approve? Is that true?”

At the repeated question, the people focused on Kallum’s answer.

Kallum, while feeling the gazes pouring down on him, slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. I approve the transfer of the fief and the title.”

It was an answer like the before.

“Ah.....”

“Ju, just how did this.....”

Tommy and the nobles who supported him were of course, and even the nobles supporting Kallum threw up deep moans.

Simon and the nobles who supported him did not carelessly delight at it and observed Kallum’s movements.

‘What are you scheming, Kallum.’

With sharp eyes, Simon glared at Kallum's eyes.

Kallum quietly stared at that gaze and made a bitter smile.

‘Roan Tale, you truly are a horrifying man.’

He thought up the event that happened last winter.

‘It was right after he came back as Pershion Kingdom's secret envoy.’

The day the diplomatic relation between the Rinse Kingdom and the Pershion Kingdom, which had been cut off, was connected once again.

That night, Roan came to his mansion.

Carrying stories that were difficult to bear.

# Chapter 165 : Enter The War (3)

---

It was something completely unexpected.

“Roan Tale. For you to come find me.....”

Kallum Rinse looked straight into Roan’s eyes, who was sitting on the other side.

Roan faintly smiled and raised his teacup.

“The tea’s fragrance is good.”

“Stop with the nonsense. For what reason did you come find me?”

Kallum found Roan awkward.

No, he was unpleasant, annoying, and enraging.

‘If it wasn’t only for this bastard.....’

By now, the one who was going ahead in the throne succession competition would surely had been him.

Obviously, there was no way his mood was good.



At Kallum's intimidation, Roan put down the cup and answered.

"I came to visit because I have words I need to tell your highness."

"To me?"

Kallum creased his forehead.

"Yes."

Roan nodded his head and took out a small envelope from his chest pocket.

It was a rather weighty looking envelope.

"What is that?"

At the completely sharp question, Roan took out tens of letters from within the envelope.

Instantly, Kallum's face laughably twisted.

"Those are....."

The tens of letters.

They were the secret and ugly letters that Kallum had shared with Elton Coat and Reitas Pershion.

The stories of him trying to kill Simon using Elton and the stories of him using Reitas to kill Roan were meticulously written.

The tip of his fingers sharply trembled.

‘Yes. I knew a day like this would come some day.....’

In truth, the puzzled feeling inside him was great until now.

From looking at Roan’s actions, it was obvious that he had obtained the letters he shared with Elton and Reitas.

But despite that, no exposure, blackmail, placation, leak, or anything happened.

He tried to passed it off as Roan’s personality, but the nervous feeling couldn’t be helped.

‘If these letters are revealed.....’

The moment his thought led to that point.

As if he had read Kallum’s thought, Roan threw the same

question.

“What do you think would happen if those letters are revealed, your highness?”

Kallum didn't answer.

No, he couldn't.

Roan cheerfully smiled and continued his words.

“It won't end with merely being ousted from the throne succession competition. If the fact that Prince Kallum was behind Elton Coat's rebellion, it is obvious that you will receive a heavy punishment. At the very least, you will receive exilement.”

It was the truth.

The kingdom was silent of the veiled and political strifes under the name of throne succession competition, but the story would change if a royalty were to shed blood.

Because of that, even Simon Rinse, who currently had built the largest faction, couldn't carelessly harm Tommy and Kallum.

If the truth that Kallum tried to assassinate Simon was revealed in such situation, he would receive exilement at the very least, or be jailed or be banishment out of the kingdom at the extreme.

“Are you threatening me?”

Kallum glared at Roan with glowing and blazing eyes.

Roan shook his head.

“Rather than a threat, but I wish to negotiate.”

“Negotiate?”

At the unexpected words, Kallum creased his forehead.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes. Please listen to one request of mine. If you answer the request, then I will get rid of these letters.”

“A request..... what kind of request is it?”

Kallum was cautious.

Roan, with a composed look, answered.

“Who knows. I’m not sure of that yet, sir. If something I need to request comes up, I will tell you then.”

Kallum's plot to assassinate Simon wasn't a small case.

He couldn't half-heartedly or impetuously use it.

"But in return, I won't ask for a ridiculous request or a one that needs to touch blood."

"Hmm....."

Kallum leaked a quiet groan.

If he could, I wished to immediately kick off his seat and slap the side of his face once.

But currently, he was thoroughly standing in the position of the disadvantaged, no, of the loser.

There was neither the strength nor justification to refuse nor defy.

But even so, the one strand of pride he had left twitched.

"Even though I could attack you right now and take those letters?"

At those words, Roan formed a faint smile.

“Do you truly think that is possible, your highness?”

His attitude was truly confident and bold.

In a way, it was a truly arrogant statement.

However, Kallum couldn't readily refute.

‘If I mobilize the knights and attack, I would easily be able to kill him, but.....’

Inevitably, an incredible noise would arise and all the gazes of the capital, Miller, would become focused.

In Kallum's position, it wasn't quite an agreeable situation.

With a short sigh, he glared at Roan.

“In you bastard's position, would it not be much better to reveal those letters? Since I would then be ousted from the throne succession competition, and Tommy too would not be Simon's match if I were to be ousted. The moment the letters are revealed, throne succession competition would end and Simon would be appointed the Grand Duke of Grain, but why do you make the matter complicated?”

His voice asked as if to bite.

It was an attitude seemingly telling him to reveal the letters instead if he planned to played with him.

Roan faintly smiled as he shook his head.

“Who knows. Perhaps it’s possible that.....”

His eyes flashed and shone a light.

“I wish for it to become complicated.”

“Hm? Wish for it to become complicated? What do you mean?”

Kallum creased his forehead.

“Perhaps, do you not wish for Simon to climb up to the Grand Duke of Grain?”

At those words, Roan shook his head.

“I have never said those words, sir. Anyhow, the important thing right now.....”

He lightly shook the letters he was holding.

“Is the negotiation between Prince Kallum and me.”

The instant his words finished, Kallum snorted.

“Hmph. Can you even call something like this a negotiation?”

“Who knows. It depends on how one thinks.”

Roan lightly answered, then stared straight into Kallum’s eyes.

Kallum quietly stared at that gaze, then nodded his head.

“Can’t be helped. Since I don’t have the right to choose. For now, I will only be able to follow your wish. But.....”

The outline of his eyes became sharp.

“How do I trust you? Could you really be able to get rid of those letters? Since in your position, those letters would be the same as a master key.”

By just having that, he could control him as much as he wished.

‘Of course, I also have no plan to keep being played by that act.....’

Kallum tightly clenched his fist.



‘A rat in a corner will bite a cat.’

If Roan kept blackmailing him with those letters as a weapon, he could only go out on a counterattack without caring for before nor after.

‘Since being pushed aside in the throne competition would be the same this way or that.’

At the rage that soared up, his entire body sharply trembled.

“I know well that Prince Kallum isn’t someone who will always be swung around as wished. Just once, you simply need to listen to my request just once, sir.”

Roan knew how to handle Kallum.

He stared straight into Kallum’s eyes.

“Because it didn’t seem that Prince would trust me, I have devised one solution.”

“What is it?”

Kallum thinly opened his eyes.

With a composed voice, Roan answered.

“The locker of erasure.”

“The locker of erasure? You must mean the Delerium magic.”

Delerium magic.

Activating when certain conditions are fulfilled, it usually was a magic used when storing documents or objects for a certain amount of time.

Roan nodded his head and took out a wooden box about two-hands big out of a small bag.

“It is the locker of erasure enchanted with the Delerium magic, sir. I will place Prince’s letters here.”

His voice was still composed.

“I will set the time setting to one year. Whether I request or not, the letters within the locker will be erased on their own once the one year passes.”

Roan continued to add on.

“If I give a request within the one year, and if Prince would listen

to it, I will give you this locker's key."

The key wasn't important.

Since the letters would be erased anyhow once the one year passed.

"For the wooden locker, Prince, please keep it."

"Hmm."

Kallum leaked a low groan.

It was an excessively good condition than he had thought.

"You will leave this to me? Even though I would then immediately destroy this?"

Roan nodded his head as if saying it did not matter.

"It is fine even if you do so. But after the locker's magic is activated, a spell is enchanted so that it would teleport on its own if touched or receives an impact without permission. It is set to move to the place I have selected."

"How meticulous."

Kallum twisted his lips.

‘Either way, it isn’t such a bad offer.’

He couldn’t trust Roan, but he could trust the locker of erasure.

But there was one thing he couldn’t understand.

‘Even if I would not be swung as he wish, those letters are definitely the same as cards of certain victory. Why would he make the matter complicated even by using the locker of erasure?’

The light in Kallum’s eyes calmed down.

‘Does the guy truly not wish for Simon to become the next king?’

If so.

‘Who is the next king he wishes for?’

Kallum continued on his soliloquy of questions and answers.

‘Perhaps me? Is that why he is trying to erase his debt to me?’

If so, even though it was wrong, it was a much too incorrect thought.

‘Since the feeling of abhorrence towards him is greater than the feeling of gratefulness. ‘

With the matter this time, such feelings became much stronger.

The very day the locker’s letters disappeared, Kallum planned to mobilize all his strength to rush and corner him.

At that moment.

“Then, I will place the letter inside the locker of erasure.”

Roan placed the letters of ugly contents into the locker and activated the magic.

From the entirety of the locker, a bright light shone out.

“I will leave the locker here, sir.”

Roan opened Kallum’s large desk drawer and placed the locker inside it.

As if it had been waiting, the light disappeared.

“From now on, you cannot carelessly touch it, sir. Since it would be teleported that instant.”

“I know.”

Kallum answered with his forehead creased.

Suddenly, there was a single thought that brushed past his mind.

‘Even though the locker of erasure itself is a greatly precious object, he even placed a teleport spell on it?’

To make that degree of an object, the skill of at least the palace magician’s level was needed to be possible.

Kallum’s face stiffly solidified.

‘Where did the bastard obtain such an object?’

The Rinse Kingdom’s current palace magician had barred himself within a magic tower and was focusing on research.

Kallum as well as anyone, including Simon and Tommy, couldn’t meet him.

‘Then it means that it wasn’t our side’s palace magician, but..... ah!’

Suddenly, a fire lighted with a flash within his head.

There was one place that Roan could obtain the locker of erasure, a one with even a teleport spell attached onto that.

‘Persion Kingdom!’

Kallum glaringly opened his eyes.

‘This bastard.....’

The inside of his head became complicated.

‘This event right now wasn’t done impulsively. At the very least, he had schemed this event from since the Persion Kingdom. That means.....’

It meant that even the request he was going to ask of him was more or less roughly outlined.

‘It wouldn’t be an easy request.’

The inside of his mouth was newly covered bitter.

“Then, I will now leave, your highness.”

Roan carefully closed the desk drawer and lowered his head.

His look was still relaxed and composed.

In front of the reception room's door, he softly stared at Kallum.

“On the day I present my request, a small bird will tap on Prince's window.”

Kallum did not say any words.

Like that, Roan once again said his goodbye and disappeared himself.

This was the whole story of the secretive meeting that had happened last winter.

‘And exactly yesterday, a small bird tapped on my window.’

The thing the bird had passed was a single short letter.

‘It was a content instructing to approve the transfer of the Count House's fief and title.’

As according to the threat, no, negotiation, Kallum answered Roan's request.

“Prince! Just why.....”



“This is a case of attaching wings to Baron Tale!”

“Prince! Prince Kallum!”

The nobles’ outcries hit his ears.

However, Kallum did not show any reaction.

With his statement of approval, Count Io Lancephil’s desire was much too easily fulfilled.

The inside of the grand hall became greatly noisy.

‘Simon. You bastard too should better be careful. Because Roan is much more deceitful bastard than you think.’

Kallum glared at Simon once, then moved his steps.

“Kallum!”

Tommy Rinse called Kallum a moment late.

However, Kallum instead hurried his steps and exited out the grand hall.

He soon rode a carriage and headed to his mansion.

‘Is everything now over?’

His expression was complicated.

Rage and annoyance, alleviation and relief were mixed.

“Anyhow, how do I receive the key?”

Either way, the locker’s letters would be erased once the one year passed.

But even so, since he had answered Roan’s request, he needed to receive the locker’s key as promised.

‘Would that bastard personally come?’

In front of his eyes, Roan’s face floated up.

Uddk.

His teeth grinded instinctively.

‘I will definitely pay you back this humiliation of today.’

His desire for revenge blazed up.

Meanwhile, the carriage arrived at the mansion.

“Anyone came to find me?”

At the head butler who came to greet him, he threw a sharp question.

The head butler, with a flustered look, shook his head.

“There was none, sir.”

The head butler answered with a flustered look.

“There was none?”

Kallum pushed aside the retainers who caught up, then quickly headed to the reception room.

‘Do you perhaps plan to break your promise?’

The inside of the reception room was completely empty.

A musty smell pierced his nose.

At that moment.

“Un?”

Kallum’s eyes opened wide.

On the cleanly organized desk.

On top of it, an unfamiliar key was there.

It was a crude key shining with a bronze light.

“Perhaps.....”

Kallum, with the key in his hand, carefully opened the drawer the locker was in.

With a slightly nervous expression, he fitted the key into the locker’s hole.

Click.

With a pleasant metallic sound, the locker opened.

Suddenly, a light flashed from the locker’s entirety.

At the same time, the softly felt flow of mana disappeared.

It was the erasure of the magic array.

Kallum tightly bit his lower lips, and opened the locker's lid.

The letters that had tied him were seen.

“Kuuk!”

Forcefully swallowing back the curses that reached his throat, Kallum ripped apart the letters.

It was the instant the shackles that had bound him disappeared.

“Huu. Huu. Huu.”

Rough breaths poured out like breathes in winter.

Kallum placed the key in his hand on top of the desk.

“Is there anyone outside!”

Frost like pressure extended out.

Soon, the reception room's door opened and one escort knight showed himself.

“Was there no one who entered this place?”

At the question that asked, the knight lowered his head.

“Yes. There was no one, your highness.”

“There was no one?”

“Yes. There was no one. After Prince’s order last winter, not even the maids and servants who clean had entered. Many knights, including me, have been guarding without a single crack for water to leak.”

His voice was full of certainty.

Kallum looked at the knight and exhaled a short sigh.

“Without a single crack for water to leak, is it.....”

It was speechlessly absurd.

Kallum couldn’t hold himself back and slammed the desk.

Boom!

A deafening boom rang out.

‘Roan!’

Rage boiled up.

‘From now on is truly the start.’

A cold light hung on his eyes.

‘I will definitely twist apart your four limbs!’

It was a declaration of war that was said alone.

# Chapter 166 : Enter The War (4)

---

“Damn it! Just what is this mess!”

The legion commander Donald of Kapeo Legion, the Count Chase Forces’ temporary legion, roughly swung the commander’s baton he held.

His face was flushed red.

He was in a greatly annoyed and enraged state.

“Are you telling me they are some sort of ghosts?”

A thunder like roar exploded out.

The adjutants and troop commanders lined up on each sides cowered and shrunk back.

“Four troops were annihilated in the last three days. And they were all done in by raids and ambush tactics! That means they know thoroughly where we are, where we are going, what we are doing, and everything!”

Shiing.

He suddenly drew out his sword.



The sharp blade pointed at the adjutants and troop commanders one after another.

“Is it you? You? Are you those bastards’ spy? You bastard is Roan Tale’s nark, right?”

Madness.

His reasonings had become blurred due to a foul rage.

Donald was rotting his brain due to Roan and the Tale Legion that were effortlessly roaming all over the Lancephil Fief’s western region in the last few days.

“Hiii! It, it isn’t me, sir!”

“It’s not me either!”

“I, it’s absolutely not me, sir!”

The adjutants and the troop commanders shook their hands with bleached white faces.

Donald yelled as he sprayed spit this way and that way.

“Damn it! Then are you telling me that Roan Tale really is a ghost

or something!”

The sound of angry shout shook the tent’s inside.

At that moment, one of the troop commanders whom falteringly stepped back untactfully spoke up.

“Originally, Baron Tale’s nickname was the ghost of the battlefield. Since the Pedian Plain Monster Expedition, he found the monsters’ locations and nests really well that he was almost like a fortune tel.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Spat!

Donald glared his eyes and swung his sword.

Ssskuk!

With a horrifying sound, the neck of the troop commander who rattled off pointless sounds fell down.

Along with a fountain of blood, the body that had been hard hollowly collapsed.

“Why is this son of bitch talking back!”

Donald, with a thick spit, spat out a curse.

He glared at the completely tense expressions of the adjutants and the troop commanders and crunched his nose.

“Roan Tale, that son of a bitch has grasped our every single little movements, but we don’t know where that bastard is now, where he is going, where his goal is, or anything. We don’t know anything I tell you!”

The blood-stained tip of the sword moved as if to dance.

“You sons of bitches! Don’t just mindlessly stand there and go catch that bastard! No, at least find out where he is!”

The cold roar hit the ears.

The adjutants and the troop commanders saluted with completely nervous expressions.

“Ye, yes! Understood, sir!”

“We, we will definitely find out, sir!”

It was the moment they were just about to exit out of the tent.

“Sir Legion Commander!”

With a daring voice, a middle aged man showed himself.

It was one of the Kapeo Legion’s troop commander Babel.

Donald, who was glaring at the adjutants and the troop commanders, creased his forehead.

“What is it?”

His voice was angry as if the tip of the sword would immediately dance.

But Babel, unlike the other adjutants and the troop commanders, didn’t become afraid nor cowered.

He brightly smiled and spoke in a polite voice.

“We finally found it.”

At the abruptly spat out words, Donald scrunched his forehead.

“What do you mean you found it?”

The other adjutants and troop commanders too leaned their ears at Babel’s words.

Their expressions were all confused.

Babel grinned and answered.

“We found Tale Legion’s camp.”

Suddenly, a bright smile hung on Donald’s face that had been cold.

“Ooh!”

A peculiar sound exploded out.

He threw away the sword he was holding and grabbed Babel’s shoulder.

“Is that true?”

“Yes. During a patrol of the nearby region, we discovered the Tale Legion that was moving. When we quietly followed their backs.....”

“And there was the camp?”

“Yes. We didn’t go close in case of being discovered, but we ascertained at least from afar. It definitely is Tale Legion’s camp.”

He spoke in a bold voice.

Donald brightly smiled as he nodded his head.

“Kukuku. Babel. You raised a big achievement.”

“I have merely done my best to the mission I received, sir.”

Babel lowered his head with a bloody smile.

Donald patted Babel’s shoulder and breathed in deeply.

“Good! Immediately prepare to march! We will go and destroy the Tale Legion!”

Strength overflowed in his voice.

“Let’s also give them the sharp taste of a raid attack. Kukuku.”

“Yes! Understood!”

The adjutants and the troop commanders answered in one voice, then ran out of the tent.

A sense of relief at having let go of a worry floated up on their

faces.

A moment later.

Dudududududu!

With the sound of horse hooves, the Kapeo Legion marched towards the South.

They ran on top of a wide plain and soon entered a field of hills.

“Tale Legion’s camp is located within the forests spread out below there, sir.”

Babel pointed at a forest that widely spread below the hills.

It was a denser forest than they had thought.

“Inside the forest?”

Donald asked with a puzzled expression.

Understandably, it was because, from a glance, no space enough to set up a camp was seen inside the forest.

Babel cheerily smiled and answered.

“From here, it looks like a river is flowing right behind the forest, but in fact, there is a rather wide space between the forest and the river. It’s a hard place to discover before directly going inside and seeing.”

“Hmm.”

Donald, with a slightly surprised expression, nodded his head.

“I haven’t even thought that such a furtive place was in a place like this.”

“Right. We couldn’t find the bastards because it’s like that.”

Unsilently excuses continued on.

Suddenly.

“It’s the Tale Legion.”

Babel once again pointed below the hill.

Donald and the troop commanders all lowered their bodies.

Dududududu.



A sound of horse hooves noisily rang.

A portion troop of the Tale Legion rapidly raced towards the forest.

“It looks like a troop returning to the camp, sir.”

At Babel’s words, Donald nodded his head.

“Certainly, it seems that the camp is inside there.”

A handful of doubt that was left flew away as if washed off.

Donald sinisterly smiled and looked at the troop commanders.

“Pierce through the forest in one breath and raid the bastards’ camp.”

“Yes! Understood!”

A resounding sound of answer followed.

“Kukuku. Now is the time for us to push those bastards.”

A monstrous laugh bursted out.

Soon, the preparation to rush was set.

Donald glared at the forest and threw his sword.

“Today we cut Roan Tale’s neck!”

The loud voice hit the ears.

He soon powerfully kicked the horse’s stomach.

“Charge!”

As soon as the command was given, the Kapeo Legion became a single lump and began to charge.

Dudududududu!

The sound of shaking the ground rang out.

A dust cloud thickly flew up.

The vanguard entered the forest first. Donald and the main forces followed behind the. The forest was much wider than they saw from the outside.

To the left and the right, the ends couldn’t be seen.

The one good point at least was that it was easy to ride the horses because there was quite a space inside the forest.

‘So they could set up a camp at a space inside the forest region because it’s like this.’

It was a place that the march of the entire force was possible in emergency.

Donald made a sinister smile.

If the Babel kid hadn’t stepped on the Tale Legion’s tail, they would never have been able to discover the camp inside the forest.

Hwaa!

Suddenly, the trees that had dizzily filled his sight disappeared.

Simultaneously, an area wider than he had thought showed up.

They had finally pierced through the forest.

A gigantic camp that even neatly raised fences showed itself.

‘Righto!’

Donald inwardly shouted in cheer and raised his sword up high.

“The bastards haven’t discovered us yet! Push them like a storm!”

Spirits boiled up.

‘Roan Tale! Do you know how much we suffered because of you bastards!’

‘Tale Legion. This here will be you bastards’ graves!’

‘I’ll kill you all!’

The Kapeo Legion’s adjutants and the troop commanders remembered the sorrow they took from Donald until then, and clenched their teeth.

“Charge!”

“Charge! Kill them all!”

Yells mixed with pent-up angers pierced the sky.

Dudududududu.

The sound of horse hooves was heard much rougher.

Perhaps because of the spirit that rose to his heart's content, Donald soon stood at the head and was leading a troop.

The camp's fences were seen in front of his eyes.

“Charge!”

With the command, the war horses rammed the fences.

Boom! Kwakwang!

With a sound of explosion, the camp's fences that had identified the border pleasantly broke apart.

No, it broke apart much too easily than they had thought.

“Kuhahaha! Tale Legion bastards! You will need to learn how to raise camp fences again!”

Donald exploded out a crazed laugh and kicked his horse's stomach.

They planned to storm Tale Legion's camp in a single breath.

But.

“Hhm?”

Right after charging into the camp, he realized that something was wrong.

‘There’s nothing?’

Donald’s face solidified stiffly.

Inside the fences that easily broke apart.

The neatly raised tents they saw from the outside were all.

Behind that, lumps of grass were piled up instead of the tents.

‘Something is wrong!’

Goosebumps rose behind his neck.

‘It’s ridiculous that there is nothing. We saw a Tale Legion’s troop that entered here just before, right? Where did those bastards go?’

An ominous air swept up.

His skin ached sharply.

“Stop! Stop! All forces stop!”

Donald yelled at the top of his throat.

But the Kapeo Legion that had pulled up their spirits to their heart's content wasn't able to easily stop.

The troops behind continued to push the troops ahead.

“Stop!”

“I said stop!”

“Why would you suddenly stop?”

“Eh! Eh! Eh! Don't push!”

The front and the back became dizzily tangled.

Meanwhile, the vanguard including Donald was pushed past the lumps of grass to a deeper place.

“You idiotic sons of bitches! Didn't you hear the order to sto.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“Le, Legion Commander sir!”

Babel widely opened his eyes and shouted.

With a shaking and trembling finger, he pointed at the river that was set behind.

Donald, with eyes asking just why was he doing that, slowly turned his head.

Soon, the scenery of the river came in his eyes.

Ggiiiik.

Simultaneously, sound of wood twisting hit the ears.

“Ah.....”

Donald fully opened his mouth and popped out a quiet exclamation.

From the east side course of the river that had been hidden behind the forest, ten warships showed themselves.

They were warships whose hulls and the sails that rose high too were all red.



Kapeo Legion's soldiers all became dazed.

At the center sail of the warship that was most ahead amongst the fleet.

Above that, a great flag flapped.

< Tale Legion. >

< Poskein Navy. >

The warships were Tale Legion's ships.

They, who had received Roan's order and had been continuing the Poskein Lake Subjugation, had suddenly appeared in the Lancephil fief.

Donald's face comically twisted.

"Damn it! It's a trap! We fell into a trap! Retreat! Retreat!"

The words were yelled as loudly as he could.

But already, they were as completely caught in the trap as possible.

Ssweaaaaak!

A frightening and sharp sound of impacts hit the ears.

The legion's soldiers, including Donald, all turned their gazes towards the sky.

The arrows darkly flew towards them.

The Poskein Navy's ships sprayed out a rain of arrows.

“Ru, ru, run!”

Donald yelled out the shout and turned his horse.

He uncaringly trampled the friendly soldiers hit by the feet as he ran.

At that instant.

Pububububuk!

A rain of arrows pour down on the fake camp full of lumps of grass.

And they were red fire arrows that blazingly burned at that.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

The Kapeo Legion’s soldiers became porcupines.

However, that wasn’t the end.

Fwooosh!

The fire arrows threw out sparks of flame, and the sparks swallowed the lumps of grass.

The flame, with a maddening force, increased its power.

“S, step back!”

“Run!”

The adjutants, troop commander, and the soldiers all tangled up into one and walked backwards.

However, the Kapeo Legion’s formation had already fallen down.

The retreat wasn’t easy.

In the end, the soldiers including the vanguard who were pushed until deep into the camp were all swallowed and eaten by the scarlet flame.

“Damn it! Damn it! You bitch like bastards!”

Donald kicked his horse’s stomach and spat out curses.

There wasn’t a time to stop even a little.

Pubububububuk!

The Poskein Navy were continuing to fire out fire arrows.

Each time, the flame spread out with a seemingly crazed force.

“Uaaaak!”

“Sa, save me!”

The Kapeo Legion’s soldiers yelled crazed shouts while caught on fire all over their bodies.

However, Donald did not care at all.

To him, the important things were his own life and safety.

In no time, the forest region was right in front of his nose.

‘I lived! I lived!’

When he looked around, at least almost half the soldiers were following his back.

‘I’ll organized the legion and counterattack agai.....’

When his thought reached about that point.

Piing! Ping! Ping!

With unpleasant sounds, the thickets greatly shook.

Simultaneously, hundreds of arrows cut across the space and flew towards them.

Pubububuk!

The Kapeo Legion’s soldiers, who had been retreating in a defenseless state, helplessly fell down at the sudden arrow attack.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

The war horses and the soldiers struck the ground as if falling down flat.

At that instant.

“Charge!”

“Charge forwards!”

“Waaaaah!”

With a resounding roar, a single troop jumped out from within the forest.

< Tale Legion. >

< Roan Tale. >

< Amaranth Troop. >

The flag that rose straight showed off its splendor.

But the one that flaunted an even greater splendor than that was.

“Donald Kapeo!”

The man standing at the head and fiercely racing towards them shouted in a resounding voice.

The sight of a crimson armor and slantly raising a black spear.

It was Roan.

“You, you are?”

Donald crumpled his forehead.

His face brightly flushed.

Roan raised his spear up high and shouted.

“I am that very Roan Tale!”

It was an incredible spirit.

Roan’s surroundings as well as the entire battlefield’s mood heated up in an instant.

“Waaaah!”

“We are that very Tale Legion!”

With the thousand-man rank commanders at the head, the Tale Legion’s soldiers rushed the Kapeo Legion with a force like a riptide.

Boom! Kwakang!

With a sound of an explosion, the Kapeo Legion’s soldiers bounced off everywhere.

The strength of the Tale Legion, which had the Taemusas at the head, overwhelmed the strength of the Kapeo Legion, which was a temporary legion.

Furthermore, Count Chase Forces hadn’t experienced any particular battles for a few years.

Compared to that, the Tale Legion, which had the 7th Corp Rose Troop as its previous body, were veterans who had countless taken on thick and heavy battles from the Pedian Plain Monster Expedition, the war with the Istel Kingdom, Poskein Exodus, Suppression of Elton Coat’s Rebellion, and even the Poskein Lake Subjugation.

Furthermore.



“Vanguard don’t go ahead! From the 1st Hundred-man Squad to the 4th Hundred-man Squad, to the right!”

“Addis Troop detour to the left and attack the enemy’s side!”

“Archer Troop ready!”

“Raise the Parma! We are breaking the enemy formation!”

Unlike the Kapeo Legion which still used the organization made up of legion and troops, the communication and execution of the commands of the Tale Legion, which used a new organization following three-thousand-man troop, thousand-man troop, hundred-man squad, and ten-man squad, were greatly quick and precise.

Thanks to that, they were able to react and move like a single body even while the chaotic fights spread.

“Uak!”

“Kuuuk!”

The Kapeo Legion’s soldiers powerlessly fell.

The Tale Legion’s soldiers at the front, and the scarlet flame at the back engulfed them.

With the front and the back tightly blocked, they lost their lives one after another.

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!”

Donald spat out curses and glared at Roan.

“You bitch like bastard!”

Donald recklessly raced towards Roan.

His look was one with its reasoning lost.

Roan faintly smiled and kicked his horse’s stomach.

Spat!

The Traviar Spear extended long in an instant.

When he twisted his wrist, the spearhead cut the space.

“Hph!”

Donald completely became tense at Roan’s attack, then soon made a sinister smile.

‘Is it an empty swing?’

A look of jeering was plain on his eyes.

“Now it’s my turn. Kukuku.”

At Donald’s words, Roan formed a faint smile.

“Regrettably, it seems I won’t be able to see your skill.”

His voice was composed.

Donald creased his forehead.

“What does that.....”

However, his words couldn’t continue on any longer.

Following a line of his neck, a red line was drawn.

At the same time, his sight in front of his eyes twisted.

“Kkuruk.”

With a sound of blood boiling, Donald’s neck fell down onto the ground.

Roan's attack that he thought was an empty swing, in actuality, was extremely quick that he couldn't even see it with his eyes.

When the mana that remained when he cut the line of the neck disappeared, the head that was barely attached fell a moment later.

Roan stabbed Donald's head with the tip of his spear.

"Roan Tale has cut off the enemy commander Kapeo's head!"

A sonorous voice rang the battlefield.

"Waaaaah!"

"Roan Tale! Roan Tale!"

The Tale Legion's soldiers poured out cheers.

Their spirits boiled up further.

The Kapeo Legion's soldiers, who were barely holding on, lost their will to fight.

Like that, the battle raced towards the end.

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“It’s a complete victory, sir.”

Austin looked at the battlefield with a proud expression.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Make a fake camp, lure in the enemy, and annihilate them. It was truly an excellent strategy, sir.”

Austin raised and showed his thumb.

Roan merely smiled wordlessly.

Understandably because.

‘This too is one of Ian Phillip’s strategies.’

Roan had coincidentally found a suitable location and had brought and used Ian’s strategy once again.

Furthermore, this wasn’t the end of Ian’s strategy.

“Austin, prepare for the next battle.”

“Yes sir. I have already given the orders, even to the thousand-man commanders.”

Austin once again made an impressed expression.

It was because the strategy that would follow was also, from his position, was greatly weird.

‘He isn’t simply outstanding in strength. His strategies and tactics too are eminent.’

His eyes shone light of admiration and awe.

Roan needlessly found that light uncomfortable and made an awkward smile.

Austin stared at that sight for a moment, then soon lowered his head.

“Then I will also go away for now and make preparation for battle, sir.”

“Alright. Do so as you said.”

Roan inwardly exhaled a short sigh and nodded his head.

Austin saluted, then returned to his troop.

Roan quietly stood and stared at the battlefield.

‘Semi we left at the Poskein Lake arrived at a truly proper moment.’

Thanks to him, they were able to perfectly block the Kapeo Troop’s front and back.

‘Since the legion’s number of soldiers has increased with Semi joining.....’

Now, the time to shake the board had come again.

Many plans were raised within his head.

At that moment.

“My lord!”

A familiar voice was heard.

When he turned his head, Chris, who was coming out of the forest, was seen.

His expression was really bright to a degree of even making the mood of people who saw good.

It was certain that he brought a good news.

Sure enough.

“It’s a good news, my lord.”

Even his voice was cheerful.

Roan quietly waited his next words.

Chris brightly smiled and added on.

“The transfer of the County’s fief and title was approved.”

“It certainly is a good news.”

Roan cheerily smiled and nodded his head.

‘So godfather Lancephil has persuaded his majesty the king.’

For Simon, he would obviously support him, and since he had separately took care of Kallum, he thought that he would approve the transfer of the fief and the title.

“I will separately and precisely tell you the story of the transfer



process, my lord. But more than that.....”

Chris hesitated the end of his words, then searched Roan’s mood.

Roan faintly smiled as if to say it was okay, and nodded his head.

“Go ahead if there is something you want to ask.”

At those words, Chris calmed his breath for a moment, then asked in a small voice.

“Then I will ask just one thing, sir. Is there a reason to particularly using Prince Kallum’s letters like this? Wouldn’t it be better to reveal the letters instead and disgrace Prince Kallum like President Clay’s opinion? If not that, wouldn’t it have been better to separately store the letters and use them as means to pressure Prince Kallum whenever needed?”

Several questions simultaneously poured down.

To that much, Chris found it difficult to understand Roan’s action this time.

Roan quietly stared at such Chris.

‘It should be hard to understand.’

Not only Chris.

Austin, Semi, Harrison, Brian, Clay, and such retainers as well as the Kallum, who was the other directly related, wouldn't be able to understand Roan's action.

Not using Kallum's letters, which were no different than cards of sure-win, to lead Simon to Great Duke of Grain and the next generation's king.

Furthermore, willingly handing the letters to Kallum instead.

Everything must be questionable.

Roan breathed in deeply.

'Right. At least, I should tell Chris.'

Now, the time to do so had come.

"Chris."

His voice was quiet.

But it was a voice more serious and thicker than any other time.

"Yes. My lord."

Chris felt that the mood wasn't normal.

He straightened his pose and leaned his ears.

“In the last trip of the Pershion Kingdom, I felt many things. No, to be exact, these are things I have felt even before that.”

A resolute light floated up on Roan's face.

“Activities of the monsters, war with neighboring kingdoms, nobles' rebellion..... Rinse Kingdom was in a precarious state all the time. Furthermore, most of the citizens in the Istel Kingdom were starving to death from the continued fall in crop harvest, and an older brother tried to kill his younger brother because of power in the Pershion Kingdom.”

It was a series of hectic events.

He stared straight into Chris' eyes.

“Right now, this world.....”

Slightly, strength went into his voice.

“Is not a good place to live.”

Roan's words continued to follow on.

“Chris. I have looked carefully around the Rinse Kingdom, the Istel Kingdom, and the Pershion Kingdom, and resolved.”

“Wha, what did you resolve.....?”

Chris' voice too unconsciously trembled sharply.

Roan breathed in deeply.

“To make a world that is good to live in.”

It was a firm resolution.

Boom.

Chris felt as if something heavy had filled his chest.

Roan exhaled a long sigh.

‘In truth, I first thought that I could become a monarch because I knew the future.’

But as he encountered numerous things and events, that thought became slightly different.

‘Not because I could become a monarch because I knew the future, but I must definitely become a monarch and change the future.’

If Roan was a monarch of a nation, he could have stopped needless wars, saved up food in preparation for severe fall in crop, and stopped the situation where an older brother and the younger brother must point their swords at each other.

Most of all.

‘The Great Warring Era that will happen from now on. To end that era sooner by even a little bit, not anyone else but I must become a monarch.’

From the wars and battles that endlessly followed on, countless people would lose their lives.

The method to save them was just one.

‘Get rid of wars.’

To get rid of wars.

‘Unite the continent.’

It was an almost impossible task.

But it wasn't a work without a precedent.

'If it's me, I could do it.'

It can't be other people.

He could know because he had watched in the last life.

The current empire's emperor and the kingdoms' kings weren't individuals who could unite the continent.

It was a task possible for only Roan, who knew the future.

Simon, Tommy, Kallum.

He had cleanly erased even the thought to support one of the three and raise him to the throne.

His heart and his sense of purpose, which had been somewhat soft, had solidified.

'For me to become a monarch.....'

He could only use the Rinse Kingdom as the base to grow.

But if Simon was to show an overwhelming look like now in the throne succession competition, the crack that Roan had to pierce through would disappear.

It was a situation where Tommy and Kallum must give more effort.

Because of that, Roan had willingly put down the letters that could have thrown Kallum into hell.

He had shaken the board called throne succession competition that had been going well.

‘In truth, I originally had no thought of desiring to inherit the Lancephil County and the title.’

Although the emotional part had greatly affected it, there was also the realistic part.

‘Since if I were to do it, the Lancephil County existing would have been more advantageous.’

Currently, the Tale Barony was in a form of being right inside the Lancephil County’s Southern region.

If Roan was to raise a flag of a kingdom on his own, the Lancephil County, which was amiable to him, could have acted the role of a castle wall.

But during that while, he had grasped Kali Owells' dark scheme and had reached a point of scheming things like the Poskein Subjugation to destroy that ugly scheme and protect the Lancephil County.

‘But then, it have suddenly became a state of inheriting even the Lancephil County and the title.’

It was a slightly estranged situation from the original plan.

But Roan took this on as an another different opportunity.

‘I have sent a letter to Prince Kallum to approve the transfer of the fief and the title, and.....’

He had separately sent another little bird towards the west.

Since the fief war had already arose, he planned to greatly expand that board.

When his thought had reached about that point.

“Make a world that is good to live in..... it truly is a good story. But.....’

With an expression that had calmly sank, Chris added on.



“Would that be possible? It’s rather uncomfortable to tell you this sir, but that much work isn’t something a mere noble can do.”

It was true.

It was almost close to impossible for a mere noble, and Roan who had just now became a count at that, to do the work that many emperors and kings couldn’t do.

Roan formed a faint smile.

Now, the time to reveal his purpose had come.

It was a gigantic aspiration that he took out outside of his mouth for the first time.

“Chris.”

“Yes. My lord.”

Chris swallowed a dry spit with a needlessly tense expression.

It was because Roan’s air had changed.

Roan stared at such Chris, and spoke in a small but powerful voice.

“I plan to become a monarch.”

# Chapter 167 : Enter The War (5)

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A northern wind blew.

At the bleak battlefield where the cleanup of the aftermath was being done.

At that place, Roan and Chris were standing and staring at each other.

< I plan to become a monarch. >

The weight Roan's words had was incredible.

No, it was truly shocking.

This was a betrayal and treason much more serious than Elton Coat's rebellion.

But Roan who had took out the words as well as Chris who had heard the words were greatly composed and calm.

A silence had fallen between the two people, but it was absolutely not an awkward and suffocating silence.

A moment later.

The tips of Chris' mouth slightly went up.

“It might be hard to believe, but I somehow felt that it was like that.”

His voice was soft.

His expression was greatly calm.

Instead, the side that was surprised was Roan.

“It felt that it was like that?”

At the words that asked back, Chris nodded his head.

“Yes. It felt that it was like that. No, to be exact, I think I wanted it to be like that.”

The end of his voice slightly trembled.

“You wished for me to become a monarch?”

Roan asked in a small voice.

Chris faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes. My lord has some unknown and strange feeling. There’s something that’s hard to describe with words. This person is different, there is something different than other people. That feeling.”

“You wished for me to become a monarch because of a reason like that?”

Roan asked once again.

Chris shook his head.

“No. It isn’t only because of such reason. At first, I also wished to support my lord and raise one of the three princes to the throne of the next king. Whether that was Prince Simon, Prince Tommy, or Prince Kallum, it didn’t matter who it was if it was an individual with the character of a king. I simply planned to follow my lord’s wishes. But.....”

A bitter smile hung on his mouth.

“When I actually found out the circumstances in the palace, Prince Tommy wasn’t quite a good person. He was greedy and sly, and was a man who was busy filling his own greed.”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

In actuality as well, Tommy in the last life was captivated by an ugly greed as the throne succession competition intensified and

had done all sorts of depravity.

He had received the condemnation of the citizens as well as the noble houses by himself.

Chris' words continued.

“Prince Kallum is also the same. Instead of the kingdom and the citizens, he himself is the first. On top of that, he is a person whose heart is so hard to know, and most of all, he personally tried to kill my lord. The worst of all is that the undulations of his emotions are too extreme. Of course, even though he is a much better person than Prince Tommy when looking at various abilities.”

This too was true.

Kallum in the last life, after winning in the throne succession competition, climbed onto the king's throne.

He was a so-so king who wasn't excellent but neither bad, but he at least had the eyes and the magnanimity to know how to use various people.

The problem was that his emotional undulation was greatly severe.

It was different than Simon's sanguine personality.

To put it simply, his heart was on the side of being almost as small as a single grain.

There were incidents where he cancelled the work he approved in the morning around lunchtime because of a reason that his mood wasn't good, and there were incidents where he exiled the chief commander of the guards because of a reason that it felt like he ignored him.

Of course, his mood became better after a day had passed and he did reinstated the chief commander again.

Pierce and Ian, who were the two axles of the Rinse Kingdom, had juggled and coax such Kallum and had led the kingdom's administration well.

It was because there was almost no case of him rebelling against them as long as they first and continued to humor and made his mood good.

But because of Kallum's such personality, sycophants swarmed.

In truth, such problem was happening even now.

Roan didn't knew yet, but Kallum who discovered the key to the locker of erasure not being able to control his emotions and exploding, and people like Count Jonathan Chase, who pretended to be Tommy's close adjutant publicly, and Elton Coat, who raised a rebellion, swarming his surroundings were in fact because of

Kallum's such personality.

“At least Prince Simon, if we exclude his sanguine personality, is the most outstanding in terms of abilities. He actively backs my lord too. And his retainers too, because there were many excellent people, the possibility of him becoming an excellent king if only aided well looked high. Furthermore, my lord was also known as Prince Simon's support faction. I wished for my lord to become Prince Simon's close adjutant and enjoy glory. But.....”

At the time when the last fall and winter were passing.

Chris' thought was completely changed.

“Experiencing the Poskein Monster Subjugation, that thought was completely changed.”

Poskein Monster Subjugation.

Also known as Poskein Exodus.

Roan instantly understood what Chris was talking about.

‘Since I too have become drifted apart with Prince Simon because of that very event.’

The event that caused a change in their relationship.



Roan exhaled a short sigh.

“At the time when the exodus had reached its end, I told Prince Simon that we shouldn’t let down his guard because the monsters’ appearances would increase by five times than normal.”

He was talking about the final exodus.

Chris took on the remaining words.

“At the same time, we requested that we send messengers to Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum too so that they would prepare. Prince Simon had gladly said that he would do so, but.....”

“He deceived me by pretending to send the messengers and then in fact excluded the relevant information.”

Roan creased his brows.

The painful feelings from then floated up anew.

Due to this horrendous choice by Simon, who wished to step ahead in the throne succession competition, the Poskein Lake’s west and the southwest regions were reduced to rubbles.

Although Tommy and Kallum barely retained their lives and had returned with few of the knights, the citizens of the lake’s vicinity were killed in masse as the subjugation force helplessly collapsed.

It was all an event that had happened because of Simon's choice.

Roan as well as Chris too.

‘The change in my feelings began at that time.’

‘It was from that time. That I wished for not the three princes, but my lord to become a monarch.’

If the others who did not know of the such circumstances of their hearts, Roan's actions were definitely a rebellion and a treason.

But despite so, Roan had to make his decision.

‘I cannot pretend to not know despite knowing that the world will become a mess.’

He tightly clenched his fist.

Ambition soared.

Roan looked straight into Chris' eyes.

“Chris. I have revealed my intent to you first. Whatever decision you make, I will respect that. If you were to perhaps leave my side, then I will quietly send.....’

When his words reached about that point.

Chris brightly smiled and shook his head.

“Leave? Did I not say that I didn’t wished to do that, my lord?  
I.....”

He stared straight into Roan’s eyes.

The light in his eyes were hot.

“Will always stay at my lord’s side.”

Silence.

Silence fell once again.

Similarly, it wasn’t an awkward or suffocating silence.

It was a time of deep meaning that they confirmed each other’s feelings.

Roan slightly lowered his head.

“I will depend on you from now on.”

“I will also depend on you, my lord.”

Chris, with a smile on, lowered his head.

Suddenly, Austin’s voice was heard from afar.

“My lord! The preparations have been completed!”

The preparations for the battles that would follow had been completed.

Roan slowly nodded his head, then stared at the battlefield.

Chris looked at Austin and carefully asked.

“We are winning one after another and are in the middle of marching towards the east, but.....”

His voice was somewhat worried.

Roan understood his heart.

“Are you worried of our western back?”

Chris slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. Currently, we are receiving Agens, Tenebra Troop, and druids’ help to grasping the enemy’s location, direction of movement, and such, then are doing raids and ambush tactics. As we did that, it became a situation where we left big and small enemy troops at our western back, and.....”

“Since the Chase County is there in the west, there is also the problem that they could reinforce their number of soldiers at any time.”

“That is correct. There is a danger that our backs would receive a sudden assault at any moment.”

Chris made a worried expression.

On the other hand, Roan was greatly relaxed.

“It seems that you have momentarily forgot because it’s so hectic, but.....”

He looked towards the west and made an odd smile.

“I have the best sword in the kingdom.”

“Ah.....”

Chris popped out a quiet gasp.

As Roan's words had said, he had momentarily forgot.

That before starting the Poskein Lake Subjugation, there was a troop that separately headed towards the west.

Roan looked at Chris and slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. In the west.....”

The smile that hung on his mouth became much thicker.

“The kingdom's best sword, Brian Miles has began to move.”

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“This is something ridiculous!”

A voice filled with rage hit the ears.

At the giant tent that five commanders were gathered.

Amongst them, the youngest man bursted out in rage with a brightly flushed face.

The other people did not shouted in a loud voice, but were also

completely enraged in various ways.

“He is right. I didn’t know that Prince Kallum would act like this.”

“This is a betrayal. A betrayal.”

Voices mixed with annoyances tangled together.

Their gazes naturally headed towards the head of the table.

The middle aged man dressed in a splendid armor.

He was Count Jonathan Chase, who had raised the current fief war together with Kali Owells.

Jonathan looked at the letter placed on top of the table and clenched his teeth.

The letter was something that had flew to them from the capital, Miller.

Inside it, the contents that said that Io Lancephil’s fief and title would be transferred to Roan was written.

And, the content that Kallum had approved that transfer was also written in.

“It seems I have looked at Roan Tale too easily.”

Jonathan chortled and shook his head.

The commanders, who had been noisily chatting just what did that mean, widely opened their eyes.

Jonathan, with a short sigh, added on.

“Do you think Prince Kallum have approved the fief and the title’s transfer without any reason? Roan Tale, that kid must have done some work. Kukuku. A bastard who knows how to swing a kingdom’s prince as he wishes..... how fun.”

With a monstrous laughter, he closed his eyes.

“A, are you okay, sir?”

The commanders searched Jonathan’s mood.

Originally, his personality was that of being greatly aggravated when things didn’t go the way he wished.

But at least this time, his mood somehow looked not as bad as they thought he would be.



“If the board is twisted and shaken, I merely need to set it again. Furthermore.....”

Jonathan opened the eyes he had closed and formed a horrifying smile.

“Roan Tale too was a bastard I had to take care of some day.”

Instead, he planned to throw the bastard down into hell through this chance.

“Send someone to the mercenary guild in the Mediasis Castle. The time for those kids to slowly move have come.”

Exactly for a moment like this, he had planted a spy faction inside the Tale Barony for quite a long time.

The time to storm from both the outside and the inside had come.

Although it was a different development than his thoughts, a development more satisfying than he had thought was drawn.

“Send a man to the county. We will need an augmentative force.”

At those words, many commanders formed a bloody smile.

“Do you plan to hit the back of Roan Tale’s head, sir?”

Jonathan quietly nodded his head instead of an answer.

He gently closed his eyes again.

‘Roan Tale.’

Within his head, the sight of that fool-like bastard floated up.

‘A lowly background bastard plans to climb to the kingdom’s counthood? Hmph!’

It was ridiculous.

‘I can’t simply stay still and watch such an act.’

A horrifying smile hung on his mouth.

‘Lancephil County and even the Tale Barony..... kukuku. It seems the fief will increase more than twice.’

Strength went into his shoulders.

If the things were resolved as he planned, he would obtain a power comparable to the kingdom’s four dukes.

‘The era of Chase House will open in full swing.’

Suddenly, a powerful pressure poured out from his entire body.

It was excitement that couldn’t be controlled.

Jonathan was already drawing the brilliant future after the victory.

That was a truly impetuous and foolish action.

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Tellan region located in the Lancephil fief’s midwest.

As a region where a hill and a plain were connected, it was an even topography where there was no place suitable to particularly ambush or hide oneself.

As the Tale Legion’s raid and ambush attacks continued with the western region as the center, the Count Chase Forces had begun to set camps in plain topographies where all directions were wide open.

The Tellan region here was also one of such places.

The camp of the Hadding Legion, which acted the role of the command center that commanded numerous troops at Count Chase Forces' back, had set up its place right here.

“I heard that the west is a mess right now?”

“Right, and it's not an ordinary mess either. They say that four rear troops have been destroyed at Tale Legion's hands.”

“It seems that our side hasn't even caught Tale Legion's tail.”

At the camp's entrance, the sentries who received the guard mission chatted.

They were fully absorbed in the story of Roan and the Tale Legion.

“But wasn't there an order to not enter the fief war unless you're directly involved?”

“That's what they said. Even though a big trouble will happen if he went against the capital's order, even if Baron Tale is a rising hero.”

They still did not know that Roan had inherited Io's fief and title.

“Anyhow, he is a great man in a lot of ways.”

“Right. Really, for an ordinary commoner like us to become the kingdom’s nob.....”

When one sentry’s words reached about that point.

“Eh?!”

“Look over there!”

Another sentry pointed towards the west and shouted.

It was a dust cloud that thickly rose up.

Dududududu!

Soon, the sound of horse hooves were heard.

“Enemy?! Or an ally?!”

One of the sentries asked with a completely nervous expression.

Amongst them, the one who was a captain class shouted out aloud.

“For now, ring the bells first!”

As soon as his words fell, the watchtower's bell noisily rang.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

The peace of the camp was broken.

The soldiers raced out from numerous tents.

The commanders too hurriedly ran towards the camp's fences.

“What is it!”

Troop commander Serum, who undertook the camp's defense, glared his eyes.

The sentries, instead of an answer, pointed towards the west.

Dududududu!

The sound of horse hooves became much noisier.

It was a single troop made up of cavalry.

They, in no time, reached a place close to the camp.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, Serum bursted out a low exclamation.

“It’s the Kapeo Legion! It’s the Kapeo Legion’s flag!”

As the troop neared, the flag that rose at the head was clearly seen.

The armors of the cavalry were also definitely those of the Count Chase Forces.

“An urgent message! An urgent message!”

One of the horseman shouted aloud at the top of his lungs.

“Kapeo Legion annihilated! We received Tale Legion’s raid attack and were annihilated!”

It was absolutely not a report they wished to hear.

Serum stood at the watchtower and looked at the Kapeo Legion’s remnant soldiers.

Their looks were all completely lost like one.

‘Damn it! Has even Kapeo Legion been done in?’

Serum tightly clenched his teeth once, then raised his right hand.

“Open the camp’s gate! We will treat the injured.”

“Troop commander. They may be enemy’s spy.”

One soldier opined in a small voice.

Serum son snorted.

“Even if it’s so, it’s a small-scale troop that’s not even a thousand men. Our number of soldiers is a legion that’s over several thousands. There’s nothing that’ll be a problem.”

His voice was full of confidence.

“Hhm. Even so.....”

The soldier who opined hesitated.

Serum then soon scowled his eyes.

“Shut it! Cowers can step back! Hurry and open the gate!”

“Yes! Understood, sir!”



Other soldiers answered in a loud voice and then quickly moved.

Soon, the camp's entrance that had been tightly closed opened.

To treat their injuries, the Kapeo Legion's remnant soldiers headed towards the empty lot at the outskirts of the camp.

"Who is the commander?"

Serum quickly went down from the watchtower.

From the remnant soldiers, the man who shouted first stepped forwards with two horsemen.

Beyond the helmet that was deeply pushed down and worn, eyes overflowing with a tired look were seen.

"I'm Tas of Kapeo Legion's Maïen Troop."

"Adjutant Henry, sir."

"Adjutant Peil, sir."

Serum creased his brows.

"Maïen Troop adjutant? You guys are the commanders? What about Legion Commander sir Donald Kapeo? What happened to

other troop commanders or the legion adjutants?”

Tas quickly answered.

“Legion Commander Sir Kapeo has lost his life at Baron Tale’s spear. The other troop commanders and the legion adjutants too have died during the battle. Just us have luckily survived and were able to run.”

“Hhm.”

At the horrible report, Serum leaked a groan.

“Could you report of the battle situation and the progress?”

“Of course, sir.”

Tas quickly nodded his head.

“Good. Then the three people follow me.”

Serum moved his steps towards the inside of the camp.

Of course, he had them separately gather and place aside the weapons they carried before that.

Tas, Henry, and Peil looked at each other once, then quickly

followed his back.

“It seems even Kapeo Legion was done in.”

“This really is a big trouble.”

“Wouldn’t Tale Legion appear soon?”

“Nah. They can only do raids and ambush strategies because their number of soldiers are small. They never attack a camp set up in a place like this.”

“Well, that is true.”

The soldiers who poured out of the tents looked at the remnant soldiers and whispered.

Meanwhile, Serum and the remnant soldiers reached the legion commander’s tent at the center of the camp.

“What is it?”

Legion Commander Viscount Beiro Hadding, who was already out of the tent, creased his forehead.

Serum quickly went up and lowered his head.

“It’s the Kapeo Legion’s remnant soldiers. They say that the legion was annihilated at Tale Legion’s raid attack.”

“What!”

Beiro glared his eyes his eyes and shouted.

If it was the Kapeo Legion, it were a quite large sized legion even though it was temporarily made.

The scale itself was different than the four troops that were destroyed in advance by the Tale Legion.

“Explain thoroughly.”

Beiro went up to one of the remnant soldiers and asked in a severe voice.

Amongst the remnant soldiers, Tas opened his mouth as a representative.

“Yes. I will explain thoroughly, sir.”

He calmed his breath once, then meticulously told the battle situation that had happened between the Tale legion and the Kapeo Legion.

“Us Kapeo Legion had set up a camp at a covert place inside the western hills. It was a place that no one could ever find even if it was the such ghostlike Tale Legion. But while one of the troop inspecting the nearby region was returning to the camp, its tail had been caught by the Tale Legion. Without knowing such fact, we.....”

An odd story continued on.

That was certainly not the story of the Tale Legion and the Kapeo Legion's battle.

But there was no way that the Hadding Legion's commanders, including Beiro, would know such truth.

After an unknown amount of time, about the time Tas' story began to show its end.

“Hm?”

Beiro unknowingly creased his brows.

The guy who was standing next to Tas, Henry, had entered his sight.

To be exact, at the guy's waist, the object that was hanging there had made him crease his forehead.

“That’s.....”

His voice leaked out in daze.

Many commanders, including Serum, followed Beiro’s gaze and turned their heads.

All of their gazes headed towards Henry.

The black stick hanging on his waist pierced through their sight.

“Eh? That’s.....”

“Perhaps?”

“No way.”

It was a very familiar object.

It was an object so famous to a point of making them want to ask just why they hadn’t discovered it until now.

Beiro creased his forehead.

“Perhap Travias Spear?”

It was Roan's beloved weapon.

How was that hanging on a remnant soldier's waist?

At that moment, Henry slowly removed the helmet he had been wearing.

"You guys realized that slower than we thought."

His voice was serene and calm.

When he took off the helmet, a manly face appeared.

Several commanders, including Serum, didn't recognize it, but Beiro, who was the kingdom's noble, instantly realized his identity.

"You, you are!!!"

His voice was greatly taken back.

Henry, who took off the helmet, faintly smiled as he nodded his head.

"Yes. I am the very....."

His right hand grabbed the black stick at his waist.

“Roan Tale.”



# Chapter 168 : Crimson Ghost (1)

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“You, you crazy bastard!”

Viscount Beiro Hadding shouted at the top of his throat.

It was a completely unexpected event.

“For you to enter the enemy camp on your own!”

Disguising as a remnant soldier and infiltrating the enemy camp.

He admitted that it was a bizarre scheme that was difficult to predict.

But just what use was that?

The number of soldiers Roan dragged and brought with him were merely a thousand.

Compared to that, several thousands of soldiers were stationed inside Hadding Legion’s camp.

“Kukuku. So you went mad trying to kill yourself!”

Beiro smiled terrifyingly and brought his hand to his waist.

The commanders, knights, and numerous warriors around them too pulled out their own weapons.

A cold pressure raged like a storm.

However, Roan's expression was greatly calm and relaxed.

"I have merely....."

The Travias Spear pointed at Beiro.

"Came to cut you bastard's neck."

[Leave the body and the tail and cut off the head.](#)

for those who don't get this part, it's a metaphor of the legion to a snake. The soldiers are the body and the tail, and the commander (Beiro) is the head.

That was the method Roan had chose.

Chang!

The Travias Spear elongated longly and the sharp spearhead showed itself.

Beiro snorted.

“It seems you can’t see your surrounding situation.”

More than tens of distinguished warriors had surrounded Roan, Tas, and Peil.

Beiro roared with a haughty expression and voice.

“You will cut my neck? Hmph! Look after your head instead!”

The instant the words fell, the Hadding Legion’s warriors closed in the encirclement.

Roan cheerily smiled and looked back at Tas and Peil.

They, who acted the role of remnant soldiers together, were Amaranth Troop’s soldiers and the two were both the 1st generation Taemusas.

The two people stared at Roan and slightly nodded their heads.

It meant that the preparation was done.

Roan glared at Beiro again.

“Look after my head instead? How funny. To cut my neck.....”

The smile that hung on his mouth became much thicker.

“You will need at least twice as many more warriors than now.”

The words ended at that.

With his left leg as an axle, Roan turned his body and swung his spear.

Paat!

The body of the spear moved as if to dance.

Kakang!

Metallic sound noisily rang out.

The Traviat Spear powerfully hit the swords of two warriors who were near.

“Kuk!”

“Damn it! Just how strong.....”

The two warriors clutched their hands and stepped back.

The swords they had held were dropped onto the ground.

As if they had been waiting, Tas and Peil kicked the ground.

The two people snatched the swords and moved as if to dance.

Chang! Chachang! Chang!

Swords clashed and sparks flew.

The Hadding Legion's warriors, who had been vaguely maintaining the encirclement, went out in a counterattack with a shocked and surprised expressions.

“Damn it! Attack!”

“Kill them!”

A battle of tens of people against three people.

It definitely was an disadvantageous situation.

“Roan Tale. You've conceited too much. Did you think you could face this many knights and warriors.....”

The moment Beiro's words reached about that point.

Ssweaaaaak!

A sharp sound of impact hit the ears.

“Eh?”

“Un?”

The Hadding Legion’s warriors, including Beiro, turned their gazes following the sound.

From the outskirts of the camp, tens of arrows were flying towards them.

They were the arrows the remnant group that came into the camp with Roan shot up.

That side too had moved as they planned beforehand.

“Dodge!”

“Raise the shields!”

“Fire arrows!”

“They’re fire arrows!”

The warriors loudly shouted and crowded near Beiro's side.

However, the arrows actually flew towards not where they were, but towards an unexpected place.

Pubuk! Pubububuk!

A rain of arrows poured down onto the tents that surrounded the center of the camp.

“Kuhahaha! Your skill with the arrows are unsightly!”

Beiro, who hid behind a shield, snorted.

However, Roan cheerily smiled and shook his head instead.

“Not at all. It was a shockingly excellent skill. Because they fell exactly where I wanted.”

The very instant his words ended, flames burst up from where the arrows fell.

However, the flames merely burned the surrounding tents and swayed, and actually did not pose any big danger.

Beiro, with a smile full of triumph, gloated again.

“Kukuk. Were you planning on using fire field tactic or something? They fell where you wanted? Even though it will be difficult to see a big effect with merely this much?”

At those words, Roan faintly smiled and raised his left hand.

As if they had been waiting, Tas and Peil, who were at the sides, stepped back with short salutes.

Roan, while slantly holding the Travias Spear, used the Flamdor Mana Technique.

The heat of his mana hole began to boil like lava.

“Beiro Hadding.”

His voice was low but powerful.

A smile hung on his mouth.

“From the start, I didn’t have the thought of using something like a fire field tactic.”

Tat!

Roan’s body shot out towards the front.



It was a swift movement that truly brought a light to mind.

Beiro looked at Roan, who was running towards him, and snorted.

“Hmph! Block him! I will grant a promotion and a reward to the one who cut the bastard’s neck!”

The instant the words ended, the Hadding Legion’s warriors pounced towards Roan.

“Your neck is mine!”

“I will cut you!”

“Die!”

Moths.

They were idiotic and foolish moths who lost their sight at greed and ambition.

Roan’s spear cut the space.

The spear handle repeated to extend and contract as it wished.

The width was also the same.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

Each time, the warriors' chests or throats were pierced.

Boom!

Occasionally, they were even blown away everywhere with a sound of explosion.

“Damn it! Everyone attack!”

“Push with the number!”

However, the Hadding Legion's warriors too did not fall back easily.

Their eyes were still lost at greed and ambition.

Tens of them pounced towards Roan.

Beiro, who had stepped back far away, looked at that sight and burst out a crazed laughter.

“Kuhahaha! Serves you right!”

The mocking look was clear.

In a glance, it looked like a life threatening situation.

However, Roan didn't lose his composure.

He, with a composed expression, was looking at the flames that had completely swallowed the surrounding tents.

‘It's warm.’

Thanks to Brent's Ring, he couldn't feel any heat beyond that.

But the mana inside his body shook as if it would explode immediately.

Roan, with the Flamdor Mana Technique, slightly released the heat he was forcefully calming.

He stared at the tens of warriors who were pouncing at him and formed a cold smile.

Paat!

Suddenly, an explosive pressure spew out from his entire body.

No, that was not a pressure, but an incredible heat.

A gust of heat, strong enough for the flames that swallowed the surrounding tents and were swaying to instantly be pushed outwards, stormed.

But that too was for a moment.

The flames that were pushed away instead increased their size and stretched towards Roan.

“Uak!”

“Run!”

“Fi, fire!”

At the incredible heat felt through the back of their heads, the Hadding Legion’s warriors ran away towards every direction.

It literally was a heat that seemed like their flesh would be cooked.

Inside the incredible storm of fire, only one man was left.

Roan.

Slantly holding the black Traviass Spear, he glared at Beiro and the Hadding Legion's warriors.

The violently surging flames, as if to protect Roan, burned spherically around him.

“Beiro Hadding. I will show you why.....”

Tat!

Roan moved.

Together with him, the flames moved.

From within the incredible storm of fire, Roan's calm voice was heard.

“I am called the Crimson Ghost.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Report to him that we will do as the letter's contents.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

The messenger of a bold body deeply lowered his head, then went out of the tent.

As if they had been waiting for the man to get out, rage burst out from here and there.

“I knew it would become like this. He handed over the county to Roan Tale!”

“Goodness. To think he would pass down the fief as well as even the title.”

“The more shocking thing is Prince Kallum. Just with what kind of thinking did he approved the fief and the title’s transfer?”

The ones echoing each other and raising their voices were the nobles and the retainers who followed Kali Owells.

The messenger who went out of the tent just before was a man Count Jonathan Chase had sent.

He meticulously passed the news that was at the capital, Miller, then separately delivered the letter that Jonathan’s order was written in.

“Damn it. With situation becoming like this, we definitely must make the Lancephil Fief ours.”

“No, as Sir Count Chase’s letter’s content, let us even seize the Tale Barony.”

“Yes! That should be good, sir!”

Perhaps because of the excitement, their voices slowly became louder.

At that moment.

“Quiet.”

A quiet voice filled the inside of the tent.

“Cough.”

Instantly, the people closed their mouths and turned their heads towards the head of the table.

The man frowning while holding the letter Jonathan sent in one hand.

He was Kali Owells.

‘So it ultimately became like this.’

He made a bitter smile.

Even though he had received and heard the news that Io Lancephil had transferred the fief and the title to Roan, he didn't feel angry.

Rather, he felt a small joy at his premonition being correct.

Kali looked at the nobles and the retainers and made a faint smile.

“As per Count Chase's request, send a part of the Fief Regiment to the west.”

He purposely chose the word request instead of order.

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Amongst his retainers, the commanders answered in a loud voice.

It was a transfer for intercepting the Tale Legion.

At that moment, magic corp head Tairon Bess spoke with a slightly displeased expression.

“Sir Count Chase's order, no, the request seems too one sided, sir. We aren't Sir Count Chase's retainers yet.”



Few nobles and retainers nodded their heads.

Kali faintly smiled as he answered.

“Let us simply leave it for now.”

In any case, they had to clash again with Jonathan once this fief war finished.

‘He probably thinks he is sitting above my head.’

It was a hilarious and hasty judgment.

Behind Kali’s back, Duke Bradley Webster was there.

‘Wait just a bit. Because I will now soon climb up on top of you bastard’s head.’

The ambition he had was much greater than Jonathan thought.

“Then, do your best in the missions you have each received.”

It was the sound that signalled the end of the meeting.

Suddenly.

“Um, sir.....’

One amongst the commanders spoke up with a careful expression.

“What would you do with Sir Walter?”

Walter Owells.

He was Kali’s firstborn as well as the fiancé of Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander Aaron Tate’s daughter, Mary Tate.

An alumnus of the Pavor Academy Knight School, he was a man who was also acquainted with Roan.

Kali slightly creased his forehead.

“That kid, is he still being stubborn?”

“That is correct, sir.”

The commander who spoke up awkwardly smiled and nodded his head.

On Kali’s face, which was relaxed from the start, an annoyance smeared out.

“Stupid kid. Just for whom is this all for.....”

He clicked his tongue and shook his head for a while.

“Bring him here even if by tying him up.”

If he brought him and revealed his great purpose, Walter's thought too would change.

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

The commander who spoke up first stepped back with his head lowered.

Kali looked at that sight and shook his hand.

Soon, all the nobles and the retainers exited out of the tent.

Kali, who was left alone, closed his eyes and exhaled a long sigh.

“Foolish child. He's only behaving spoilt without even knowing this father's great meaning.”

He thought of Walter's defiance as a degree of an immature action.

Kali was an outstanding knight and a talented warrior, but

actually concerning his child, he was a truly ignorant father.

Even if he did not know, he didn't knew his son, Walter, too much.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I, it's a monster.”

The Hadding Legion's soldiers who saw the giant flame and crowded.

While circling the center of the camp long around, they couldn't move any further.

All of them, with a half dazed expressions, swallowed dry spit.

At the place the soldiers' gazes touched.

At that place, crimson flame was swaying in a spherical shape.

“I, it's a crimson ghost.”

“It's the Crimson Ghost.”

Whispering sounds rang out from here and there.

Crimson flame.

Inside that, a man stood.

The man who slantly held the black Traviass Spear and poured out a bold pressure.

He was Roan.

In his surroundings, tens of corpses that were burnt coal-black were strawn.

They were the Hadding Legion's warriors who were captured by greed and ambition and had attacked Roan.

Amongst them, there was only one person who was left unscathed and alive.

Beiro Hadding.

“Uuuuh. Ri, ridiculous.”

He quiveringly trembled his entire body and shook his head.

His expression was that of saying that he simply couldn't believe what had happened in front of his eyes just before.

‘Is this the Crimson Ghost I only heard through words?’

There was a time when he had heard the rumor that Roan had done great accomplishment at the war with the Istel Kingdom.

Especially the great accomplishment at the final chase had begot even a nickname called the Crimson Ghost.

‘I didn’t believe it because the rumor was too absurd, but.....’

The rumor said that he controlled the flames as if his arms and legs while his hair and entire body turned red.

‘Although the hair and the body didn’t turned red, him controlling the flames like his arms and legs were true.’

Beiro swallowed a dry spit.

If he could, he wanted to run into the gaps between the soldiers, but his legs didn’t listen.

Completely pressed down by Roan’s pressure, the two legs solidified stiffly.

His eyes quickly turned.

‘Fo, for now, I have to live.’

Beiro soon made an awkward smile.

As if to show that he had no desire to fight, he extended his two hands.

“B, Baron Tale. I, it looks like I’ve done something wro.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Roan’s right hand slowly moved.

The Travias Spear that was pointing at the ground lazily cut the space.

Paat!

The flame that spherically swayed violently moved following the spear.

“Huhuk!”

Looking at the flame that flew towards him, Beiro quickly tried to move his body out of the way.

However, the legs that had stiffly solidified did not move as he

desired.

Spat!

The tip of the spear and the flame simultaneously brushed Beiro's neck.

“Ggrrk.”

With a sound of blood boiling, Beiro goggled his eyes.

Without even being able to exhale out his last breath, he fell flat forwards.

Boom!

With a blunt sound, the head that was barely attached rolled on the ground.

Roan looked at that sight and murmured in a quiet voice.

“I told you. I came to cut you bastard's neck.”

Soon, the surroundings became noisy.

“Uhuk!”



“Si, Sir Legion Commander!”

“Sir Viscount Hadding!”

Few soldiers lost their fears and pulled out their swords.

Roan quietly breathed in deeply, then pulled the Flamdor Mana Technique to the limit.

Suddenly.

Paaaaaat!

With him at the center, an incredible gust of heat stormed.

At the same time, the flame that were burning spherically burst out as if exploding.

“Uuak!”

“Run!”

The Hadding Legion’s soldiers, who were closing in an encirclement of their own, screamed and lied down on the ground.

The gust of heat and the flame soon disappeared.

Ssss.

A warm western wind blew into the desolate camp.

The one who was standing on two legs was only Roan.

The Hadding Legion's soldiers were all flatly lied down on the ground.

Although it was to dodge the flame, from a glance, it looked as if they were prostrating on the ground towards Roan.

Roan boldly stood and stared at the soldiers.

There were no such thing as a frightening killing intent or a threatening pressure.

However, the soldiers couldn't dare think of standing up.

An overwhelming power.

A dignity pouring out from the soft gaze and the calm expression.

To Roan, they had their bodies and hearts all succumbed into submission.

‘It’s done as I thought.’

Roan inwardly formed a smile.

The strategy of disguising as Kapeo Legion’s remnant soldiers and infiltrating into Hadding Legion’s camp.

‘It was a strategy Ian had made and Pierce executed.’

Austin, Harrison, Chris, as well as even Beiro, who was the enemy commander.

Likely, they all thought that this strategy was a bizarre scheme.

However, this strategy was a standard strategy most closest to the standards amongst the standard strategies.

Not a petty trick or a tactic, but the power itself was the strategy.

‘Conquer the enemy using overwhelming strength.’

It was the most foundational and primeval combat tactic.

In truth, Roan had continued his victory through schemes like raids and ambushes based upon information until now.

Although there were occasionally cases where he cut the enemy commander's neck through a duel, there weren't many cases where he showed off the strength he had to his heart's content.

Because of that, there was a question asking if Roan's strength, the Crimson Ghost's rumors were exaggerated.

Roan had used such strategy in order to dispel that very such question and raise his presence.

'To me, I don't only have strategies, tactics, and powerful soldiers.'

Before that, the truth that Roan himself was an owner of an incredible power would be known once again.

Tale Legion.

Amaranth Troop.

In front of those names that shook and rang the Rinse Kingdom, Roan Tale would be brought up in people's mouths first.

Not as a nickname like the noble of a commoner background or the rising hero, but as a general more powerful and fearful than anyone, as the Crimson Ghost.

Roan quietly closed his eyes.

The scent of the battlefield spread to the tip of his nose.

When he was fully enjoying the lingering ambience.

[Uah. Please don't pretend to be all cool. I feel like I'm dying from the cringe!]

A sharp voice was heard.

It was Kinis.

[What am I supposed to do if you explode the heat like that when I'm right next to you?]

It was a pointless grumbling.

Roan opened the eyes he had closed and awkwardly smiled.

Kinis was seen in front of his eyes.

“Un?”

Roan made a slightly surprised expression.

“You.....”

[Why?]

Kinis raised her hands onto her waist and creased her brows.

Roan slightly tilted his head and spoke with a puzzled look on his face.

“Your appearance changed?”

# Chapter 169 : Crimson Ghost (2)

---

[Hiiaa!]

Kinis looked over her body, then soon screamed out a sharp shriek.

[Red! Red! I turned red!]

It was literal.

Her skin, which originally was slightly tinted with a red light unlike other water spirits, turned noticeably red.

Furthermore, her blue hair too glittered with a soft purple light.

Kinis, who was fussing about, suddenly glared at Roan.

[This is all your fault! I turned into a monster because you recklessly spout out heat!]

It was a pointless grumbling.

Roan awkwardly smiled as he shooked his head.

‘What do you mean a monster? You turned much prettier than before. It’s also somewhat mysterious.’

Perhaps because of the unexpected praise, Kinis soon closed her mouth.

She looked over her body this way and that and continued to tilt her head.

[Hmm. Really?]

Her expression was slightly nervous.

Roan brightly smiled and nodded his head.

‘Yeah. You’re pretty.’

At those words, Kinis chewed her small lips, then soon let out a short sigh.

[Sigh. Can’t be helped. Anyway.....]

She extended her hand straight towards an empty ground.

She planned to check whether a change had also appeared in her abilities as much as her appearance had changed.

Roan too watched that sight with deep interest.



The water energy on the mana hole's surface smoothly went out.

Suddenly, a blue spout of water soared up from the empty ground Kinis was pointing at.

Thankfully, the shape and the color were the same as before.

At least, its outward appearance was.

[Huu.]

Kinis relaxed and exhaled a long sigh.

‘It’s good.’

Roan also looked relaxed.

But in truth, Kinis felt that somewhere inside her body had strangely changed.

[[Since it's a really little change, there probably isn't any need to particularly say it.]]

Because Kinis herself wasn't sure, she thought to keep it a secret for now.

She didn't want to needlessly worry Roan.

Most of all.

[[If I say it now, it's obvious that he would definitely blame himself.]]

when Kinis talks, single bracket is her talking through thought with Roan, and double bracket is her private monologue.

Already, she was worrying of Roan more than herself.

Meanwhile, the Hadding Legion's soldiers, even while Roan and Kinis were talking inside their minds, had lied on the ground and did not carelessly moved.

During that time, the Amaranth Troop's soldiers, who had disguised as remnant soldiers, quickly took over the Hadding Legion.

Simultaneously, the Tale Legion's main forces, which had been hiding in ambush nearby, also quickly charged and captured the Hadding Legion's camp.

With this, Roan had dominated the Tellan Region, one of the major positions of the Lancephil Fief's western region, and the Hadding Legion, which had acted the role of the command center, with an overwhelming strength as the background.

for those who don't get the imagery here, tl;dr is that Roan dominated the Tellan Region and the Hadding Legion with an overwhelming strength, with emphasis on strength than

strategy/tactics.

It was a great accomplishment.

However, the truly great accomplishment was another.

That was the fame of Roan, the Crimson Ghost had began to spread with the Lancephil Fief's midwest as the starting point.

Now, the spirit of the Count Chase Forces and the Owells Forces' soldiers, even by merely hearing the news of Roan's appearance, snapped a level.

This was the point that Roan desired.

Already, he was gradually bringing about the fief war's victory.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Just what turn of events is this?”

Baron Sabb Carpenter, a retainer of the Count Chase House as well as the one who took on the position of Carpenter Troop's troop commander, had received Count Chase's sudden letter and was in the middle of heading towards the east.

“Lacenphil fief and the title have went over to Roan Tale? Tch!”

Sabb shook his head as he greatly scowled his face.

“It seems that even Io Lancephil went senile. To think he would pass down the fief and the title to a brat without a single drop of blood mixed.”

He slightly turned his head and looked at the troop's soldiers.

Their number reached no less than five thousand.

‘Pressure the Tale Legion from the back, is it.’

Jonathan's order was simple.

Conscript a part of the defensive troop that was left in the Chase County and the fief's citizens, organize them under the Carpenter Troop's command, and then to attack the Tale Legion's back.

“Kukuku. Tale Legion bastards. We will drive you mindless from the front and the back!”

Since Owells Forces had also said that they would separately send out a troop, shattering the Tale Legion wasn't even a work.

At least, he thought like that.

‘I can’t be slower than the Owells Forces.’

Sabb kicked his horse’s stomach and raised the marching speed.

At that moment.

“Un?”

At the opposite field, a single group appeared.

Their number was about two thousand at most.

“Halt!”

Sabb gradually slowed his horse’s speed and glared at the front.

Flags were raised straight.

< Tale Legion. >

< Vende Troop. >

Two more flags were also raised besides them, but that wasn’t very important.

“Tale Legion?”

Sabb creased his forehead.

‘How come at a place like this?’

Currently, Sabb’s location was a part of the Chase Fief and the Lancephil Fief’s border.

According to Jonathan’s letter and the information he had separately gathered, Tale Legion’s current location was Lancephil Fief’s midwest region.

Furthermore.

‘Vende Troop?’

Even the troop name was greatly unfamiliar.

‘Anyway, it isn’t the Amaranth Troop.’

The Tale Legion’s most famous troop as well as the most powerful troop.

The tips of Sabb’s mouth lightly went up.

‘It seems it’s a troop that took on rear defense mission. It’s a number just right for a warm up.’

At that moment.

Vvuuuuuu!

A sound of horn noisily echoed.

Simultaneously, the part of the Tale Legion's troop began to charge towards them.

“Ugh! An abrupt attack! P, prepare for battle!”

Sabb, with a surprised and shocked expression, quickly raised his right hand.

“Prepare for battle! The enemy is in front!”

Soon, numerous adjutants scattered in every direction.

“Prepare for battle!”

“An enemy has appeared in the front! Prepare for battle!”

Their movements were somewhat flustered.

However, Sabb soon squinted his eyes.

The speed of Tale Legion's charge was too slow.

"A heavy armor troop?"

His face twisted bizarrely.

That was an expression of a confusion mixed with jeer.

"Hahaha! That side's troop commander is a brat who doesn't even know the T of tactics! To think he would use the heavy armor troop as the vanguard to charge!"

Sabb loudly laughed and placed the cavalry squad at the vanguard.

"We'll shatter you in an instant!"

He raised his spear up high and personally led the troop.

"Attack! Attack!"

Sabb spurred his horse and charged towards the Tale Legion.

"Waaaah!"



“Attack!”

The cavalry followed behind.

Their faces were all confident like one.

Not only were they greatly ahead in head count, they had the confidence to easily trample the heavy armor troop, whose movements were sluggish.

‘Even if they were a heavy armor troop, they won’t be able to block the cavalry’s piercing charge!’

A collision of warhorses and humans.

The fight’s victor and loser were no different than having being already decided.

That was what Sabb and the Carpenter Troop soldiers’ thought.

But in actuality, the thought of the Tale Legion, and especially the troop commander who led the Tale Legion’s Vende Troop, was completely different.

The young man who was leading the troop while wearing a heavy armor.

He was in fact Brian Miles, the Vende Troop's troop commander and the one who Roan called the kingdom's greatest sword.

‘My lord truly is great.’

Even while leading the heavy armor troop Vende and charging, Brian couldn't stop his awe.

The point when he had separately led the Vende Troop and two thousand-man troops and moved towards the west was when the Poskein Lake Subjugation had just began.

‘It was an order to secure a position and then be ready since it wasn't possible to know what kind of thing Kali Owells would do.’

In fact, the fief war had suddenly broke out not long after the Poskein Lake Subjugation had started.

If possible, Brian too wished to quickly join the war and help Count Io Lancephil, but he could only hold his position due to the capital's order.

Like that, there was no meaning to him coming all the way here and securing the position.

At that moment, Roan's letter arrived.

‘To think our lord has become a count! And inherit even the

Lancephil Fief too!”

It was the happiest of the happy occasions.

Simultaneously, he had gained the pretext to join the fief war.

Roan assigned an important mission to Brian.

‘My mission is.....’

Brian stared at the Carpenter Troop’s cavalry squad that had already neared and smiled.

‘Stopping the merging of the enemy reinforcements.’

Stopping or destroying the enemy reinforcements heading east from the Lancephil Fief’s western rear region or the Chase County was exactly Brian’s mission.

Although it was a very difficult and dangerous mission to execute with a troop strength that merely reach two thousand, Brian was confident.

Understandably.

‘Vende Troop is a troop I personally raised.’

He had separately drafted the ones who were talented even amongst the Taemusas and had created the heavy armor troop.

The very thing that was born at the end of personally training them was the Vende Troop.

Furthermore.

‘We even equipped a secret weapon.’

The tips of his mouth lightly went up.

Clank. Clank.

Dududududu!

The sound of heavy armors clanging and the sound of horse hooves.

The two sounds slowly became noisier and the distance between the Vende Troop and the Carpenter Troop rapidly shrank.

Suddenly, Brian, who had stood at the head and was charging, raised his sword up high.

“Equip the plate helmets!”

As soon as his words ended, the Vende Troop's soldiers brushed down the frontal part of their helmets with their left hands.

Cluck!

Suddenly, a dark plate appeared at the part where their two eyes were revealed.

A tool the alchemy department and the engineering department had collaborated and created, it was an object that was coated with the magic stone powder on a metal plate, made with iron as the base and mixed with numerous minerals, after piercing tens of small holes.

Although it was an appearance that seemed like nothing could be seen from a glance, the sight become only a little cramp and there was no large problem.

Feeling the view that become a little tight, Brian loudly shouted once again.

“Armor light activate!”

This time, repetitions followed.

“Armor light activate!”

Resounding voices echoed.

And at the same time.

Paaaaaat!

With Brian at the head, an incredibly bright light exploded out from the armors of the Vende Troop's soldiers.

“Kuuk! Wha, what!”

“Uak! What is this!”

“My eyes! My eyes!”

The Carpenter Troop's cavalry, which had been enthusiastically charging, tightly closed their eyes at the group of incredible light that exploded right in front of their eyes.

However, the problem weren't them.

Hihihing!

At the sudden attack of light, the horses were greatly shocked and thrashed.

Because of the speed at which they were charging quickly, they soon lost their balance.

Kukung! Boom! Kukukung!

The horses repeated to hit each other and tilt, then soon fell flat towards the ground.

On the other hand, Brian and the Vende Troop's soldiers, thanks to the plate helmets, were able to see and move like before even inside the bright lights.

‘Armor light. It’s much more brilliant than I thought.’

The armor light were objects that the Reno Magic Tower and the engineering department had created by collaborating.

An object created with the magic lamp as the basis, it could be said to be a relative of the Boat Light that had shown up before in the Poskein Lake.

‘The enemy cavalry had completely collapsed.’

Compared to that, the Vende Troop hadn’t received any damage.

It was a chance.

“Attack!”

Brian's order fell.

“Waaaah!”

The Vende Troop's soldiers raised their swords and rushed.

Spat!

As fitting a troop made completely of Taemusas, mana flowed following their swords.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

With horrifying sounds, the Carpenter Troop's soldiers, who had been rolling on the ground, lost their lives.

“Uaaak!”

“Sa, save me!”

“I can't see!”

The confidents looks weren't seen.

Their appearances were of servile looks begging for their lives.



Amongst them, even the troop commander Carpenter was there.

“Sa, save me! Please! Please save me!”

However, that was a vain cry.

Brian lightly swung his sword and cut off his head.

“Don’t leave even a single bastard alive!”

If they keep their hearts soft and a part of them went east, the Tale Legion’s main force could receive a big damage.

“Yes sir!”

With a sound of resounding answers, the Vende Troop’s soldiers busily moved.

From afar, it looked like a group of light busily moving around.

This was the first appearance of Brian Miles, who would later be called the knight of light, and the Vende Troop that would later be called the troop of light.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Damn it! Where are the reinforcements? Are the reinforcements

still not here!”

Pillam Troop’s troop commander, Hector, burst out in rage.

His close-aid and the head adjutant Baison answered in a hurried voice.

“The nearby region’s troops have already been annihilated, sir!”

“Even I know that! The reinforcement I’m talking about are the bastards who were supposed to newly reinforce us from the county!”

Hector’s face flushed red.

Baison, with a perplexed expression, dropped his head.

“I, I don’t know, sir. Based on the time, they should already have more than arrived, but.....”

“Damn it! Without even a reinforcement, how do we.....”

Hector stared at the crimson wave that spread beyond the wooden fences and creased his forehead.

No, that was close to a pure tearful frown.

“Face that Tale Legion by ourselves!!!”

The moment his words reached about that point, a hurried shout was heard from the direction of the camp’s fences.

“The, the soldiers are fleeing!”

“Soldiers are running away, sir!”

At those words, Hector ran towards them with a shocked expression.

“What do you mean! Soldiers are running away?”

“Lo, look over there, sir.”

The soldier who had shouted pointed at the outside of the fences.

Tens of soldiers were raising their two hands up straight and were running towards the Tale Legion.

“Th, these cowards!”

The mood rapidly died down.

One of the soldiers murmured with a small voice.

“Since Tale Legion accepts all those who surrender, sir. But for the ones who resist.....”

Another soldier finished the sentence.

“They cut all the necks without leaving a single one.”

His voice was completely dispirited.

At those words, Hector pulled out his sword with an expression frosted with rage.

“Cowardly bastards! We are the Count Chase Forces! Are you saying that you’ll lower your heads towards a classless bastard like that just because you’re afraid of dying! You mongrels who don’t even know honor!”

The rage blew like a storm.

The soldiers all dropped their heads.

At that moment.

“I’m sorry, but life is more important than a mere thing like honor, sir.”

A voice abruptly popped out from behind Hector.

“Un? What are you.....?”

Hector creased his forehead and looked behind him.

And at the same time as him.

Ssskuk.

With a horrifying sound, a single blade of a sword pierced his chest.

“Kkureuk. You, you.....”

Hector glared his eyes and scowled.

“I’m sorry. But my soldiers and I don’t want to die a dog’s death.”

The one who stabbed Hector’s chest was Baison.

He quickly cut Hector’s neck, then shouted in a loud voice.

“I, Baison, has cut Hector’s neck! Pillam Troop surrenders immediately to the Tale Legion.”

Despite the abrupt situation, there was no soldier who rebuked or resisted.

Their spirits had already been crushed by the Crimson Ghost Roan and the Crimson Legion Tale Legion's fame.

Instead, an odd feeling of relief set on the soldiers' faces.

'We lived!'

They were clearly such looks.

Soon, a white flag was hung high and the camp's gate widely opened.

Like that, Roan and the Tale Legion achieved a victory without a single proper battle.

Clop. Clop.

Roan, who had worn a helmet deeply, entered into the camp on a warhorse.

Baison and the soldiers all lied on the ground and couldn't even dare raise their heads.

Without any particular words, Roan headed towards the

commander's tent at the center of the camp.

Instead, Austin, who was following behind, spoke in a loud voice.

“You have made a wise decision! We will reorganize the troops starting now!”

Once the order fell down, the low rank commanders, including the ten-man commanders, rapidly moved their feet.

The thousand-man commanders momentarily watched that sight, then headed to the center tent Roan was in.

When they opened the tent's door and went in, Roan, who was sitting at the head seat, was seen.

Austin cheerfully smiled and raised his thumb.

“Good for you. Since you only have to sit still and watch.”

They were simply difficult to understand actions and words.

At that moment, Roan, who was sitting quietly, took off the helmet he had worn deep.

“Puuhah!”

The breath he was holding burst out aloud.

“Don’t say such thing, sir. I really feel like dying.”

The voice half mixed with whine.

The face that appeared once the helmet was taken off.

Shockingly, the man who was wearing Roan’s helmet and armor was Harrison.

Austin smiled as he looked at that sight.

“It can’t be helped since your body shape is the closest to the lord. Anyway.....”

His gaze headed towards the northeast.

“Would the lord arrived well?”

At those words, Harrison put the helmet on again and answered.

“He should have arrived well, sir.”

His voice was full of certainty.



Soon, Austin too nodded his head.

“Right. He should have arrived well.”

The two people’s gazes met.

Simultaneously, the same words flowed out.

“Since he went together with Pichio.”

\*\*\*\*\*

A blue sky.

The road that stretched long on one side of the plain was truly peaceful.

“A peacefulness like this has really been a while, sir.”

“You’re right. This place feels like a completely different world.”

Two young men were talking quietly and walking on the road.

One young man looked truly manly, and the other young man’s face was amiable with greatly large eyes.

“Anyway, our luck was really good, sir. To think we were able to dodge the Owells Forces and the Count Chase Forces while coming all the way here.....”

The young man whose eyes were large exhaled a sigh of relief.

The manly looking young man shook his head.

“It wasn’t simply our luck that was good. Pichio, it’s your ability that is excellent.”

The young man whose eyes were large was Pichio.

Pichio bashfully smiled and scratched the back of his head.

“I merely moved following my feelings, but..... I’m glad that it was of help to my lord, sir.”

Lord.

The manly looking young man was in fact Roan.

After leaving his role to Harrison, he was secretly moving separately.

Pichio looked at the end of the road.

“Now, there isn’t much distance left until we reach the Guardian Army’s territory. If we go a little bit more, then..... un?”

He, who was continuing his words, soon creased his brows.

Roan stared at him and asked in a low voice.

“What is it?”

At those words, Pichio formed a bitter smile.

“Somehow, the feeling isn’t good, sir.”

From a perspective, they weren’t any special words.

But the problem was that the man who spoke up those words was Pichio, whose sixth sense was irrationally outstanding.

Roan too made a bitter smile.

“Pichio. I feel unreasonably worried since you said those words.”

“Nah. Would something possibly happen, sir? My feelings can’t all be.....”

The moment Pichio’s words reached about that point.

Vvvuuuuu!

A sound of horn hit the ears.

At the same time, the ground subtly shook, and then a single group appeared from the end of the road.

“Uak! My mouth is too light, sir!”

Pichio tearfully frowned and dropped his head.

Roan did not mind and stared at the end of the road.

A flag soared at the head.

Roan looked at the flag through the Kalian’s Tears.

The letters written on the flag was seen.

< Lancephil Guardian Army. >

Unlike their worries, the troop that appeared at the end of the road was not the Owells Forces or the Count Chase Forces, but the Lancephil Guardian Army.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

‘So there are times when Pichio’s sixth sense is.....’

When his thought had reached about that point.

Vvuuuuuu!

The sound of horn was heard once again.

# Chapter 170 : Crimson Ghost (3)

---

Why was there no instant when the sad predictions were wrong?

No, in truth, Pichio's case was slightly different.

Because regardless of whether it was good or bad, the feelings he felt were correct with a very high probability.

Dududududu!

A sound of horse hooves noisily rang.

Behind Lancephil Guardian Army, a single group showed itself.

< Chase Legion. >

< Rain Troop. >

It was the Rain Troop, whose fame was high even amongst the Chase Legion's troops.

The troop commander Viscount Rust Rain, together with Viscount Royce Fielder who undertook the role of this fief war's supreme commander, was one of Count's Chase's right-hand retainers.

He, unlike Royce who had both strength and resourcefulness, used a giant hammer as his favored weapon as a fierce general who charged without regards to front nor back.

“It looks like they’re being chased, right?”

At Roan’s question, Pichio nodded his head.

“Yes. In anyone’s eyes.”

The two people formed bitter smiles.

Roan deeply pulled down his hood and used the Flamdor Mana Technique.

“It seems that we should prepare for battle.

It was an urgent situation.

They couldn’t step back pretending not to see.

No, in the first place, there was neither a leisure nor space to do so.

‘We have to hide our identity.’

For now, they had to at least hide the fact that Roan had

appeared here at the Lancephil Fief's northeast region.

Because of that, he couldn't use the Traviass Spear he had hidden inside his chest pocket.

It was a disadvantageous situation.

However, composure overflowed in Roan's expression.

'After the battle with Sethus, the quality of the mana has rose greatly.'

Two types of mana.

Heat and water energy.

After learning the fact that he could use the heat and the water energy as much as he wished, Roan intentionally used the heat during battles or duels until the bottom showed.

This was something possible because there was the water energy he could separately and also use.

And when the heat filled the mana hole after the battles ended, much purer and greater amount of heat was filled.

Thanks to that, the mana hole at his lower abdomen slowly



became much larger, and not only that, as he used large amounts of mana at once, his mana road had also become much wider and stronger.

He had become able to use more quickly and easily a much greater amount of mana than before.

‘As the amount of mana increased, it became possible to use the techniques of Reid Art of Fighting that I had only been learning within my head.’

It meant that even if he couldn’t use the Traviast Spear, he had separate skills he could use to face the enemy forces.

And it was the fighting technique of Reid, who wasn’t excluded whenever people debated of who the strongest human was, to boot.

Since there wasn’t any instant when Roan showed off Reid’s Art of Fighting on the battlefields, it shouldn’t be easy for the Rain Troop to discover Roan’s identity.

He tightly clenched his fists and stared at the Lancephil Guardian Army and the Rain Troop that had reached their nearby surroundings.

Pichio too, with a slightly nervous expression, pulled out his sword.

“There’s people at the front!”

“Move aside! Move!”

The Lancephil Guardian Army, which had been mindlessly running away, discovered Roan and Pichio a moment late.

They pulled their reins and narrowly brushed past the two people.

Roan and Pichio quietly stood their ground and awaited the Rain Troop that would rush towards them.

Gulp.

Pichio gulped dry spit with a completely tense expression.

Roan faintly smiled and asked.

“Are you scared?”

At those words, Pichio shook his head.

“That isn’t so, sir. Since my lord is next to me. Should I say that it’s making me slightly tense? Also.....”

He glared straight at the front and added on.

“The apprehensive feeling has disappeared, sir. Somehow, I feel a good feeling.”

A smile hung on Pichio’s mouth.

Roan too cheerily smiled as he nodded his head.

“Is that so? Those are welcoming words.”

There was no instant where Pichio’s feelings were wrong.

For some reason, a feeling like having won was felt even before the battle had started.

Finally, the Lancephil Guardian Army all passed by, and the Rain Troop that followed right behind showed up.

It was a sight of charging with an outrage speed while exuding an inauspicious pressure.

“Should we play a round?”

Roan, while tightly clenching his fist, kicked the ground.

Tat!

The image of his body extended long towards the Rain Troop.

It was a swift and quick sight.

His two fists became tinted red.

Through the Flamdor Mana Technique, powerful heat bursted out.

“What the! What’s that crazy bastard!”

“Trample him instantly and continue the chase!”

The Rain Troop’s soldiers looked at Roan, who was running towards them alone, and snorted.

Vigor of trampling with the solid hooves.

At that moment.

Tat!

Roan lightly kicked off the ground as he watched the cavalry rushing towards him.

At the same time, he twisted his shoulder back, then powerfully trusted his right fist using that recoil.

From the crimson-tinted fist, mana burst out.

Boom!

With a sound of explosion, the horseman who was running ahead first was blown off.

Kwakakang!

The horsemen at the lead tangled against each other and fell.

“Wha, what!”

“KuuuK!”

The cavalry that had been charging with a powerful thrust faltered and slowed their speed.

‘It’s done.’

It was the situation Roan wished for.

However outstanding a strength he had, he couldn’t face a troop number numbering over a thousand men alone.

Roan's plan was to stop the Rain Troop's feet for at least a moment for now.

He once again prepared a powerful strike.

At that moment.

"You brat!"

With a thunderous roar, a giant warhorse jumped out from the center of the troop.

A warrior of a large build was sitting on the warhorse, and he held a giant iron hammer in his right hand.

He was the very troop commander of the Rain Troop and one of Count Jonathan Chase's right-hand men, Viscount Rust Rain.

Ssuung!

A great hammer much larger than an adult man's head cut apart the air.

Roan lightly moved his feet and twisted his body.

Boom!

The hammer directly hit an empty ground.

Tududuk.

With an explosive sound, rocks and earth soared.

“Oh ho. You dodged that? What’s you brat’s identity?”

Rust, with an amused light in his eyes, glared at Roan.

But because of him having deeply worn the hood, there was no means for him to recognize his face.

Roan, instead of an answer, kicked the ground again.

The two fists weirdly moved and created tens of afterimages.

“A fist master, is it? Hmph!”

Rust quickly swung his hammer as he snorted.

Each time, the dizzily drawn images disappeared in ones and twos.

‘He really is a fierce warrior.’

Roan inwardly exclaimed and thrust his fist as he twisted his body.

The entire fist flashed with a red light.

“You dare!”

Looking at the fist aiming at his abdomen, Rust pulled his hammer.

Suddenly.

Ssuung!

Roan’s fist changed its trajectory towards a simply impossible direction.

An incredible sound of impact hit the ears.

“Eh!?”

Rust stared at Roan’s fist with a shocked expression.

No, he could only stare at it.

It was already too late for his body to react.



Roan's fist that aimed at his abdomen, drawing a ridiculous arc, headed towards the horse's neck.

Crack!

A horrifying sounding impact echoed out.

Roan's fist pierced into the warhorse's neck.

Without even making a cry, the horse lost its life.

The four legs that had been standing strong swayed limply and the giant body crumpled to the side.

“Kuk!”

Rust quickly turned his body and soared up into the air.

Boom!

With a dull sound, the horse fell.

Following right behind, Rust stepped down next to that.

“You dare!”

He raged at the death of the beloved horse he roamed the battlefields together for tens of years.

Rust clenched the hammer with both hands, then rushed towards Roan.

As he, who originally attacked brutishly even without that, lost his mind from rage, his might became much stronger than before.

‘It almost feels like I’m looking at a berserker.’

Roan dodged the hammer this way and that and clenched his teeth.

If he were to be even brushed slightly, his bones would break.

“We will continue the chase!”

“Continue the chase!”

The Rain Troop’s soldiers, who watched momentarily, pulled their reins and prepared to chase.

“I, I’ll try to stop them, sir!”

Pichio bravely stepped up.

But stopping more than hundreds of soldiers by himself, and a cavalry at that, was something impossible.

Roan tightly clenched his teeth.

‘I can’t just let them go. Should I use the blink?’

But he soon shook his head.

It wasn’t the right time yet.

Roan nimbly dodged Rust’s hammer, then jumped into his chest.

Rust’s size seen from near was much bigger than he had thought.

“You brat!”

Rust closed his arms as if to catch Roan.

Roan, imagining up a body technique of Reid’s Art of Fighting in his mind, slightly bent his knee.

It was a very stable pose.

And just like that, he grabbed Rust’s waist with one hand and

quickly and erratically moved his two feet.

Spat!

Suddenly, Roan's body softly moved like a snake, rode Rust's abdomen and side, and passed over to his back.

A smooth movement.

“Eh? Eh!”

Rust's expression was greatly taken aback at having instantly shown his back.

Roan, just like that, hugged his waist with two hands and pulled up mana with all his strength.

Suddenly, the giant body rose up into the air.

“Hahaph!”

With a grunt, Roan threw Rust towards the cavalry.

“Eh! Eheheheh!”

“Ca, catch!”

“Catch!”

The soldiers who were about to go on the chase, looking at Rust flying towards them, widely opened their two arms.

Boom!

With a dull sound, tens of horsemen rolled on the ground together with Rust.

Roan watched that sight for a moment, then quickly kicked off the ground.

It was to help Pichio, who was fighting alone.

Pubuck! Pububuck!

The fists and the feet left numerous afterimages and cut apart the space.

Each time, warhorses, horsemen, swordsmen, and archers fell powerlessly .

“Pichio. Slowly move back.”

“Yes sir.”

Pichio answered shortly and quickly moved back.

His looks had already become a mess.

Although his instinct was unrealistically outstanding, it was a fact that his strength was still lacking.

At least thanks to having learned the Tale Mana Technique, it was at a level where facing ordinary soldiers wasn't difficult.

Pubuk! Pubuk!

Roan quickly moved this way and that and drove away the Rain Troop's soldiers.

At that moment.

“You brat!”

Rust rushed towards him again while raising his hammer.

Roan snatched a soldier that was nearby, then quickly threw him.

If he was an ordinary general, dodging or receiving him was normality.

But Rust batted away the soldier that flew towards him.

“Kuhuk!”

A scream filled with pain hit the ears.

Rust did not mind that and rushed towards Roan.

Roan, with a slightly stiffen face, roared.

“You bastard don’t have the qualification of a general!”

At those words, Rust snorted.

“A general is only judged based on his strength!”

The excellent general he imagined was a general whose strength was powerful.

Roan glared at the hammer that arced down like it would shatter his head.

‘I can use it only once.’

Blink.

The spell that could make him instantly travel a very short distance.

It was one of the spell carved in the Brent's Ring.

‘I’ll use it now.’

Roan felt the mana inside his body and breathed in deeply.

Instantly, the heat inside his body was pulled up into the Brent's Ring.

Following the ring, the magic array flashed.

‘Blink!’

Suddenly, Roan's body disappeared as if washed away.

“Eh?!”

Rust widely opened his eyes and made a surprised expression.

Boom!

The hammer powerfully struck the spot Roan was originally



standing on.

Simultaneous.

Paat!

Roan, who had disappeared, appeared at Rust's back.

Rust, seemingly still not having discovered Roan, was looking around this way and that.

Roan, just like that, turned and kicked his bottom.

Puuk!

At the powerful strike, Rust's body lightly floated up, then was slammed directly into the ground.

“Kuk!”

At the unexpected strike, Rust greatly panicked.

Lying on the ground, he stared at Roan.

No, he tried to stare at Roan.

However, the thing he saw was only a red-tinted fist.

Puuk!

Roan's fist heavily struck Rust's face.

“Kkug!”

The nose collapsed and the all the teeth broke.

Puuk! Puuk!

Roan did not falter and continued to throw his fist.

Blood splattered in every direction.

Rust, who tried to at least counter, soon lost his strength and drooped powerlessly.

“A general is only judged by his strength? Even so, it's the same that you don't have the qualification of a general.”

It was a cold roar.

Puuk!

The final strike powerfully hit Rust's neck.

“Kguruk.”

With a sound of blood boiling, his neck snapped to the left.

He died.

Roan lightly swung the fist dripping with blood, then stared at Rain Troop's soldiers.

Because of the deeply worn hood, the mood was much more dreary.

‘It would be good if their spirits are snapped.....’

He could end the battle.

But.

“T, troop commander sir!”

“Sir Viscount!”

“Kuuk!”

The Rain Troop's soldiers shouted with faces flushed red.

Their spirits, at the death of their commander and a noble Rust, instead boiled up.

‘It's a brave troop resembling its commander.’

Commonly, a troop that lost its commander would have its spirit snapped and scatter.

However, there occasionally were troops whose vengefulness and desire to fight burned up even more.

Rain Troop was the latter kind.

‘It became quite a headache.’

From using the blink spell just now, he had spent quite a lot of mana.

Although water energy was still left, he couldn't perform the Reid Art of Fighting with the water energy.

It was a situation where he couldn't use the Traviar Spear.

In the end, he could only use another weapon, but there was nothing amongst other things that fit in his hand.

“Let’s avenge Sir Viscount!”

“Let’s kill that bastard and commend troop commander’s death!”

The Rain Troop’s soldiers raised their weapons up high and shouted.

Roan slowly moved back and looked at Pichio.

“Pichio. While I block them, run away toward the back.”

At those words, Pichio shook his head.

“No. I will also stay here, sir.”

Roan creased his forehead.

“If it is because of me, there is nothing to worry. Since if it is me alone, I could easily escape.”

It was the truth.

While fighting a melee, he could easily run if needed.

However, he couldn’t do that if Pichio was here.

At those words, Pichio cheerily smiled and shook his head.

“I’m not worrying about my lord, sir. Right now, my feeling is very good.”

He stared at the Rain Troop, no, the road beyond the Rain Troop.

“It’s a feeling as if someone would appear.”

As soon as his words finished.

Vvuuuuuu!

From the front and the back, the sound of horn was heard.

# Chapter 171 : Crimson Ghost (4)

---

The troops that appeared in the front and back.

Amongst them, the troop that appeared in the back was the very troop that had been chased and was running from the Rain Troop.

On the other side behind the Rain Troop, the troop that appeared at the end of the road was a completely new troop.

< Lancephil Guardian Army. >

< Pavor Academy Troop. >

Familiar name was written on the high-soaring flag.

Roan made a faint smile.

‘So it’s the troop made up of Pavor Academy’s graduates and students.’

Already, he was well-informed of the information concerning the Lancephil Guardian Army through Agens and Tenebra Troop.

The Lancephil Guardian Army.

This legion began from the small-scale resistance made up of the

fief's citizens of the northeastern region centered around the few nobles and influential countryside houses.

Here, as the anti-Owells faction and the Pavor Academy's graduates and students who escaped from the Pavor Castle joined, it slowly took on the more systemic shape of a legion.

Especially, the joining of the Academy Knight School graduates and students had raised up their strength, which had been falling somewhat, by several degrees.

This was because most of them were knights or reserve knights who were learning the mana technique.

In other words, it meant that the Pavor Academy Troop that appeared at the Rain Troop's back, although their number of soldiers were small, were all skilled warriors who were learning the mana technique.

“We attack together!”

“Charge!”

From the front and the back, resounding cheers exploded out.

“Damn it! Do not step back!”

“Attack! Attack!”



The Rain Troop too did not retreat and counterattacked.

Although it was a situation disadvantageous to them in anyone's eyes, they were the kind who absolutely did not know of retreat.

There was also the fault of troop commander Viscount Rain's death paralyzing their reasons.

Boom!

With a sound of an explosion, the battle began.

Soon, a chaotic fight spread.

Roan and Pichio did not unnecessarily jump in and retreated to the back.

‘We will only make them needlessly confused.’

There was no need to make a crack in the well-organized group battle.

The battle flowed as predicted.

Although they had even formed a tie at first from Rain Troop's fierce attack, soon the tight situation of the battle began to collapse

from the combined attacks from the front and the back.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

The Rain Troop’s soldiers, together with throes of death, fell in ones and twos.

Finally, only after the moment their numbers did not quite reach five hundred, the sound of a horn signaling their retreat echoed.

Vvuu! Vvuu! Vvuu!

“Retreat!”

“Retreat towards the west!”

With a loud sound, the few small number of soldiers who survived began to run.

Even during that while, they did not forget to collect Rust’s corpse.

‘It’s a good troop.’

Beyond enemies and allies, them being a powerful troop was the

truth.

Lancephil Guardian Army did not obstinately chased their back.

It was because they too had received a great damage in a battle few days before.

Furthermore, the western region was Chase Legion and the Owells Forces' territory.

If not careful, there was a concern of being ambushed or receiving an unexpected attack.

“Clean up the battlefield!”

A thunderous voice hit the ears.

Soon following that, five young man came towards Roan and Pichio.

Amongst them, two people who were standing the most ahead slightly lowered their heads.

“I’m Pavor Academy Troop’s troop commander Aios Laden.”

“I’m the 3rd Guardian Troop’s troop commander Quals.”

Aios Laden was, as a graduate of the Pavor Academy Knight School, a person of a countryside noble house within the Lancephil Fief.

On the other hand, Quals was a hunter from Lancephil Northeast's Landingham Region, which was the Region of Guardian Army's base.

Roan and Pichio did not carelessly spoke up.

No, there wasn't even a space to speak up.

“From seeing only two people trying to stop the Rain Troop, I thought that you were insane men.”

Quals shook his head with a surprised expression.

“But not only did you stop the cavalry's charge, you even beat that highly infamous Viscount Rust Rain to death! That was really amazing!”

The elated story continued on longer for a while.

He greatly inflated Roan's actions and chattered as if to brag.

“I was so embarrassed from seeing the two sirs facing the Rain Troop. And because of that, I organized the soldiers again and have went out to counterattack.”

The reason the 3rd Guardian Troop that had been running had returned again was because of that such reason.

At that moment.

“Troop commander Quals. The story is enough with that much. More than that.....”

Aios, with a thinly opened eyes, stared at Roan.

“I’m curious of the sirs’ identity. It doesn’t seem that you are enemies, seeing how you blocked the Rain Troop, but.....”

Even so, they couldn’t hastily think of them as allies either.

Aios, who had momentarily hesitated the end of his words, asked in a low and quiet voice.

“What are your identities?”

At those words, Pichio cheerily smiled and answered first.

“I’m Pichio.”

“Pichio.....”

Aios tilted his head.

There wasn't any particular memory that came up.

Understandably, Pichio, even in the Tale Barony, took charge of the Mediasis Castle's public order and had focused on inside activities than outside activities.

It wasn't a widely known name yet.

Aios and Quals' gazes headed towards Roan.

Roan, with two hands, grabbed the hood he had deeply worn.

"I am....."

It was a quiet but powerful voice.

Slide.

The deeply worn hood fell down to his back.

A manly looking face was clearly revealed.

Roan faintly smiled and added on.

“Baron Roan Tale, no.....”

The end of his words slightly blurred.

But already, Aios and Quas were greatly shocked.

The two people stared at Roan while goggling their eyes.

It was because they hadn't thought at all that they would meet Roan at Landingham Region.

A heavy silence fell down.

At that moment, Roan's final words broke the silence and continued on.

“I am Count Roan Lancephil.”

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Landingham Region located at the Lancephil Fief's Northeast.

It was a major border region where the borders of three kingdoms, Rinse Kingdom, Byron Kingdom, and the Istel Kingdom, touched.

Because of that, the number of the residents and the soldiers

were, despite being a rather remote place, on the large side compared to other regions.

Thanks to the very such reason, when the Lancephil Fief became perilous from Count Jonathan Chase's invasion, the resistance of that time, the current Guardian Army, could gather and rise up.

Although the Landingham Region's base city, the Bert Castle, wasn't a castle with a large size like the capital, Pavor Castle, its walls were high and its reserved food were plenty as befitting a major border city.

The Bert Castle that had been burning the desire to resist and counterattack even after the fief war had broke out.

Right now, that place burnt up even hotter due to a single news.

“Have you heard? They say Sir Baron Tale is coming!”

“What Baron Tale. Did they not say that he had inherited Sir Count Lancephil's fief and title?”

“Ah! Right. The messenger that arrived a step ahead did definitely been spreading such rumor around.”

The news that made the Bert Castle jump.

It was Roan's appearance.



And it was the news that the very Roan had inherited Io Lancephil's fief and title.

"It should be true, right?"

"Of course. Definitely. Do you think Sir Count Roan Lancephil has possibly said a nonsense?"

"Right. Since he isn't such a man. Anyhow, if it becomes like that....."

Suddenly, the people's voices became low.

They pointlessly looked around at nearby eyes and added on.

"What happens to the Guardian Army?"

"You said it. Although everyone did say that they rose up to save Sir Count Io Lancephil and the fief, but....."

"In truth, they have been aiming for the next seat of count after cleaning up this event."

"Right. Right."

Of course, these were the thoughts of the castle's ordinary

citizens.

The voices became quieter.

“Then what happens to Sir Baron Landingham?”

“You’re right. Even though Sir Baron Bernard Landingham was the sir who led the resistance and the Guardian Army to here.....”

Although everyone had been keeping quiet, there were many opinions that Bernard Landingham would continue to Lancephil’s back in the case the fief war was sort out just like that.

At that moment.

“It’s Sir Baron Landingham!”

One of the castle’s resident shouted in a loud voice.

On the street that continued from the official mansion at the center of the castle to the west gate, the Lancephil Guardian Army’s major commanders, including Bernard, showed themselves.

‘Hhm. Everyone is being agitated.’

The middle-aged man standing most ahead amongst the group,

Bernard, leaked a quiet groan.

He brushed the beard that was grown long and laboriously made a relaxed smile.

However, his inner heart was truly complicated.

‘To think Roan Tale would inherit the title of count together with the fief.....’

As he was isolated at the Lancephil Fief’s Northeast, he wasn’t well-informed of the kingdom’s news.

‘What would happen to us, the Lancephil Guardian Army.....’

It was a worry whether the ones who had risen up for Io Lancephil and the Lancephil County would obediently follow Roan.

“I.....”

The inside of Bernard’s head became more and more complicated.

Originally, he wasn’t a man with a large ambition.

Although he was debated as the individual closest to the next seat

of count, there was not a single moment when he himself had entertained such greed.

‘If Roan Tale has the qualification as a count, I plan to follow him as much as possible.’

In any case, it was Io’s judgment and Io’s decision.

Respecting that too was a duty that he had to do as the Count Lancephil House’s retainer.

When his thought had reached about that point.

“It’s Sir Baron Roan Tale!”

“No, I told you it’s Sir Count!”

“Whatever! He has come over there!”

The Bert Castle’s citizens made a fuss.

Everyone’s gazes headed towards the west gate.

Clop. Clop.

Together with a sound of horse hooves, Roan and Pichio entered inside of the castle gate.

Roan hadn't particularly worn down the hood.

The manly looking face was clearly revealed.

“Waaaaah!”

“Hmm.”

It was an odd reaction mixed with cheers and groans.

Even the ordinary citizens each showed a different reaction to Roan inheriting the title of count.

At least the good thing was that even so, the side that supported and cheered him was much greater.

It was because of the actions and looks Roan had usually shown.

If he had acted haughty and arrogant after he had become a noble, there wouldn't have been cheers like now.

No, in the first place, Io wouldn't have even passed down the fief and the title to him.

The small actions that had been done for the people without being tied down by status had gathered and created the situation

right now.

There was nothing that he had earned carelessly.

It wasn't something he had earned because his luck was good.

It was all something possible because Roan's efforts were there.

Roan went down from his horse and slowly moved his feet.

Behind him, Pichio with slightly tense-expression followed.

‘Somehow, the feeling is.....’

It wasn't quite a good feeling.

It may be because of the cheer and groans that pour down and the gazes of the complicated people.

The part that Pichio's instinct was greatly different than a sorcerer or a fortune-teller's power to predict.

The possibility that the instinct would be greatly shaken according to Pichio's situation was high.

Because the ability called the instinct was itself a type of sense, it received a large effect from the conditions of Pichio's mind and

body.

In an extreme case, the instinct itself might not activate following the state of Pichio's emotion.

If Pichio were to meet Kali Owells, who was Roan's biggest enemy, he would naturally be swept up in a pessimistic emotion.

In such situations, not his instinct but the emotion the individual himself felt would control his body and heart.

The anger and annoyance towards Kali Owells.

This wasn't the instinct but his own emotion.

However, from Pichio's position, there was no means to differentiate whether that was his instinct or his own emotion.

Right now was the same.

The incredible heat more than tens of thousands citizens were pouring out.

And the whirl of extremely conflicting two emotion.

While the gazes of goodwill and hostility poured down simultaneously, the Guardian Army's commanders, including

Bernard, was exuding out an incredible spirit.

Pichio was daunted unknowing to himself and wrapped in an uneasy emotion.

And that was directly led.

‘The feeling isn’t good.’

To such a feeling.

Although it was an emotion that was felt quite ordinarily, the possibility of Pichio himself mistaking this as an instinct was plenty.

“My lord. The feeling isn’t good, sir.”

They were words passed in a small voice.

Roan quietly nodded his head.

Thankfully, he didn’t blindly trust Pichio’s instinct.

Roan calmed his breath and stopped his feet.

With a distance of a single step left, Roan and Bernard stood facing each other.



The two people couldn't easily speak up a word.

The first sentence.

The first greeting.

With this, Roan and Bernard, the two people's relationship would be decided and set.

Not only that, whether he recognized Roan's transfer of the Count Lancephil title or not would also be decided.

The weight a single word had was incredibly heavy.

Roan and Bernard.

Like that, the two people wordlessly stared at each other for a long while.

'They're undecorated and clear eyes.'

Bernard looked into Roan's eyes and inwardly exclaimed.

They weren't eyes that anyone could have.

‘They aren’t eyes that oppresses and presses me down.’

The more he looked into them, he felt himself slowly falling in.

In the end, Bernard lowered his head first.

“I am a retainer of the Count Lancephil House and the one responsible for the Landingham Region’s command, Bernard Landingham, sir.”

He showed respect.

His manner and voice were polite.

“Kuk.”

“Tch.”

Few amongst the commanders behind him clenched their teeth.

Uncomfortable looks were clear on their faces.

Roan did not mind them and slightly lowered his head.

“I am Roan Lancephil.”

Through this brief greeting, Roan and Bernard's relationship was set.

The problem was that only the two people's relationship was set.

Sure enough.

Few amongst the commanders whose uncomfortable looks were clear burst out in rage.

"I, I cannot acknowledge this, sir!"

"Even though we placed our lives and defended the fief! For the fief lord to be suddenly changed, sir!"

"I cannot acknowledge this situation, sir!"

Most of them were young man who looked to be in the late twenties.

Roan quietly stared at them.

'Right. They wouldn't be able to simply step back.'

He understood the feelings of the young sons of the noble houses.

And exactly because of such problem, he had risked the danger

and came to the Landingham Region here.

Of course, even though there was a more important reason.

Roan stared straight at the young nobles bursting with rage.

“I.....”

It was a small but powerful voice.

“Do not require your acknowledgements.”

It was a resolute tone.

“Eh?!”

“Are you saying you’ll ignore mere things like us right now, sir?”

“Huh! I’m speechless!”

The young nobles’ voices became much louder.

Roan made a faint smile as he quietly watched that sight.

“But.....”

His voice slowly became louder.

The nobles who were bursting with rage closed their mouths and stared at Roan.

The smile hanging on Roan's mouth became slightly more thicker.

“I do need you.”

I do not need your acknowledgements, but I do need you.

Those words were heard clearly in the ears of the young nobles as well as the ears of the castle's citizens who were gathered.

Roan looked around at everyone and spoke in a loud voice.

“No, I need everyone who is here.”

From his entire body, a soft but powerful pressure exuded out.

It was the dignity of a great general.

The people unknowingly gulped back dry spit.

Everyone's gazes headed towards Roan.

Roan fell silent for a moment, then slowly added on.

"I will receive your acknowledgements after the fief war ends."

His attitude and voice was overflowing with confidence.

It looked as if he hadn't even made the thought that he wouldn't receive the acknowledgements.

Two people amongst the nobles who burst out in rage asked.

"If we do not acknowledge Sir. Ba. Ron. Until the end, what would you do, sir?"

"Are you not worried that we won't acknowledge the transfer of the title until the end?"

At those words, Roan cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

"I....."

The soft and powerful voice spread out to the entire Bert Castle.

"Do not worry of things that won't happen."

# Chapter 172 : Crimson Ghost (5)

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Silence.

A heavy silence fell down.

Although there were countless people inside the conference room, not one person carelessly opened up their mouth.

Their gazes all headed towards a single place.

The young man who took seat at the head of the long table.

It was Roan.

‘The mood is strange.’

He inwardly made a bitter smile.

On the table’s right, the ones cordial to him, including Baron Bernard Landingham, had taken seat.

In reverse, on the table’s left, the ones who were antagonistic or had dissatisfaction at the current situation had taken seat.

The two sides were glaring at each other and were doing an odd psychological warfare.

The one who broke the silence was Bernard.

“For now, we must combine our strengths and repel the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces.”

At those words, a young commander who sat nearby echoed.

“That is right. There is less than twenty days until the end of the fief war. We must hurry.”

Once it became the day of the fief war’s deadline that the capital, Miller, had decided, both forces had to immediately stop the battle and draw back.

Because it acknowledged the occupied regions at the time of the conclusion as the fiefs, from the position of the Count Lancephil House which already had lost half of the fief, it was a situation where they had to go out and counterattack as soon as possible.

At that moment, from Bernard’s opposite side, the side that held antagonistic view towards Roan, a young noble spoke up with a stiff expression.

“I agree that we must repel the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces. However.....”

He was Baron Andre Molde, who had walked together with



Bernard since the resistance days.

Andre was the natural representative of the many young nobles as well as the commander who practically led the academy troop.

Currently, the faction that had dissatisfaction towards Roan were the Pavor Academy's graduates, student, and noble houses' sons.

Although their numbers weren't very great, at least in strength, they were considered within the first finger in the Lancephil Guardian Army.

‘Although Sir Count Lancephil had transferred them and his majesty the king had approved.....’

Whether to serve or not serve that Roan was a problem each individual had to judge.

Depending on the situation, the possibility of them leaving away to find a new lord was also high.

Denying the king's approval wasn't something that was possible, but deciding the lord to serve was an individual's liberty.

Andre looked around at the many people of the conference room and added on.

“The Lancpehil Guardian Army has its own command system.

They are all warriors who have outstanding abilities.”

To a certain degree, they were correct words.

As much as the Landingham Region was a major border region, the commanders who commanded the troops were on the side where one’s abilities were quite outstanding.

Andre stared straight at Roan.

The young general’s pressure was felt.

“Although we have heard and learned of Sir Count Roan Lancephil’s fame numerous times, we have never actually seen those skills.”

Numerous people nodded their heads.

The mood flowed on oddly.

This was a type of a pressure fight.

Officially, they couldn’t casually go against or hinder Roan, who had inherited the fief and the title.

However, fights between generals were something that could easily occur even on ordinary days.

‘It seems they wish to take the initiative.’

Roan inwardly made a smile.

Andre’s intention was clearly seen.

Sure enough.

“I wish to see Sir Count’s skills.”

Andre stood up from his seat as he slightly lowered his head.

Following his back, four young commanders echoed as they stood up from their seat.

“I also implore you, sir.”

“I too request of you, sir.”

Bernard, you had been watching, creased his forehead.

“Enough! Having a fight between allies with a big battle ahead of you! All of you must have lost your minds!”

He reproached in a loud chiding sound.

But even so, the young commanders including Andre had no thoughts of stepping back.

‘We have to dominate the initiative.’

They planned to bring the leadership of the command to them.

Although they would have to listen to Roan’s orders, speaking their voices would become much easier if they took the leadership of the command.

‘It might be difficult if we face him alone, but.....’

‘If we five take turns facing him.....’

‘There’s enough chance to win.’

‘Furthermore, if it’s Sir Baron Andre Molde, he may create a tie.’

Andre was a high-famed warrior in the Landingham Region.

It was to a point that rumors saying that the monsters would run just from hearing his name.

“I request of you, sir.”

Andre once again lowered his head.

“There is no need to accept, sir.”

Bernard, with a flushed red face, looked at Roan.

Roan slightly raised his right hand as if to say it was okay, then stood up from his seat.

“Alright. Checking each other’s skills ahead of the big battle isn’t bad either.”

He faintly smiled and nodded his head.

‘We did it!’

‘Alright!’

The young commanders including Andre all inwardly cheered in delight.

They looked at each other and made bright smiles.

It was a sight as if they had already won.

Roan quietly stared at that sight, then spoke in a soft voice.

“Ah, but in return, there is one request.”

At those words, the young nobles including Andre looked at Roan with puzzled expressions.

‘He wouldn’t possibly say he’ll face just one person, would he?’

‘Is he saying he will face one person per day?’

Complicated thoughts filled their heads.

Roan made a cheerful smile.

“We do not have much time left. There also isn’t the time to fight everyone individually.”

Andre and the young commanders creased their brows.

Roan did not mind them and added on.

“All of you.....’

He grabbed the Travias Spear at his waist.

The smile on his mouth became much thicker.

“I will take on together.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“How do you do these days, sir?”

Simon Rinse filled cold water into an empty cup.

“There are many this and that things I am doing, your highness.”

The person holding up the teacup with both hands was Io Lancephil.

Simon nodded as he also filled cold water into his own cup.

“It seems you have become busier after your transfer of the nobility, sir.”

“It has somehow become like that, your highness.”

Io formed a faint smile.

He, like Simon's words, was living a busier life than before after passing on his fief and the nobility to Roan.

Although it was a nobility transfer through the official procedure, the nobles who still held antagonistic positions towards Roan were many.

Io was meeting numerous nobles and making Roan's allies.

“Roan must truly feel reassured, sir.”

Simon knew how much Io was endeavoring for Roan.

Io, instead of an answer, merely made a smile.

Clink.

Simon carefully put down the teacup he was holding, then stared straight into Io's two eyes.

“The reason I contacted you to meet alone today is because there is something I have to earnestly tell you, sir.”

His voice and expression became quite serious.

Io too put down the teacup he held and leaned his ears.

Simon inhaled deeply.

It was a look as if he had finally made a big decision.



“I plan to place a greater strength upon Roan from now on.”

“Hmm.”

Io leaked a groan.

That Simon was already on Roan’s side was a fact that everyone already knew of.

But him particularly speaking up such words meant that there would be a bit more serious backing and support.

“I too will have to become independent soon, sir.”

Although it was a short sentence, Io, who was a veteran politician, instantly perceived the meaning within it.

‘It seems he plans to exit out of Duke Webster’s bosom.’

The meaning of why he would place great strength upon Roan became clear.

Right now, Simon.

‘Plans to make an independent faction that could stand up to Duke Webster House.’

He had chosen Roan as that faction's leader.

Io slowly nodded his head.

Simon looked at that sight and inwardly made a smile.

'As expected of Io Lancephil. He understood my intent completely'

Thanks to Io understanding it quickly, it became easier to open up the talk.

"However, sir, there is one problem."

Simon's voice became slightly lower.

Io, with a needlessly tense expression, swallowed dry spit.

Simon exhaled a short sigh.

"I need the God's Medicine.'

The method to control the mana of the mana technique he was currently learning.

That was only the God's Medicine.

Although Bradley Webster had decided to obtain it for him originally, the state of the progress was only slow.

Furthermore, he couldn't only rely on Bradley when he had now decided to clean up their relationship.

Simon stared straight into Io's eyes.

"Please obtain the God's Medicine for me."

This was the very reason Simon had called Io and had a meeting alone.

Io momentarily became silent.

'To obtain the God's Medicine, I have to go to the Holy Palace.'

The Holy Palace was located in the Estia Empire.

Even that itself wasn't an easy trip, but the bigger problem was.

'There is no way that they will hand over the God's Medicine so easily.'

The God's Medicine was literally the medicine of god.

Because the manufacturing method was greatly difficult, not many were available.

According to the rumors, the number of the God's Medicine the Holy Palace kept did not exceed ten.

‘But even so, if I were to refuse.....’

The story about placing strength upon Roan would become something that did not happen.

If it was Simon's personality, it was something plently possible.

‘Up until now, Prince Simon is closest to the seat of the next king. Prince Simon's support would become a big strength to Roan.’

Io did not know of Roan's dream and goal yet.

‘In the end, is there no way but to follow?’

There was no choices.

There was no method to refuse Simon's request.

Io lowered his head.

“I will obtain and bring it, your highness.”

Instantly, a smile bloomed on Simon’s face.

“Hahaha. Truly, thank you very much.”

With a satisfied expression, he nodded his head.

The excited look was obvious.

“Please don’t worry about Roan. I will reassuringly protect him.”

Io, with a bitter smile, lowered his head.

“Yes. Thank you very much.”

If it was for Roan, he could do anything.

Although it wasn’t an easy task, even so, it wasn’t something impossible either.

‘I only need to go and come back shortly.’

He braced his heart with effort.

However, Io did not quite knew.

Of the incredible tempest this decision would bring.

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“Will you really not regret it, sir?”

Andre glared with his eyes while holding a wooden sword.

Around him, the four young commanders stood.

Displeased looks were clear on all of them.

“It is okay, so come at me as much as you want.”

Roan cheerily smiled and shook an end of a wooden pole.

Andre asked again.

“We are really okay to even use mana, is that right sir?”

Roan nodded his head instead of answering.

Andre clenched his teeth.

“Even if you are looking down on us, you are looking down on us too much, sir.”

Roan and the five commanders.

They were currently before a duel.

At the drill hall located behind the official mansion, many people had gathered.

‘Sir Count Lancephil.’

Bernard looked at Roan with a slightly restless look.

‘They are highly famed warriors even in this region.’

He thought that Roan had made a big mistake from an impatient feeling.

He knew that Roan’s skills were outstanding through the rumors.

But even so, facing five warriors at once was unreasonable.

‘If not careful, the commanders could look down on Sir Count.’

As Andre’s intention, the leadership of the command center could completely go over.

‘I can only cut in and stop them if pinched.’

Bernard rubbed the scabbard at his waist.

He signaled with his eyes at the commanders nearby.

They, all Bernard’s close aids, were men favorable to Roan.

At that moment.

“They, they’re starting!”

One of the spectators shouted in a loud voice.

Bernard quickly looked at Roan and Andre.

Andre had kicked the ground and was running towards Roan.

Four commanders followed his back.

The fight had finally started.

‘I have to show an overwhelming strength.’



Roan looked at Andre and the commanders and inhaled deeply.

The reason he had accepted their arrogant proposal for duel.

He too was having the same thought as Andre.

‘I will dominate the lead with an overwhelming strength.’

It was for seizing the leadership of the legion’s command.

To do so, it could not be a poor fight.

It must be an overwhelming victory.

Roan inserted strength into the hand holding the wooden pole.

Pabat!

The tip of the pole greatly shook and split the air.

“Hph!”

“Kuk!”

Andre and the commanders who were rushing towards him, surprised, swung their own weapons.

Ttadac! Ttac! Ttac!

With a heavy sound, a fierce battle spread out.

‘Kuuk. What strength.....’

At the numb feeling at his wrist, Andre gritted his teeth.

The strength behind Roan’s wooden pole was enormous.

‘E, even so, we are five!’

Andre and the commanders met their eyes, then went on a coordinated attack.

Taat!

They matched their hands and feet, and instantly surrounded Roan.

A crisis.

However, Roan’s expression was greatly relaxed.

He quickly and erratically moved his feet and swung the pole.

The mana inside his body twitched and soared.

‘This is the Flamdor Mana Technique.’

The entire wooden pole turned red.

Simultaneously.

Paat!

Through the Brent’s Ring, more than ten balls of light were created around him.

It was the light spell.

“Kuk!”

“Kuuk!”

Andre and the young commanders, at the abrupt light spell, squinted their eyes.

But because they too were quite skilled warriors, they did not closed their eyes or turned their heads.

But.

Puck! Pubuck! Puck!

Taking on Roan's pole that moved between the balls of light as if to dance wasn't easy.

"Beautiful....."

A quiet exclamation burst out between the spectators.

Roan's movements were outstanding enough for an exclamation to come out.

A crimson pole roaming between the lights and embroidering the space.

"Da, damn it!"

Andre spat out a curse and swung his sword.

'To think there would actually be this much gap.'

Rather than the rumors of Roan being pointlessly bloated, it was lacking.

'Just one hit, I will hit at least once.'

Andre's sword cut through the air.

At that moment, Roan's pole that whipped the air moved erratically like a snake, then perfectly struck and hit the end of the wooden sword.

Ttaag!

An explosive sound burst out.

Simultaneously.

Puuck!

Unbelievably, the sword exploded out.

“Kuuk!”

Andre stepped back as he clenched his hand.

Roan's pole moved without stopping.

Puuck! Pubuck! Puuck!

The young commanders' weapons successively blew apart as if

they exploded.

“Ri, ridiculous.”

The commanders shook their heads as if they couldn't believe it.

At that moment.

A flame bursted up following the crimson-tinted pole.

The heat inside his body, in a flash, had bursted out as if exploded.

Fwooosh!

An enormous flame soared as it drew a shape of the spearhead.

Gulp.

Andre and the commanders gulped down dry spit with dazed expressions.

Roan was proudly standing while slantly holding the pole.

The crimson fire waved following the pole as if to protect Roan.

An incredible dignity that stopped breaths was felt.

That was truly an incredible sight.

“A, a crimson ghost.....”

“It’s the Crimson Ghost.”

Andre and the commanders as well as even the spectators including Bernard murmured with dazed expressions.

At those words, Roan slowly shook his head.

“I am not Crimson Ghost.”

The Crimson Ghost was a story only applied to the enemies.

Roan formed a soft smile.

“I.....”

Strength went into his voice.

All leaned their ears with their mouths closed.

Roan’s voice rang throughout the drill hall.

“Am your lord.”



# Chapter 173 : Crimson Ghost (6)

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“How annoying.”

Duke Bradley Webster creased his brows while holding a wine cup.

In the grand and brilliant space, a duke and ten retainers including Bradley were there.

Only, unlike Bradley who was sitting on a soft chair, the ten retainers were standing straight along a wall.

“Io Lancephil.....”

Bradley emptied the cup and spat out a long sigh.

‘As that man passed the fief and the title to Roan, the laboriously prepared plans became a bubble.’

No, it wasn’t at a level of becoming a bubble.

A large obstacle had appeared on the road he had schemed.

“Huh.”

A laugh came out.

It was a type of habit and a quirk that came out whenever he became angry or the annoyance soared.

He raised his head and looked at the retainers standing along the opposite wall.

“And the Prince?”

At the short questioning words, one of the retainers instantly answered.

“He is moving busily, sir.”

“Busily, is it.....”

Bradley formed a bitter smile.

“This truly makes my heart sad. A grandson who doesn’t think of his grandfather as needed anymore.....”

He asked once again in a quiet voice.

“They said he extended his hand to Io, yes?”

“That is correct.”

“It seems he is an ungrateful grandson.....”

Bradley bitterly smiled, then filled his cup again.

“Make sure to place people in Io’s surroundings as well.”

“Yes, understood, sir.”

The retainers, with courteous manner, lowered their heads.

However, that wasn’t the end of Bradley’s orders.

“And we will have to take care of Roan’s side as well.”

“Should we attach a man on that side as well, sir?”

At the retainers’ question, Bradley shook his head.

“No. There are lot of headache-inducing bastards on that side. The possibility of needlessly borrowing trouble is high.”

“Then.....”

The retainers asked Bradley’s mind.

Bradley cheerily smiled and answered shortly.

“Call the hexers.”

Instantly, surprised expressions floated up on the retainers' faces.

‘Hexers?’

‘Is the lord thinking of borrowing those revolting bastards' hand once again?’

Uncomfortable and dissatisfied looks.

However, Bradley did not mind them.

The hexers were merely one of the weapons he had.

“Roan, let's tear apart.....”

On his mouth, a horrifying and cold smile hung.

“That brat's mind.”

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After Roan and Baron Andre Molde's duel ended, the

dissatisfaction towards Roan, whether sincerely or not, died down for now.

Their lead had been suppressed in front of the might and dignity that Roan had shown.

But.

“The number of soldiers is still inferior.”

“The level of the soldiers is also the same, sir. Since most of the Lancephil Guardian Army are farmers.”

The war situation still wasn't good.

The situation hadn't become dramatically advantageous just because Roan and the Lancephil Guardian Army had united.

At that moment, Baron Bernard Landingham, who had been quiet, cautiously opened his mouth.

“Even so, the frontline itself isn't bad, sir. At the northeast frontline, us Lancephil Guardian Army, and at the center and the west, the Tale Legion have taken position.”

Taking and looking only at the frontline itself, it was a situation where they were surrounding the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces.

Baron Andre Molde cut in.

“It’s a situation where we are literally only surrounding them. Merely raids and ambush attacks are all the things we could actually do.”

Group battle or frontal fight was illogical.

Everyone’s gazes headed towards Roan.

On their faces, expectations wondering whether there might be some method if it was Roan were floated up. Sure enough, Roan formed a faint smile as if answering the people’s expectations.

“For now, I will tell you of the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces’ every little movements.”

Already, it was a situation where he had meticulously grasped the enemy forces’ size and location as well as their travel directions and the formation of their camps through Agens, Tenebra Troop, and the druids.

Through a powerful intelligence strength, he was trying to close the difference between the number of soldiers or the soldiers’ level by even a little bit.

Few commanders nodded their heads.

It was because they had vaguely realized the power information had.

However, it was inadequate to cause a great reversal.

Something a little more definite was needed.

“And.....”

Thankfully, Roan had prepared another different plan.

He, with twinkling eyes, looked at the numerous commanders.

“There is a place that would harass the Chase County.”

At those words, numerous nobles including Bernard and Andre creased their brows.

“The capital, Miller, has prevented the intervention of anyone other than those directly related to the fief war, sir.”

“There is no man who could harass Count Chase.”

Even in the worst circumstance, it was something impossible for even the kingdom's dukes.

Roan stared at their faces and smiled.

“They.....”

His expression was weighty.

Soon, a surprising story flowed out.

“Are not humans.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Huu.”

A long sigh hit the ground.

At a corner of a drill hall where not even the sunlight reached.

Underneath the shade that hung long, one young man was sitting and taking a rest.

Although countless soldiers were doing individual training and troop drills inside the drill hall, there was no one amongst them who spoke to, no, even approached him.

‘How did it became like this.....’



The young man spat out a long sigh once again.

The people's gazes felt much harsher.

At that moment.

“Hm?”

There was one man who was directly crossing the drill hall and approaching.

Each time he moved his step, the soldiers who were doing training and drills all stopped their movements and saluted.

A soft pressure exuded out from the bold steps and pose.

‘Sir Count Roan Lancephil.’

The man walking towards the young man was Roan.

The young man stared at Roan, who had reached in front of his nose in no time, and stood up from the place.

A bitter smile hung on his mouth.

‘The thing called fate truly is awful.’

He saluted towards Roan.

“I greet Sir Count.”

Roan slightly nodded his head, then stood still and stared at the young man.

The sharp looking young man.

Roan deeply breathed in and passed his greeting in a quiet voice.

“It’s been a while. Walter Owells.”

The young man, he was in fact the big shot who contested the valedictorian of the Pavor Academy Knight School and the firstborn of Kali Owells, who currently had betrayed Io Lancephil and had sided with Count Jonathan Chase, Walter Owells.

‘Is it the first after seeing at the Slan Battle.’

Roan and Walter were already acquainted.

When Roan had taken down the female Orc warrior Violin and was cleaning up the battlefield, Baron Aaron Tate’s daughter, Mary Tate, and Walter Owells had once visited the camp.

At least back then, Walter was a son of a prestigious noble house and an academy student with an outstanding ability, and Roan was an ordinary spearman of an ordinary commoner background who had nothing.

But now, Roan had become the Rinse Kingdom's count and Walter had taken on the dishonor called the traitor's son.

Although life was called something in which a single step ahead couldn't be seen, the two people's position at least had achieved a dramatic reversal.

‘I'm bold.’

Walter opened his chest with effort.

Since the moment his father, Kali, had betrayed Io and raised the fief war, he had joined the Lancephil Guardian Army.

Walter chose honor rather than blood.

He had resolved to throw his life for Io and the Lancephil fief.

To correct his father's wrong, he had ran east and west and endeavored.

However, the people stared at Walter with not so kind gazes.

The cause of the outbreak of the current fief war and the traitor who pointed his sword at his master.

Kali's son, Walter.

The weight that gave was much heavier than he had thought.

Due to that, Walter was heading out to the battles as an ordinary soldier without receiving adjutant or troop commander nor not even a squad commander rank despite the excellent skill.

However, Walter had no dissatisfaction at the such situation.

He understood his Guardian Army comrades and the soldiers' feelings.

Since Walter too found his father, Kali Owells, detestable.

Roan breathed in deeply.

“Walter, what are you doing right now?”

It was a voice that seemed like it was reproaching.

Walter erased the bitter smile and dropped his head.

“I was resting for a moment, sir.”

“No, that is not what I’m asking. The current war situation is greatly disadvantageous to the Lancephil Guardian Army. But why is a man with a outstanding skill like you wasting that ability?”

“That is.....”

Walter tried to speak as if to protest, but soon closed his mouth.

Roan quietly stared at such Walter.

“Walter, what do you think of your father, Kali Owells?”

Walter raised his head straight and answered without even a second of hesitation.

“He is a traitor, nothing more, nothing less, sir.”

Roan slightly nodded his head, then asked again.

“If you were to face him on the battlefield, would you be able to swing your sword without hesitation?”

As expected, Walter answered without a single second of hesitation.

“Of course, sir.”

Because he had such resolve, he had ignored even Kali’s summon and had remained in the Lancephil Guardian Army.

Because he had such resolve, he could bear even the comrades’ cold gazes.

‘The knight does not hold his sword upside down.’

That was Walter’s thought, and was Walter’s value.

Roan, with a satisfied expression, nodded his head.

“There is an order I will separately give to you.”

“Whatever order it is, I will follow, sir.”

Walter straightened his pose with a determined expression.

Roan stared straight into his eyes.

“It’s not an easy mission.”

It truly was not an easy mission.

However, it was a mission that couldn't be done unless it was Walter.

Roan approached Walter one step closer and spoke in a quiet voice.

“Betray the Lancephil Guardian Army.....”

The sharp words hit his ears, no, pierced his heart.

“And go to Kali Owells.”

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“Yawn. Tired, tired.”

The young soldiers yawned long.

The comrade that was nearby creased his forehead and spoke criticizing words.

“Get a hold of yourself.”

At those words, the soldier that had yawned shook his head as he smacked his lips.

“Smack, there's no need to be too nervous like that. Here is a

place that's quite distant from even the front line. There's almost no chance the Lancephil Guardian Army bastards would appear. Also, right now's a pitch black twilight, a twilight."

He looked up at the night sky and yawned long once again.

The soldier who made criticizing words spoke with a stiffly solidified expression.

"Haven't you heard that news? The allied camp located at the west has been annihilated by the Lancephil Guardian Army's raid attack. Recently, those bastards' movements aren't usual. And because of that, we even increased the number of guards like this."

The Lancephil Guardian Army, which had been busy maintaining the frontline, began to move like a ghost since about four days ago.

"Nah, that are small-scale troop camps that was done in, and large-scale camps like us Nox Troop is safe. Unless those Lancephil Guardian Army guys go insane, they wouldn't....."

When his words reached about that point.

Puuck!

With a horrifying sound, an arrow was stuck on the skull of the soldier who was chatting excitedly.



“Huph!”

The moment the soldier who had been listening to his story lowered his head with a surprised expression.

Puuck!

Again, a single arrow flew and pierced the soldier’s neck.

That was the start.

Pubuk! Pububububuk! Pubuk!

Crossing the night sky, tens, hundreds of fire arrows fell inside the Nox Troop’s camp.

Fwoosh!

Following the fences and the tents, flames bursted up.

The soldiers who were carrying out the sentry duties became porcupines and fell.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

Even in that while, the ones who barely survived hit the watchtower’s bell as hard as they could.

“Wha, what!”

“It’s the enemy!”

“It’s an enemy attack!”

The soldiers sprinted out of the tents and shouted.

However, the inside of the camp had, already, long turned into a sea of flames.

The soldiers fell into chaos.

At that moment.

Dududududu!

As if it had been waiting, the sound of horse hooves ringing the ground were heard.

Boom!

The fences that had been barely standing with fire on shattered into pieces with a sound of explosion.

Through the gaps of fallen fences, a cavalry showed up.

< Lancephil Guardian Army >.

< Pavor Academy Troop >.

The highly soaring flag showed off its dignity.

“Kill them!”

“Tore apart the camp’s inside!”

The man standing at the head and leading the troop was Baron Andre Molde.

Following his command, hundreds of horsemen formed a group and pierced through the camp.

Following that back, hundreds of foot soldiers and archers showed themselves once again.

“Damn it! To think it’s the Lancephil Guardian Army!”

The Nox Troop’s commanders, who had appeared at the center of the camp a moment late, clenched their teeth tight.

Although they had reinforced the sentry soldiers because the

Lancephil Guardian Army's movements had been unusual recently, even so, there were feelings of doubt.

Although several small-scale troop's camps had been defeated, they thought that they were different.

They hadn't possibly thought that the Lancephil Guardian Army, made up of farmers, would raid a large-scale troop's camp.

"Damn it! Put out the fire!"

"Form the battle lines! The bastards are farmers who haven't properly held a spear once!"

"If we counter calmly, we can easily defeat them!"

The Nox Troop's commanders shouted at the top of their lungs.

At that moment.

Fwooosh!

The flame that waved following the fences suddenly began to move peculiarly as if to dance.

Simultaneously.

Paat!

With a bright red flame, a single warhorse burst out in front of the commanders.

“Wha, what!”

The commanders shouted with befuddled expressions.

Following the black spear, a spearhead made of flames soared up.

The man who sat on the warhorse and slantly held the flaming spear.

The flames waved around him.

A phenomenal sight.

That brought to mind almost a master of fire, a monarch of flames.

“Pe, perhaps.....”

One amongst the Nox Troop’s commanders stuttered words with a bleached white face.

“Th, the Crimson Ghost?”

The end of his voice severely shook.

At that sound, the nearby commanders as well as even the ordinary soldiers goggled their eyes and made shocked expressions.

“The Crimson Ghost?”

“Roan Lancephil he say?”

“How is Count Lancephil here?”

“Isn’t he supposed to be in the west right now?”

Including them, the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces knew of Roan as roaming the western frontline.

That man had abruptly appeared in the Landingham Region.

He had been leading the Guardian Army and stirring the eastern frontline.

As if he had been waiting, a resounding voice bursted out.

“I am Roan Lancephil!”

The man, Roan shook the Traviar Spear in a long line.

Each time, a stream of fire crossed the night sky.

“I will leave those who surrender alive! But.....”

Suddenly, an incredible flame soared up with him at the center.

Simultaneously, the flame that flowed along the Traviar Spear struck the ground.

Boom!

With a sound of explosion, the surface of the earth flipped.

Roan glared at the Nox Troop's soldiers while slantly holding the spear.

“I will kill all those who resist.”

He spoke in a horrifying voice.

An incredible pressure swept the battlefield.

“Uuhuk!”

“I, I surrender!”

Few soldiers threw down their weapons and kneeled down.

“You bastards! The enemy’s number is smaller than us!”

“Fight! Push them out!”

The commanders swung their swords and shouted.

Few soldiers, following the order, formed battle lines.

Roan looked at that sight and made a bitter smile.

The time to dance once again had come.

He raised the spear up high.

“Lancephil Guardian Army, Charge!”

As soon as the order fell, the Guardian Army’s soldiers, who had been tearing apart the camp, raised their weapons and pounced.

However, the thing that hit the Nox Troop ahead of them was.

Fwooosh!



The flame that extended long following the Traviar Spear.

Boom!

And Roan, who brought to mind the flame itself.

Finally, not from the West where Jonathan and Kali was pouring all their concerns but from the completely unexpected East, the full-scale counterattack had begun.

Together with a bright red flame.

# Chapter 174 : The Decisive Battle (1)

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Around the time that Roan had began to seriously move at the northeastern frontline, one young man showed up at the main Owell Forces' camp that had advanced all the way to the vicinity of the Pavor Castle.

A young man, although the tired look was apparent, whose eyes at least were fiercely alive, it was Walter Owells.

Receiving the guide of the Owells Forces' major commanders, he headed towards the tent Viscount Kali Owells was staying.

“Have you come?”

When he entered the inside of the tent, Kali, who was sitting at the head seat, passed his greeting with a brusque voice.

Walter quietly stood and stared at Kali's face, then slowly lowered his head.

“I was a little late, father.”

“A little late, is it..... you've become brazen during the time I haven't seen you.”

Kali made a bitter smile.

If Walter wasn't the eldest son who would lead the Owells House, he would have threw him out, but threw him out long ago.

Walter looked straight into Kali's eyes.

"Father has aged while I haven't seen you."

He, even with Kali, an imperturbable opponent and an incredibly ambitious man, in front of him, didn't step back a single step.

'This brat.....

Kali looked at Walter with a complicated light in his eyes.

From the time he was in the Pavor Academy, he was the son whose talent at least was chosen on a hand.

Because his character too was upright and excellent, he was a talent that Count Io Lancephil had greatly valued.

Walter was certainly the most qualified man who could revive the Owells House.

But.

'He is too soft.'

He was a brat who was bounded by an empty thing called chivalry or whatnot.

Because of that, Walter had chosen not his father Kali but Io Lancephil in the current fief war.

‘That you have suddenly came finding me?’

It was natural that the intent was extremely suspicious.

“What’s the reason you suddenly changed your heart?”

What could have changed the resolved heart of his son?

If it wasn’t a proper reason, the possibility of it being a lie or a deceit was high.

Walter faintly smiled and answered.

“Having gotten old, it seems that even your ears have gone dark, father.”

Purposely scratching Kali’s ego, he spat out word by word as if to chew.

“Right now, Roan has appeared in the Landingham Region at northeast.”

“What?”

Kali’s face that had been maintaining the composed look abruptly crumpled.

‘The bastard is not at the west but northeast?’

In order to catch Roan, he had transferred the elite troop to the west.

That was not only the Owells Forces but the same for the Chase Legion.

But in actuality, Roan had showed up at a completely dubious place.

Walter sinisterly smiled and added on.

“The bastard has secretly appeared while bringing just a single retainer. Using that he himself is the new Count Lancephil, Roan instantly seized the Guardian Army.”

“Hmm.”

Kali creased his forehead.

His chest felt stifled.

‘Does it mean he has taken even the Guardian Army into his grasp?’

It felt as if the things were becoming more and more complicated.

Even so, Kali tried to maintain his calm.

‘Either way, I also have to destroy the Guardian Army bastards.’

He laboriously calmed his breath and looked at Walter.

“And what’s the relation between that and you changing your heart?”

“There’s a very big relation.”

Walter instantly answered, then added on with a cold expression.

“I wish to serve Sir Count Io Lancephil, not serve Roan Lancephil. Word for word, he is no different than a stone that rolled in. There is no way for me to lower my head towards a bastard who’s even background is vague.”

“Hmm.”

Kali leaked a quiet groan.

Walter's thoughts of Roan was the same as Kali's thoughts.

‘He has rose up in fear of the Lancephil fief and the title going over to the lowly bastard.’

Ultimately, Io, as according to Kali's prediction, transferred the fief and the title to Roan.

He slowly nodded his head.

“And what do you plan to do from now on?”

Kali thought to check over his son Walter's intentions.

Walter coldly smiled and answered.

“Either way, Lancephil fief and the title have went over to Roan. Now the Count Lancephil House isn't the house I was going to serve. Now that it became like this.....”

His eyes flashed and shone a light.

“I also plan to look at a much higher place, father.”

“A higher place, is it.....?”

Kali hesitated the end of his words and looked at Walter.

Walter slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. When even a lowly bastard becomes a count, there shouldn’t be any reason that even I can’t become one.”

At those words, Kali made a satisfied expression.

‘This is it. This is it. The look I wanted was exactly this.’

He wished that his son Walter would have a little bigger ambition.

Kali stood up from his seat and grabbed Walter’s shoulder.

“Walter.”

“Yes. Father.”

The two people’s gazes blazingly tangled.

Strength kept going into the father’s hand holding the son’s shoulder.



Kali, in a quiet and powerful voice, spoke.

“The very final viscount of the Owells House is I.”

An incredible energy spouted out from his entire body.

“Walter Owells. You.....”

They were words exhaled as if to declare.

“Become the first count of the Owells House.”

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“Sir, we have conquered the Labenum Castle.”

Baron Bernard Landingham looked at the rampart where the Lancephil Guardian Army’s flag went up and formed a smile.

Roan, who had waged a fierce battle at the frontline until just now, spat out a short breath.

“It was easier than expected.”

At those words, Bernard smiled much brighter and answered.

“As the tales of Guardian Army’s achievements spread, the citizens of the fief and the preexisting retainers that shrunk are responding, sir.”

“On top of that, the spirits have went up even more as the West and Southern Center’s Tale Legion won consecutive victories.”

“Several small castles’ lords are personally attacking the Owells Forces, sir.”

Numerous commanders echoed and cheered.

At that moment, Baron Andre Molde, who had personally raised the legion’s flag, rode his horse and approached.

“We have carefully inspected the surrendered men and organized them into a new legion, sir.”

“Good work.”

Roan shortly thanked him and nodded his head.

Andre looked at the Lancephil Guardian Army that had took place on the field outside the castle and let out a short exclamation.

“As we undergo more and more battles, the number of our soldiers isn’t decreasing, but rather increasing greatly, sir.”

At those words, Bernard cut in.

“Since we let those who surrender live and give them a new chance, while cutting the necks of those who resist without exception.”

Another commander continued on his words.

“The ones who are afraid of death are surrendering even before fighting, sir.”

Thanks to that, a large number of uninjured soldiers were joining the Guardian Army.

This too was one of Roan’s aims.

The ones who surrender can live.

As such rumor spread, the ones who became afraid at Roan’s fame chose surrender without hesitation.

At that moment, one commander bitterly smiled and spat out a sarcastic sound.

“To betray without even knowing that the situation would flow like this. Hmph! Well, I did know he would do that.”

A loud sound of snort hit the ears.

Andre, who was staring at the Lebenum Castle with a satisfied expression, creased his forehead.

“Is that talking of the Walter bastard?”

His voice was edged.

The commander who snorted, with a slightly flustered expression, nodded his head.

“Eh? Yes. That is correct, sir.”

The instant his answer ended, Andre spoke with a stiffly solidified expression.

“Don’t even speak of that trash-like bastard. You cannot fool one’s blood. There is no way that the son bastard would be okay when his father Kali is like that. If I meet that bastard on the battlefield.....”

He lightly tapped the scabbard at his waist.

“I will cut his neck with this sword.”

“O, of course, sir. You will definitely be able to do it.”

The commander awkwardly smiled and echoed.

Roan, looking at that sight, inwardly let out a long sigh.

There was an unspeakable ache inside him.

‘To fool the shrewd Kali and Jonathan, I must fool my allies first.’

Infiltration of Kali’s Owells Forces was one of the most major strategies that could flip the state of the war.

For the perfect success, he had to strictly protect the secret even from the ally commanders.

‘Because of that, I said that it won’t be an easy mission.’

It was a mission that one had to infiltrate the enemy camp and fight a lonely fight for the allies even while enduring the allies’ jeers and furious looks.

However, Walter readily accepted that mission.

‘Walter. If this event ends, I will definitely grant a great reward.’

When his thought reached about that point.

“The birds have arrived, sir!”

One of the commanders pointed at the sky and shouted.

Above their heads, various birds had already gathered.

They were the messenger birds and the spy-use birds Agens and the Tenebra Troop used.

Roan extended his right arm to called an eagle, then untied the long tube tied to its ankle.

A small paper that words had tightly filled appeared.

He read the letter for a long while, then snapped his fingers.

Boosh.

With a spark, the letter burned up.

In an instant, the top secret document turned into ashen dust.

Roan looked at the commanders including Bernard and Andre and spoke in a quiet voice.

“Ready to march.”

His gaze headed not towards the west but towards the south.

“We march south.”

It was completely different than the direction they had marched until now.

However, not a single one asked back with a puzzled look.

They knew.

That the road is not inside the map but within the direction Roan looked.

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“It has been a while.”

It was a husky voice.

Four canines that sharply rose roughly moved.

“Have you been well, sir?”

The person who passed his greeting with a composed expression was Chris.

“There’s no way I’ve been well.”

The voice fully rubbed off with annoyance.

Once again, the four canines that sharply rose roughly moved.

The being that sat opposite Chris and conversed was not a human.

An Orc.

And it was the tribe head Marrak of the Auraq tribe that was known to be quite strong within the Byron Kingdom’s southern regions at that.

Chris and Marrak.

Human and Orc.

A relation that seemed to have absolutely no connection.

But surprisingly, the two people, no, the two were acquaints who were quite close.



‘Since we’ve been trading from the time the Istel Kingdom and the Byron Kingdom invaded the Rinse Kingdom.’

At the time, Chris had received Roan’s order and went around searching for the orc tribes that were spread out in the Byron Kingdom’s southern region with his life on the line.

The orcs, who were fleeing to this and that place due to the Byron Kingdom’s extensive subjugation and an extreme food shortage, did not welcome Chris’ visit.

It was a situation where the head could fly off if he spoke a single word wrong.

However, Chris stayed calm.

Using the card he held, food assistance, he seated the orcs on the negotiation table.

‘Since we would give them food assistance, to be exact tell them the location of the Byron Kingdom’s provisions storage, we asked them to attack and pillage those places.’

He also made them a promise to separately aid them food if things did not become solved as planned.

The orcs, who were suffering from the extreme food shortage, instantly accepted Chris’ offer.

Then, they raided the rear provisions storage of the Byron Kingdom, which had been fiercely pushing the Rinse Kingdom.

Thanks to that.

‘The Byron Kingdom army gave up the war and could only retreat.’

And as one of the allied army’s pivots stepped back, the Istel Kingdom army too, which had been carrying out arduous battle even without that, could only retreat.

‘If I think about it now, it truly was a reckless plan.’

It was good that it were resolved well, but if things did not go as planned, his head could have ran away the moment he visited the orc tribes.

Since the orcs at the time were at that degree of a frenzied state.

Chris looked at Marrak and made a faint smile.

‘It was thanks to Marrak.’

He, unlike the harsh look, was an orc who was quite conversable.

Chris, with a short sigh, opened his mouth.

“As expected, is the reason you aren’t well because of Baron Noel Keyword?”

The instant his words ended.

Boom!

Marrak harshly slammed down on the wooden desk.

“That damnable human bitch!”

The four canines greatly shook and then a curse jumped out.

Baron Noel Keyword.

The hero who saved the Byron Kingdom from the crisis of national ruin.

He was the individual who had once allied with Istel Kingdom’s Viscount Peid Neil and attacked Pershion Kingdom in the past.

Although there were significantly many achievements he had raised, the one that received the biggest appraisal amongst them was the very work of subjugating the orc tribes of Byron Kingdom’s southern region.

In Marrak's position, he was no different than a sworn enemy.

No, not only Marrak, but the orcs of the Byron Kingdom's southern region grinded their canines and raged at the mention of Noel Kyword.

“Due to that chewable bitch running around, my people are starving to death.”

Marrak growled and showed his anger.

Chris stealthily nodded his head.

‘As expected, it is so.’

It was as the information Agens had collected.

Then.

‘The work should be resolved easier than I thought.’

He, with a serious expression with effort, passed words of consolation.

“That truly is a tragic event.”

Then soon, in a small and covert voice, added on.

“If it’s somehow okay, may we provide you some aid?”

“An aid?”

Marrak forcefully sank his rage and asked.

Chris nodded his head.

“Yes. As urgently, we will provide you the rations we are reserving.”

“Oh!”

Marrak roundly opened his mouth and exclaimed.

He fully opened his arms.

“That truly are thankful words!”

Marrak fussed as if to at least immediately hug Chris into his chest.

At that moment, Chris, who was smiling brightly, suddenly creased his forehead.

“Ah! But there is one problem.”

“A problem? What problem?”

Marrak creased his forehead.

The elated feeling flew away in an instant.

Chris hesitated for a long while as if his worry was deep, then carefully answered.

“Our side’s food storehouse is in the Tale Region, but if we were to transport the food from there to all the way here, we must pass through the Chase County. But right now, the Count Lancephil House and the Count Chase House are fighting a fief war. With the current state, there is no way that Count Chase would let our side’s people pass through.”

“Oh no.....”

Marrak exhaled a sigh.

The mean to solve the food shortage had turn into a bubble.

On his face, a downhearted look was clear.

At that moment, Chris spoke in a quiet voice.

“But even so, it isn’t as if there is truly no way.”

“Oh! Does that mean that there is a way?”

Marrak once again made a bright smile.

As befitting an orc, his change in emotion was extreme.

Chris cheerily smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes. That is.....”

# Chapter 175 : The Decisive Battle (2)

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Roan's fierce counterattack that began with the west and the northeast as the center.

Count Jonathan Chase was awfully displeased.

‘By now, I should be holding a toast at Io bastard's fief lord's castle, but.....’

Uddk.

The teeth naturally gritted.

But even so, it wasn't as if the war situation was awfully disadvantageous.

Although there were more cases of losing than cases of winning at the western and northeastern frontlines, the central side where the main army was located was achieving sweeping victories.

‘Even so, the things not going as desired is still annoying and displeasing.’

He felt like killing Roan by ripping his four limbs apart if he was in front of his eyes.

‘If the reinforcement comes from the fief, I should combine



strength with the Owells Forces and clean up the western frontline first.'

If he were to clean up the west, which was the rear battlefield, continuing the fief war would become much easier.

Within his head, various plans were raised.

At that moment.

"My lord!"

With an urgent voice, Baron Holt Edemil, who was one of Jonathan's close-aides, entered into the tent.

"What is it?"

Jonathan creased his brows.

He felt a foreboding feeling.

Holt panted breathlessly and quickly answered.

"An urgent letter has arrived from the fief! O, orc! The orc bastards have begun to move, sir!"

"Orc?!"

Jonathan abruptly stood up and shouted.

It was a completely unexpected report.

‘Orc? Even though orcs in our fief as well as the kingdom’s southern regions have been mostly subjugated?’

It was a situation where even the ones who barely survived had ran away towards the Grain Mountains.

The orcs left in the Chase County was a very minute number.

It wasn’t a number that would cause a disturbance nor mayhem.

‘Even though it was one of the reasons I waged the fief war without worry.....’

The inside of his head became complicated.

Holt took out and passed the letter from his chest pocket, then quickly added on.

“The bastards spread out at the Byron Kingdom’s South have began to move, my lord.”

“Hmm. To think it would be Byron Kingdom’s South.....’

Jonathan's face comically twisted.

He quickly read down the content written in the letter.

A moment later.

“For now, it isn't that they have crossed the border?”

Jothan, with a short sigh, asked with a relieving look.

Holt nodded his head.

“Yes. They are staying at the buffer zone, my lord.”

“Hhm. That at least is good, but.....”

Jonathan, as he put down the letter, asked with a stiffly solidified expression.

“The Northern Regional Corp's reaction?”

The Chase County's northern border region was the jurisdiction of the Northern Regional Corps.

Holt momentarily hesitated, then answered in a careful voice.

“For now, they are focusing their military strength at the border gate and the cities. But they said that they would leave the defense inside the fief to our.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Boom!

Jonathan couldn't hold in and slammed his desk.

“Arrogant sons of bitches.”

The Northern Regional Corps Supreme Commander was, as an individual belonging to the neutral faction, an inflexible man.

His personality that was one that was only devoted to the assigned mission and action.

‘He will only focus on border defense as the Northern Regional Corps, is it.’

Meaning that the fief lord should take responsibility for his fief's safety.

Jonathan tightly bit his lower lips.

Holt momentarily searched the mood, then cautiously opened his mouth.

“Should we pass the news to the capital?”

If the news was passed to the capital, they would dispatch the Central Corps or the knight order.

No, even in the worst case scenario, subjugating something like the orcs wasn't even a work with only the reinforcement of nobles with close relationships.

However, Jonathan shook his head with a stiffly solidified expression.

“Absolutely not. The moment the news is passed to the capital, the fief war will end.”

They still hadn't wholly conquered the Lancephil Fief.

If the fief war ended like this, there would be nothing that remained in his hand.

“Since I'll separately send a letter to the princes for now, you thoroughly monitor the Northern Regional Corps so that their report can't go up.”

“Eh? But monitoring the entire Northern Regional Corps is

almost impossible.....”

“It’s twenty days. You only need to monitor them for just twenty days. Since the fief war will end before that.”

Jonathan fiercely glared with his eyes.

Holt momentarily hesitated, then soon nodded his head.

“Yes. Understood, my lord. Then.....”

He calmed his breath for a moment, then asked in a quiet voice.

“What do you plan to do for the fief side’s defense, my lord?”

Since the Northern Regional Corps had pushed off the fief’s defense, the Count Chase House too had to make its own preparation.

Jonathan contemplated for a moment, then answered with a scowling face.

“Send the reinforcement to the northern border region. We will proceed the fief war with our current military strength.”

At the abrupt situation, Jonathan couldn’t make the correct judgment.

If he had normal reasoning, he had to end the fief war here and step back.

However, his greed and ambition had paralyzed his reasons.

Holt looked at such Jonathan for a moment, then soon exhaled a short sigh.

‘Sir Count’s order is absolute.’

He had gave up remonstrating.

This exactly was Count Jonathan Chase’s biggest problem.

That there was no retainer who could speak forthright or remonstrate and catch and correct his mistakes.

Around him, only treacherous retainers who only echoed and flattered at ambition and greed were plenty.

Holt deeply lowered his head.

“Then I will cancel the reinforcement request, sir.”

“Hurry.”

Jonathan waved his right hand.

It was a sign chasing him out.

Holt once again gave his farewell and then exited to the outside of the tent.

Jonathan, who was left alone, spat out a long sigh.

‘To think it would abruptly be orcs at such time.....’

He completely couldn’t think that the orcs of the Byron Kingdom’s southern region had possibly received Roan’s instigation and moved.

‘So it’s a situation that I can’t expect the reinforcement. Can’t be helped.....’

With the situation becoming like this, Jonathan too had to make a winning move.

‘For now, I will have to call the Owells Forces.’

Currently, the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces were each moving separately.

But with Roan’s entering of the fief war, Lancephil Guardian



Army's counterattack, the orcs' stirring and such, the board was greatly shaking.

‘We'll combine the strengths into one and see the victory and defeat within a quick time.’

A horrifying light hung on his eyes.

‘I will make the strategies and tactics worthless.’

He had no thought of particularly fighting head on with wits.

It was a thought to literally and violently push.

However, Jonathan did not quite knew.

Of the truth that Roan's strategies and tactics were much more varied than he thought, and that they had already lowered their roots to the point deep enough to decide the victory and defeat.

\*\*\*\*\*

‘Kinis!’

[Got it!]

At Roan's shout, Kinis extended her arms towards the front.

Suddenly, a stream of water soared up from the moats deeply dug around the castle wall.

Tat!

Roan kicked off the ground and jumped into the air.

Lightly, he climbed up onto the stream.

Pabat!

Following Kinis' hand gesture, the column of water soared all the way to above the castle wall.

“Oh!”

“It's the lord!”

The Lancephil Guardian Army's soldiers, who had been attacking the castle, cheered.

Through numerous battles, they came to know the truth that Roan can not only freely control fire but even water.

Of course, they didn't exactly know even how such thing was possible.

Simply, they thought that it was one of the many abilities Roan had and awed.

Roan once again stamped his feet and then climbed up onto the castle wall.

“Kill them!”

“Stop him!”

“That very bastard is Roan!”

“The fief war will end if we just catch that bastard!”

The Chase Legion’s soldiers on the rampart ran towards Roan.

Their eyes were colored red.

It was a reckless attack.

“Fools!”

With a thunderous roar, Roan threw his body.

The Traviass Spear cut the air as if to dance.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

With a horrifying sound, the common soldiers' necks and limbs were cut apart.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

They weren't Roan's match.

Following the spearhead, fire surged.

“Oh!”

The Lancephil Guardian Army's soldiers, who were staring from below the castle wall at the chaotic fight above the remparts, exploded out with exclamation.

Every time the flame surged, the enemy soldiers fell.

The sight of driving away hundreds of soldiers alone almost brought a god of war to mind.

“Damn it! Move aside!”

At that moment, people dressed up in brilliant armor showed up together with a roar.

Knights of the Chase Legion.

Swinging the swords that fully held mana, they pressed Roan.

Ssuung! Ssuung!

Sharp sounds of splitting the air hit the ears.

Certainly, knights were different than common soldiers.

However, Roan's expression was relaxed as ever.

‘Good. I have lured the knights, who are the core military strength, to above the castle walls.’

Now was the time to execute the next plan.

He cheerily smiled and stepped back.

“Are you running away!”

The knights loudly sneered and attack much more fiercely.

Roan, instead of an answer, widely swung his spear and kicked off the castle wall.

Paat!

Lightly, he jumped down towards the ground inside the castle.

“Insane!”

“A suicide?!”

Because the height of the wall was incredible, even the knights who had learned the mana techniques couldn't carelessly jump down.

The Chase Legion's knights and the soldiers who had been watching all made dumbfound expressions.

Suddenly.

Paat!

The Traviass Spear extended longly and hit the ground.

Puuk!

In an instant, the spearhead pierced and planted all the way to a

place deep within the ground.

Sssg!

Holding the spear like a pillar, Roan softly stepped down on top of the ground.

“Eh?! Wha, what?!”

“Stop him!”

“Kill him!”

Looking at Roan who suddenly fell down from the sky, the Chase Legion’s soldiers that were blocking the castle gate from the inside were startled back.

“Move aside.”

Roan pulled the heat with the Flamdor Mana Technique, then kicked the ground.

Fwooooosh!

A blaze surged following the spearhead and the spear.

“Uhuk!”

“Kuk!”

The common soldiers screamed at the incredible heat and ran away in every direction.

Roan, instead of chasing them, stepped into the inner side of the castle gate, then swung his spear towards the stakes that fixed the gate.

Boom! Kwakkang!

With a sound of an explosion, the thick wooden stakes and the iron stakes exploded apart.

Just like that, Roan pushed the gate.

Ggiiiik!

With the sound of wood twisting, the castle gate opened.

The scenery outside the castle came in a glance.

The Lancephil Guardian Army, due to the wide and deeply dug moat following the castle wall, were troubled.

Roan quickly twisted his wrist.



Sssguk!

The spearhead split the air and instantly cut the line that was tightly pulling up the drawbridge.

Boom!

With a heavy sound, a bridge was set above the moat.

“The drawbridge has came down!”

“The gate has opened!”

“Charge! Charge!”

The Lancephil Guardian Army’s commanders, who were frustrated at the siege that wasn’t as easy as they thought, raised their swords as they looked at the widely open gate.

‘He is an incredible man!’

‘He’s truly an incredible person!’

Baron Bernard Landingham and Baron Andre Molde, even while charging towards the castle gate, couldn’t hide their shocked expressions.

Roan boldly stood in front of the wide open gate.

An incredible spirit and dignity stormed.

‘As expected, he is the man who Sir Io chose and his majesty the king has acknowledged.’

Bernard felt his heart beating greatly.

He was a man whom he couldn’t dare compare with himself.

A thought that he did well to recognize Roan and lower his head a much early was had.

Abruptly, he was curious of Andre’s facial expression.

When he furtively turned his head, a brightly blushed face was seen.

That was an awfully embarrassed look.

‘Just what did I call myself to test such a man?’

His face burned up.

‘It would be good if I earnestly aid him at least from now on.’

It was a look of greatly reflecting on the past day’s arrogance and self-indulgence.

On the hand holding the rein, strength went in.

Dudududududu!

He placed a spur onto the sprinting horse.

Already, Roan was in front of their noses.

“Lancephil Guardian Army!”

Roan, as if he had been waiting, raised up the Traviass Spear high.

“Charge!”

He kicked the ground and jumped towards the inside of the castle.

A blaze surged along the tip of the spear.

Thousands of Lancephil Guardian Army followed that back.

A flame and a legion.

That brilliance swallowed a castle whole.

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“Consecutive victories you say?”

The tips of Kali Owells’ mouth lightly went up.

“Yes. He fought seven times and won all seven times, sir.”

The man presenting the report was one of Owells Forces’ commanders, Demis Izy.

Because he was able to pass a good news for a change, his mood was good.

“There is also his talent, but certainly, it is definite that he has a bad feeling towards Roan and the Lancephil Guardian Army, sir.”

“That’s good.”

Kali coldly smiled as he nodded his head.

He momentarily organized his thoughts, then looked at Demis.

“Would it be okay if we soon entrust an important duty on him?”

The instant his words finished, Demis nodded his head.

“Yes, sir. If it is Sir Walter as of now, it seems that we could even trust and leave things to him.”

Kali and Demis, the two people were sharing a conversation about Walter Owells.

Walter was, after receiving Roan’s secret mission and joining the Owells Forces, was neatly piling up military achievements.

Although there were also achievements he piled up using his own abilities, most of them were achievements he had received Roan’s help and raised.

In any case, at the victories that continued on, even the Owells Forces’ commanders who first doubted Walter were now all sending their intents of support.

Kali faintly smiled and made the decision.

“Good. Then I will have a troop newly organized and leave the northeastern frontline to him.”

“Yes sir. I will pass it on like that.”

Demis quickly made a salute and answered.

Kali proudly smiled and closed his eyes.

‘Even if it wasn’t so, it is a situation where I have to move to the west in order to join up with the Chase Legion.’

Even though the northeastern frontline was a worry, since Walter was doing well for him, he felt that it would be okay to trust and leave it to him.

‘That brat. He ate my heart out like that, then became a big help.’

For once after a long time, his heart felt truly satisfied and proud.

For some reason, it felt like he could gain a good result even in the current fief war.

‘Yes. We will spread the name of the Owells House to the entire kingdom.’

He had the confidence to do so.

If he himself and Walter, the two people combined their strengths, they would be able to aim for even above Count House.

Certainly, Kali was an amazingly ambitious man.

But even if he was so, merely a count was the limit of that goal.

In the first place, the size of the plate itself was different with Roan.

Since Roan's goal was a monarch.

# Chapter 176 : The Decisive Battle (3)

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“Just what are they planning, sir?”

Rinse Kingdom Northern Regional Corp’s Stoneham Border Gate soldier Campbell stared at the buffer zone and creased his brows.

The scene outside the border gate was brutal.

Between the bleak hills and plains, big and small orc troops had taken place.

It literally was the situation right before a battle would arise.

But strangely, the orcs merely walked up close to the gate to shout and sing, and did not make any recognizable attack.

Stoneham Border Gate Captain Heinz, who was glaring at the orcs from a watchtower, snorted.

“Hmph. Just where would there be a plan in those stupid monsters?”

A cold smile hung around his mouth.

“They got afraid at our defense forces and aren’t being able to carelessly approach.”



“Is it like that, sir?”

Campbell tilted his head and stared at the outside of the border gate.

‘It looks like they absolutely don’t have a desire to fight though.....’

He wasn’t talking of the troop’s movements or the camps’ arrangements.

The unique air that could be felt at the battlefields, that of a troop facing a battle, wasn’t felt.

Orcs were, as if.

‘They look as if they came out on an outing or something.’

But this was only Campbell’s thought.

He couldn’t repeatedly raise a question to Heinz, who stressed the hierarchy of command.

‘Well, it’s fine for me if a battle doesn’t happen.’

He decided to simply think well and easy of it.

But even so, the somehow uneasy feeling couldn't be helped.

“Huu.”

A quiet sigh flowed out on its own.

At the same time as him, there was one who was exhaling a long sigh outside the border gate also.

He was Gank, a prominent warrior of the Auraq Tribe and the one who acted as the tribe head Marrak's right-hand man.

“Huu.”

A sigh continued once again.

Marrak, who was raising a cheap drink next to him, creased his brows.

“Gank. Why are you sighing like that?”

They were words spat out as if to grumble.

Gank stared at the Stoneham Border Gate for a moment, then answered in a gruff voice.

“Tribe Head. Are we really going to keep staying like this?”

At those words, Marrak snickered and filled his cup.

“Hah, I was wondering what it was. We only have to intimidate them.”

He crudely emptied his cup, then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Burp.”

A burp popped out.

“Since it’ll be difficult if a battle needlessly and actually happens, just control the guys properly.”

“Ghn.”

With an uncomfortable expression, Gank leaked groaned.

He stared straight at Marrak’s eyes.

“We can capture that level of gate even with our current strength.”

“Ah hah, you really don’t listen.”

Marrak put down the cup and stood up from his seat.

Although Gank too was of a big size that wasn't light, he was on the small side compared to Marrak.

Unconsciously, he shrank back his neck.

Marrak pressed Gank's shoulder and stared at the Stoneham Border Gate.

“Don't you remember the words Chris said? He said that the fief war will end the instant we chop those bastards and capture the gate. Our role is merely.....”

“Holding on the bastards' ankles.....”

Gank finished the sentence.

With an expression saying 'right', Marrak tapped Gank's shoulder.

“So go shout or sing a song when it's time. Go fly some arrows at the wall if you are really bored.”

“Ghn. Understood.”

Gank lowered his head as if to say it couldn't be helped, then returned to his tent.

Marrak stared at his back, then snickered out a laugh.

“You brat. Just wait a bit more. Since I'll give you a chance to fight as much as you want.”

A weighty smile hung around his mouth.

He rolled and rolled again his solidly stiffen head this way and that.

“Although getting the human bastards' help is also good, but.....”

The four canines crudely moved.

“Huhuhu. As expected, orcs must be like orcs.”

A killing intent flowed in his eyes.

But Marrak soon shooked his head back and forth and grabbed his cup.

“Let's wait a bit more. A bit more.”

He laboriously cooled his boiling heart.

But on his eyes, the skill intent was still flowing.

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“It has been a while. Is it the first after the fief war started?”

The person who extended his hand as he faintly smiled was Count Jonathan Chase.

“Yes. Since the direction we each marched was different, sir.”

The one lightly grabbing that hand was Kali Owells.

Finally, Kali had led the Owells Forces and had joined up with the Chase Legion.

“Anyhow, it’s nice to see you.”

Jonathan sat down on his seat and shook his right hand.

A beauty who it was hard to tell whether she had worn or taken off clothes came up and filled wine into the empty cup.

Soon, a simple table of snacks and fruits were set.

It wasn't an ordinary sight that could be seen in the middle of a battlefield.

Jonathan, while holding his cup, looked at Kali.

"You left the northeastern frontline to your son, you say?"

"Yes."

A short answer.

"Can he be trusted? You haven't abruptly entrusted an important duty to him because of a reason that he is your son, no?"

Jonathan's gaze was sharp.

However, Kali did not quail a bit.

He answered with a composed voice.

"I am not of a personality that would trust and leave an important duty because of reason that he is my son. It is something I have decided after meticulously checking him, sir."

It was the true to a certain degree.

It was something unknown whether he would had thrown Walter away from the start if the abilities and talent he had was pitiful.

Of course, though the point that he was the firstborn who would lead the house also couldn't be ignored.

“You probably took care of it well yourself.”

Jonathan cheerily smiled and nodded his head.

“Anyhow, I'll be counting on you from now on.”

Now was the time they had to move not as two but as one.

Kali faintly smiled and lowered his head.

“Rather, I would like to ask well of you, sir.”

A warm mood.

But below that, a mood horrifying like a blade was flowing.

‘This bastard. He isn't one who would stay below anyone.’

Jonathan realized that Kali's ambition was much greater than he had thought.



That was truly an easy thing.

‘He is a bastard like me.’

Jonathan and Kali were, even if they were similar, much too similar.

However, Jonathan did now betray his heart.

He still needed Kali.

He began to spread out the plans he had thought up ahead of time.

“For now, let’s clean up the western frontline’s Tale Legion.”

“Yes. Since the northeast’s Lancephil Guardian Army is a gang made up of farmers.”

If they were to particularly decide the work’s order, the west was the first rather than the northeast.

Moreover, the time left until the fief war’s end wasn’t a lot.

A blitzkrieg.

It was a thought to subjugate the Tale Legion in an instant and then suppress the western frontline.

However, they did not quite know.

That the Tale Legion, no, the western frontline they were aiming at had already disappeared and was gone.

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“By the way, why are we keep on going towards the south?”

“You’re right. Isn’t the Pavor Castle in the west?”

“Don’t know. Since we merely do as they ordered from above.”

Three-four soldiers busily moved their feet and chatted in a small voice.

At that moment, a young adjutant who was moving while riding a horse to the left and right of the line came up tightly close.

“Has Sir Count ever done something pointless?”

“No sir.”

The soldiers immediately shook their heads.

It wasn't a question that needed to be contemplated.

The young adjutant faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Then trust and follow. For the reason we go south is because the road is there.”

Voice filled with certainty.

The young adjutant raised his head and looked at the head of the march.

Flags raised high.

< Lancephil Guardian Army. >

< Roan Lancephil. >

Below that, Roan Lancephil was moving while riding on a warhorse.

Currently, the Lancephil Guardian Army was marching not westward but southward.

It was a course difficult to understand.

But even so, excluding a few minor soldiers, most people did not hold question at Roan's decision.

They had come to recognize Roan's ability through the repeating battles and victories.

Like that, the Lancephil Guardian Army's march south continued.

After an unknown distance marched.

A cool wind flowed at the tip of their noses.

Simultaneously, a blue line of river spread in front of their eyes.

And.

“Ah! Those are.....?”

Baron Andre Molde, who acted as the Guardian Army's scout and moved the most ahead, exclaimed.

At the place the blue river and the brown-color sand met.

Following the long riverside, tens of warships were moored.

The giant flag hanging on the center mast fluttered in the wind.

< Tale Legion. >

The Lancephil Guardian Army's soldiers, who had climbed up onto the hill a moment later, goggled their eyes.

“How is Tale Legion.....”

“Weren't they at the west?”

When everyone whispered with confused looks, a group ran towards the hill from the ships.

The group, which had instantly closed the distance and approached, soon got down from their horses and saluted.

“Sir! We greet Sir Count.”

Resounding voices and bold looks.

A perfectly ordered sight.

They were the Tale Legion's commanders, including Austin, Semi, and Austin.

The tip of Roan's mouth softly went up.

“You arrived as the schedule.”

“Yes sir. As you have ordered, we moved under the cover of the dark. Excluding Brian and the troop below him located at the western end, the entire Tale Legion has arrived safely.”

Austin reported.

Roan, with a proud expression, nodded his head.

“You have done well. I will immediately hold a meeting of the commanders.”

“Yes. We shall prepare it, sir.”

Austin quickly answered, then sent a hand signal.

Already, the Tale Legion had perfectly set its system.

The thousand-man rank commanders rapidly and perfectly executed the order.

‘Is this that very Tale Legion?’

‘The most powerful of the powerful army that won countless victories in numerous battles.’

Baron Bernard Landingham and Baron Andre Molde inwardly exclaimed greatly.

At that moment, Austin and Semi saluted towards Bernard and Andre.

“I am Austin, Tale Legion’s vice-commander and the Piedes Troop’s three-thousand-man commander, sir.”

“Sir, I am Semi, Tale Legion’s vice-commander and the Impasse Troop’s three-thousand-man commander.”

Bernard and Andre, at the abrupt greetings, quickly lowered their heads.

“I am Bernard Lancephil Guardian Army’s Bernard Landingham.”

“I’m Lancephil Guardian Army’s Andre Molde.”

Although they were nobles, they couldn’t thoughtlessly speak down on Austin and Semi.

The position called the vice-commander of a legion, and the one that led Count Roan Lancephil’s legion at that wasn’t a level that one could face informally.

Roan lightly glanced at the four people, then pulled his rein.

“Then should we go to the meeting room?”

“Yes. I will lead the way, sir.”

The one who quickly got on a warhorse was Harrison.

Soon, with him at the head, numerous commanders’ movement began.

Simultaneously, the Lancephil Guardian Army’s soldiers, who had done a difficult march over a long time, also received the guide of the Tale Legion’s soldiers and were able to take a sweet time to rest for once.

The moment the Owells Forces and the Chase Legion joined up.

Not at the west, but in the south as well, the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Guardian army, which had been far apart, came to combine their strengths.

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Guardian Army against the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces.

As if they had planned with each other, each side’s two pivotal legions came together under a single flag.

Of course, although this was all a board that Roan and his



retainers had made, unfortunately, Jonathan and Kali weren't able to guess such truth at all.

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“I reorganize the Lancephil Guardian Army as the Lancephil Legion and appoint Bernard and Andre as the vice-commanders as well as five-thousand-man commanders.”

At Roan's words, all retainers lowered their heads.

Because it was the result that had come out after a long debate and mediation, there was no one who opposed or spoke complaints.

Furthermore, it merely sounds five-thousand-man commander, and the soldiers Bernard and Andre actually commanded was not quite three thousand.

By that much, Lancephil Legion's numbers was a level that was yet absurdly lacking to be called a legion.

‘Since we also left a troop at the northeastern frontline, it can't be helped.’

But even so, it wasn't as if the Lancephil Guardian Army's strength was also completely a mess.

Because the Pavor Academy's graduates and students were composed, even though their numbers were small, they showed off a rather powerful might.

"Then are we marching northwest from now on towards the Pavor Castle, sir?"

When Austin cautiously asked, Roan slowly nodded his head.

"It would be a fierce march like a blaze. With the Pavor Castle as the starting point, I plan to completely reclaim the eastern region."

If they could only and perfectly reclaim the eastern region according to the plan, the frontline that would be left was only one place.

It was the western frontline, where the Chase Legion, who receded to the rear saying they will subjugate the Tale Legion, and the Owells Forces were located.

At that moment, Andre spoke up with a stiffly solidified expression.

"It would be good if things go according to the plan, but Walter Owells is there on the northeastern frontline, sir."

"Ah! Right. There is that bastard."

Bernard creased his forehead and echoed.

With a voice full of annoyance and anger, Andre added on.

“Although I do not wish to admit it, but that traitor bastard’s abilities are quite excellent. In fact, the northeastern frontline’s Lancephil Guardian Army is having a large and difficult battle.”

As long as Walter is there, completely capturing the eastern region with the Pavor Castle as the starting point would not be so easy.

Instead, it could become a situation where they would have to fight while having an enemy troop at their back.

Everyone made worried expression.

However, Roan at least was greatly relaxed and composed.

“There is nothing to worry of Walter.”

If he could, he wished to reveal that he was his man.

‘It isn’t the time yet.’

He inwardly shook his head.

At least until they brought down one of the enemy forces' pivots, he thought to protect the secret.

“He isn't such an easy bastard, sir.”

Only Andre, who did not know the truth, was frustrated.

Roan faintly smiled and tapped his chest with his right hand.

“Trust me.”

His voice was filled with certainty.

When it came to this point, Andre too couldn't speak up the same words anymore.

It was also the same for the other retainers.

Roan looked at such retainers for a moment, then shook his forefinger at Austin.

Austin slightly lowered his head, then sent a hand signal towards the subordinates at the back.

Soon, one soldier brought a tube about as thick as a forearm.

Austin received the tube and carefully opened the lid, then took

out a long bundle of paper from its inside.

‘What the?’

‘What is it?’

Many retainers, including Bernard and Andre, tilted their heads with puzzled looks.

Crackle.

Following a soft gesture of the hand, the bundle of paper spread out on top of the table.

Suddenly, everyone’s eyes widely opened.

“Th, this is.....?”

“Is this perhaps.....?”

Andre and Bernard couldn’t easily continue their words and stuttered.

Austin cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes. It’s the Lancephil Fief’s map.”

The giant paper that spread on top of the table.

That was in fact a map that meticulously draw the Lancephil and the Tale Region.

It wasn't even comparable to the maps possessed by the Palace Library, the duke houses, or large merchants.

'I, I've never seen a map like this.'

That size and accuracy was truly incredible.

It was almost as if the sight of Lancephil Fief was spreading in front of their eyes.

Roan looked at the half-dazed retainers and spread his right index finger.

Ssk.

The index finger slowly moved above the map, then soon stopped above a valley located east of the Pavor Castle.

< Arslan Valley. >

With the tip of his index finger, Roan lightly tapped the Arslan

Valley.

“The location of the first decisive battle is Arslan.”

It was a powerful voice.

Roan looked straight at the retainers' eyes.

“We will annihilate the Owells Forces here.”

# Chapter 177 : The Decisive Battle (4)

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A wind like march.

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's march north was without a pause.

At the state where Chase Legion and the Owells Forces' main army had receded to the west, the Lancephil Fief's south and east were no different than an ownerless mountain.

Roan was doing the blitzkrieg that Count Jonathan Chase and Viscount Kali Owells wished so much.

“We will let those who surrender live!”

“We will not forgive those who resist!”

The thousand-man ranked commanders shouted as they roamed the battlefield.

Each time, tens, hundreds of enemy soldiers who became afraid threw away their weapons and surrendered.

That was not all.

“My lord!”



Soldiers ran towards him from every direction.

“The Luton Castle at the east has requested their surrender!”

“The Halo Region at the southeast wishes to walk together with us, sir!”

The major base cities and the community leaders of the regions that originally followed Io Lancephil competed to surrender first.

Thanks to that, the castles and regions he gained without touching a single drop of blood on his hand gradually became more than the castles and regions he had conquered through battles.

Roan nodded his head with a satisfied expression, then looked at Semi.

“Semi.”

“Yes. My lord.”

“Go around the castles and regions that have newly surrendered and subjugate the remnants of the enemy forces.”

“Yes! Understood, sir!”

Semi answered in a loud voice, then led the Impasse, the troop under his command, and left towards the east.

Roan ordered without a rest.

“Pete!”

“Yes! My lord!”

The thousand-man commander Pete rode his horse and approached.

“Collect the bodies of the fallen and look after the injured. Send the soldiers whose injuries are serious back to the Mediasis Castle together with the corpses.”

“Understood, sir.”

Pete lowered his head and then returned to his position.

“Austin. Organize the newly surrendered soldiers into each legion. After taking some time to rest and organize, we will march towards the north.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Austin, who was staying nearby, began to busily move together

with an answer.

Roan did not thoughtlessly waste time.

When a battle ended, he first collected the fallen and the injured, then directly went into preparing for the next battle.

Ggiiiik!

Above his head, about fifteen birds flew about.

Mostly, they were the spy birds and the messenger birds of the Agens and the Tenebra Troop.

Roan lightly glanced at them, then formed a peculiar smile.

‘It should now be about time they slowly begin to move.’

The board was set.

Now, it was the time for the dolls to dance on top of the board that was set.

Roan’s eyes flashed and shone a light.

\*\*\*\*\*

Boom!

Count Jonathan Chase couldn't hold himself and kicked the table.

The drinks and the food that had been nicely set rolled on top of the ground.

Kali Owells, who was sitting on the opposite side tilting his wine cup, slightly creased his forehead and brushed off the food bits that rubbed on his sleeve.

“Hhm. I'm sorry about that.”

Jonathan lowered his rage a moment later and made a bitter smile.

Kali slightly lowered and showed his head as to mean it is okay.

The commander who raised the report just before, with a completely nervous expression, swallowed dry spit.

Jonathan asked with a completely creased face.

“So, five castles were conquered and three regions have went over already?”

“Yes. That is so, sir.”

The commander immediately nodded his head.

“And the reinforcement I sent two days ago was also destroyed?”

“Yes. That is so, sir.”

The commander could only nod his head.

It was because that was the truth.

“Kuuk.”

Jonathan clenched his teeth.

The rage pushed up once more.

His life until now was a leveled road.

There was nothing that did not go as he wished, and the ones who went against his will too did not existed.

Even the Rinse Kingdom's throne succession competition, he was going back and forth between Tommy Rinse and Kallum Rinse,

and was rubbing them under his thumb as befitting his taste.

But.

‘Just how dare an unknown and unheard of lowly thing pop out and muddle the waters!’

Since Roan had appeared, the story changed.

The steps that were without a pause was caught on a brake.

No, it wasn't at a level of being caught on a brake.

This was honestly a level of being tripped and rolling down.

‘To think he would grow this much.’

If he knew he would be like this, he should have stomped him down when he was the Tale Region's baron.

No, he should have stomped him when his henchman and the former Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander, Benjamin Doyle was disgraced.

Since Roan at the time was merely a troop commander of a commoner background.

‘Damn it. To think I have to be angered by a thing that doesn’t even have fundamentals.....’

His ego was badly hurt.

At that moment, Kali, who was quietly tilting his wine cup, spoke in a quiet voice.

“There is no need to worry so much, sir.”

He faintly smiled as he stood up from his seat.

“Looking at the situation going around, it seems that the Tale Legion isn’t on the western frontline, sir.”

“As expected, is it like that.....”

Jonathan’s facial expression stiffly solidified.

At first, he was unsure.

It was because the battles were occurring on the western frontline even now.

This was that Brian Miles and the troop below him, who Roan had left while moving the Tale Legion to the southeast, were harassing the western frontline.

“I will lead a legion and head towards the east. Sir Count remain here and please subjugate the bastards’ remnants.”

“It will be inadequate with only the Owells Forces.”

It was a situation where the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Guardian Army had each combined their strengths.

A danger followed to face them alone.

At those words, Kali faintly smiled and shook his head.

“Please do not worry. I plan to fight together with Walter, who is on the northeastern frontline.”

He had no thought of stubbornly charging and attempting a grand reversal.

‘However much you bastard’s eyes and ears are bright, the Lancephil Fief is where I lived.’

He knew the fief’s topography and geography better than anyone.

Inside his head, schemes to destroy Roan, the Tale Legion, and the Lancephil Legion were full.



“It seems you have some sort of plan.”

Jonathan faintly smiled as he nodded his head.

However, he was a man whose pride was much stronger than Kali had thought.

“I will hand you two troops under the Chase Legion. Take them along and fight together. Roan, rip apart that bastard’s limbs.”

Jonathan did not want a simple revenge but a thorough revenge.

He planned to shred and rip Roan into pieces and throw him as feed for the pigs.

However, Kali did not in fact liked such generosity.

“If so, what should we do about the troops’ command, sir?”

It was because there was a gap that Jonathan’s henchmen might interfere in his command.

‘Look at this bastard.....’

Jonathan looked at Kali, who slightly showed his intentions, and formed a chilly smile.

The look of him raising his head at him did not please his heart.

But now wasn't the time to raise a confrontation between the allies.

He lightly nodded his head and waved his hand.

“Of course you should have the command.”

“Thank you for your consideration, sir.”

Kali quickly lowered his head.

Then holding the metal disk recognizing his command, he exited the tent.

As the situation was such, there was no reason to idle.

He soon called the Owells Forces and the Chase Legion's troops that he had separately been assigned, and marched towards the east.

Demis Izy, who was one of the commanders, carefully approached.

“Where should we set as our destination, sir?”

He was asking of the battlefield.

Kali, with eyes that had sank low, looked towards the east.

“The location of the decisive battle.....”

In his voice, a killing intent rubbed off.

“Is Arslan Valley.”

Expression full of confidence.

‘There is no place like that one.’

The Lancephil Fief’s geography was, without a single thing missing, within his head.

Amongst them, he chose the location that he could pull out the most perfect victory.

However, he did not quite knew.

That this decision, which he thought of as very ideal and excellent decision, was in truth completely grasped by someone else.

However much he ran, he was unable to escape from the palm.

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Arslan Valley.

A valley located at the Lancephil Fief's East, it was famous for being highly precipitous compared to its small size.

Furthermore, because its shape too was not ordinary, there was a wide and long space between the perilous cliffsides that rose to both sides that two thousand men could move through at once.

Forests were overgrown on both sides' exits, and after getting out of the forest, regions of low hills were widely spread out.

Before Io led the fief regiment and subjugate the place, it was the main stronghold of the Arslan Brigand and various monsters' dens were located.

“The scenery truly is nice.”

Roan sat on top of a warhorse and looked at the Arslan Valley that roughly took place.

At that moment, Austin, who was nearby, asked in a small voice.

“My lord. Should we do something?”

Roan slightly nodded his head, then lightly raised his left and gave a hand signal.

Soon, the sound of horns and gongs noisily rang.

Vvuuuuuu! Jing! Jing! Jing!

Suddenly, the Tale Legion’s soldiers and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers, who were chasing the enemy forces, slowly lowered their speed.

“Pull back again?”

“We’re stopping the chase?”

“Even though it really was right before planting a sword at the back of their heads?”

The minor soldiers smacked their lips as if regrettable.

Compared to them, the commanders above hundred-man rank quickly reacted to Roan’s order.

Soon, they reorganized the troop and began to quickly retreat.

In an instant, the entire legion moved back all the way to the back of the hills.

After looking at that sight, Austin spoke in a small voice.

“We have arrived at the Arslan Valley, sir.”

Roan faintly smiled at those words and asked back.

“How was it while we came here?”

Austin answered without hesitation.

“The Owells Forces bastards were idiots.”

Roan did not say any words and awaited his remaining words.

A smile hung around Austin’s mouth.

“They were too openly luring us towards the Arslan Valley, sir.”

Roan slowly nodded his head at those words.

It was as according to Austin’s words.

Every time the Owells Forces bastards fought, they were much

too easily destroyed and ran.

The problem was that the retreat path was much too noticeably towards the Arslan Valley.

Roan looked at the steep Arslan Valley and deeply breathed in.

“This time as well, I’m greatly awed by Clay.”

“I’m also the same, sir.”

As soon as his words finished, Austin echoed.

The one who chose the location of the first decisive battle as the Arslan Valley was Clay.

No, to be exact, he had predicted that the location of the decisive battle would be the Arslan Valley.

Clay had opined that if it was Kali, who was versed in the Lancephil Fief, he would choose the Arslan Valley as the place of counterattack.

‘Furthermore, he guaranteed that Kali, rather than Count Chase, would step up if we were to achieve continuous victories.’

Even while staying in the Mediasis Castle far away from the

battlefields, his eye of reading the war's situation was greatly precise.

He truly was an outstanding genius.

But.

‘The thing he is more amazing is.....’

The light in Roan's eyes deeply sank.

‘That he even knew the truth that I gave a secret order to Walter.’

Using that, Clay had even set up a meticulous plan to how to lead the Arslan Valley's decisive battle.

‘Although he says that he have inferred it from me and Walter's relation, the process and time of Walter's betrayal, Walter's battles, and so on, but.....’

He couldn't plainly believe that.

The smile that floated up around Roan's mouth disappeared.

His gaze headed towards the reconnaissance birds and the messenger birds flying above his head.



‘Clay. Are you not spying on me?’

It was an obvious suspicion.

Abruptly, the words Princess Aily Rinse said in the past floated up once again.

‘Certainly, she said not to give him all of my trust. That Clay’s heart couldn’t be seen.....’

Roan spat out a long sigh.

Whether the reason he spied on him was of a good intention or a bad intention, that was not important.

The fact that he was spying and watching him itself was important.

‘I should have a talk with him once the fief war is finished.’

He laboriously threw away the complicated thoughts inside his head.

Right now was the time to focus on the first decisive battle that would spread in front of him.

“Austin.”

“Yes! Please speak, sir.”

Austin answered with an expression completely filled with strength.

Roan, in a small and quiet voice, ordered.

“Divide the Tale Legion into two. You lead one half and set up a formation inside the forest. And.....”

His voice became much quieter.

A moment later.

“Ah.....”

Austin, with a half dazed expression, burst out an exclamation.

“Just when did you prepare all the way to that point, sir?”

At the board that was finely set even without him knowing, he repeated his awe.

Roan faintly smiled and quietly nodded his head.

Austin then saluted.

“Sir! I will definitely execute the mission, sir.”

He quickly led his horse and disappeared.

Baron Bernard Landingham and Baron Andre Molde, who were nearby, asked in a cautious voice.

“What do you plan to do from now on, sir?”

They hadn't heard the secret mission that Roan had granted to Austin.

Because of that, their faces were full of puzzlement.

‘I can understand up to choosing Arslan, which is a precipitous valley, as the location of the decisive battle. But.....’

He couldn't know what kind of unusual schemes Roan had after this.

Roan faintly smiled and answered shortly.

“We will lead the entire force and pierce through the Arslan Valley.”

The instant his words finished, Bernard and Andre creased their brows.

“Eh? Pierce through? Although the valley’s gap is wide, forests are spread out on the side of the entrance and the exit. If the enemy were waiting in ambush or so, we will receive large damage.”

“No, more than that, we could receive a flame attack after entering the forest. If so, the entire legion will be exterminated.”

At those words, Roan quietly smiled, then slightly raised his head and looked at the sky.

A clear and bright sky.

It was a sky without a hint of cloud.

At that moment, a spirit tinted with a red light appeared in front of his eyes.

It was Kinis.

Roan faintly smiled and threw a question through his head.

‘Kinis. You’re certain that rain would come, right?’

Kinis, with a self-confident expression, answered.

[Don't worry. Since although I can't make it rain yet, I can at least ridiculously predict the weather.]

She looked up at the sky following Roan, then spoke in a sharp voice.

[Rain will definitely come. Definitely.]

Roan quietly nodded his head as he looked up at the sky.

Bernard and Andre, who were watching the situation with worried expression, followed Roan and looked at the sky.

‘Is there something?’

‘What is he looking at?’

But the only thing that was seen was a clear sky.

At that moment, Roan's voice was heard.

“All of you, don't worry.”

A soft spirit flowed.

Bernard and Andre turned their heads and looked at Roan.

Cheerfully smiling, Roan added on.

“Since the heaven will help us.”

To Bernard and Andre, whose piety weren't deep, it wasn't quite a trustworthy sentence.

They merely smiled bitterly and nodded their heads.

At that moment, Kinis' voice was heard at the edge of Roan's ears.

[Hmph! Getting all on a high horse! They're all what I've told you!]

# Chapter 178 : The Decisive Battle (5)

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“Until now is as expected, sir.”

“Good.”

At the adjutant's report, Kali Owells formed a satisfied expression.

His gaze headed beyond the hills.

A widely spread forest, and a steep mountain that abruptly rose beyond it.

It was the Arslan Valley.

‘Roan bastard has arrived at the other side of the valley, and.....’

If only his son Walter Owells and the troop under him took position, all preparation would be finished.

‘Walter. What are you doing, now isn't the time to dawdle.’

A cold light flowed around his eyes.

At that moment.

“Sir Viscount!”

Together with a bright voice, Demis Izy showed his appearance.

He pointlessly looked around the inside of the tent once, then took out a single page letter from his chest pocket.

“It’s the letter Sir Walter sent.”

“Hhm.”

With a short groan, Kali snatched the letter.

The letter’s content was short and simple.

However, it was enough to make Kali’s heart satisfied.

“Good. The things are resolving well.”

The other commanders inside the tent asked in careful voices.

“Is it the news we desired, sir?”

“Has he arrived?”

At those words, Kali faintly smiled and nodded his head.



“Yes. He says that he has took a position at Roan bastard’s rear.”

As soon as his words finished, many commanders tightly clenched their fists.

At last, the perfect trap had been set.

Kali moved his feet and stood in front of a table.

On the table, a map almost incomparably shoddy to Roan’s was spread out.

Kali’s finger busily moved.

“Look well. We are currently positioned on the hills west of the Arslan Valley. Roan bastard is positioned on the opposite hills at east. And Walter is approaching that very behind.”

Because the hills were so widely spread out, Roan finding Walter wasn’t an easy task.

At least, Kali and his adjutants thought so.

Kali pointed at the wide and long space that penetrated through the Arslan Valley.

“We will lure Roan bastard inside this valley.”

Like until now, he planned to use the mean of using a small-scale troop to create a battle and then retreating.

Either way, Roan didn't know that Kali and the Owells Forces' main army had come here. No, he couldn't know.

Of course, this too was Kali and his adjutants' thought.

“After the bastards enter the valley chasing our allies and charge into the western side forests, we will lit a fire.”

The commanders all nodded their heads.

Thanks to the warm and dry spring weather having continued, the forests were in a completely dry state.

It was a state where one could burn out the entire forest with merely a single ember.

Kali's words continued on.

“At the same time, Walter will charge and also set fire to the eastern side forests.”

If it only became as the plan, Roan, the Tale Legion, and the

Lancephil Legion will be trapped inside a pit of fire.

“The Owells Forces’ main army and the Walter Troop will surround both sides’ forests and slaughter Roan and the enemy who run out.”

This was the first plan Kali had raised.

At that moment, Demis, who was staying silent, pointed at Arslan Valley’s two mountains.

“Sir, are we not placing an ambush at the two mountains’ summits?”

At those words, Kali quickly shook his head.

“The mountain is too precipitous so there is no big merit to it.”

There was no space for enough number of soldiers to inflict a damage to the enemy.

Furthermore, even if they were to take position, they couldn’t gather things like trees or stones they could throw towards the bottom.

Demis soon nodded his head and stepped back.

If Kali said so, it was so.

There was no one who knew the Lancpehil Region as much as Kali.

Faint anticipation floated up on everyone's faces.

‘If it goes just like this, it'll be a giant victory.’

‘We could give a large blow to the enemy's main army.’

A complete victory enough to seize the chance of victory of the fief war.

At that moment, one of the commanders hesitated, then cautiously opened his mouth.

“But.....”

Suddenly, every commanders' eyes headed towards the young commander.

He looked around the gazes pouring onto himself, then added on in a small voice.

“What will we do if a rain perhaps comes, sir?”

Then, the fire attack that they laboriously prepared would become a bubble.

The jubilant mood cooled in an instant.

It was a situation where he had spoiled the battle even before it even began.

In place of everyone, Demis glared with his eyes.

“Don’t say something so ominous! Don’t you know the Lancephil Fief’s spring weather! Rain basically doesn’t come in this season!”

“Right. It’s the season when people emphasize to always be careful of fire.”

“It’s also the season when people suffer from drought.”

From everywhere, statements denouncing him poured down.

The young commander who spoke up bitterly smiled and nodded his head.

Then he slightly stepped back and lowered his head.

A completely intimidated look.

Kali quietly looked at that sight, then snickered out a laugh.

“There will be no event of rain coming.”

It was a voice full of certainty.

His eyes flashed and shined a light.

‘As long as the heaven does not forsaken me.....’

\*\*\*\*\*

“Is that true, sir?”

Baron Bernard Landingham raised his head and looked up at the sky.

It was a sky without a single speck of cloud.

He, with a puzzled look, murmured.

“The rain really is coming, is it sir?”

“That is right. He definitely said so. Isn’t that right, my lord?”

The one who asked following his addendum was Harrison.

Roan, who was looking over the camp's inside, subtly looked up at the sky.

As much as Bernard as well as numerous commanders would worry, the weather was simply too good.

[Eh?! Roan. Your eyes just now shook a little, no? Right? Un? Did you slightly doubt me just now?]

Suddenly, Kinis' sharp voice was heard from the edge of his ears.

Roan inwardly made a smile.

It was because his heart was seen.

Even so, he feigned ignorance.

‘What do you mean? I never doubted you.’

Then as if to show her, he looked at the many commanders including Bernard and Harrison.

“The rain will absolutely come.”

A voice full of certainty.

A resolute expression.

At those words, Bernard slightly nodded his head and then looked at the sky again.

“If rain really comes.....”

The end of his voice slightly shook.

“The heaven should be on our side.”

Numerous people nodded their heads.

At that moment.

[Yoo.](#)

sound of a very very gentle wind.

A soft wind blowed below his ear.

The wind slowly showed a rough temperance.

Flap.

The flag planted at the center of the tent shook its body slightly.



“Un?”

The commanders as well as the soldiers inside the camp all startled and looked around themselves.

Now, the wind violently blew enough to shake their hair.

Furthermore.

“What kind of wind is so humid?”

Baron Andre Molde thoughtlessly murmured, then soon widely opened his eyes.

Suddenly, as if everyone had promised, they raised their heads and looked up at the sky.

It was no more.

The sky shining with a blue light was no more.

It was there.

A grey-lighted cloud that not a single speck they could see before.

And.

Plip.

One drop of water fell on top of their cheek.

“Eh?”

“What the?”

The commanders and the soldiers lightly wiped their cheeks and looked at Roan.

Expression that said they couldn't believe it.

On the other hand, Roan formed a faint smile with a composed expression.

He slowly raised his head and looked up at the sky.

Thanks to the Kalian's Tears, the falling raindrops were seen clearly.

“The sky.....”

Roan's voice spread throughout the camp's inside.

Everyone's gazes headed towards Roan.

The smile hanging around his mouth became much thicker.

"Is on our side."

A silence fell.

All stared at Roan with expressions mixed with awe.

With a calm expression, Roan quietly closed his eyes.

It wasn't to enjoy the rain falling down.

[Getting on a high horse! You know this is all thanks to me, right?]

It was because of Kinis' sharp nagging.

To Roan, silence wasn't silence.

But today, Kinis' nagging and whining was truly nice to hear.

'I should now slowly move.'

The blood within his body hotly boiled up.

\*\*\*\*\*

Plip. Plopplopplopplopplop.

The raindrops that had been falling in one and two drops soon became a thick stream of rain.

A sweet spring rain that wetted the arid land.

But Kali's expression, who was staring at the spring rain, was frozen stiffly.

'Is the heaven truly throwing me away?'

The young commander that blabbered as if to spoil the things in the last military meeting floated up in his head.

Uddk.

The teeth naturally grinded.

'No. The heaven has not given me up!'

He didn't want to believe so.

With a hand gesture, he beckoned Demis.

“Bring me the commander from before who flippantly spread his mouth.”

“Ah..... yes. Understood, sir.”

Demis instantly realized Kali's intention.

Even without that, currently, ominous sounds saying sky was whatnot, god was whatnot was floating around between several commanders.

Soon, Demis dragged over the young commander who had carelessly opened his mouth.

“Sir Izy! Why are you suddenly doing this?”

As if he had been dragged there without even knowing why, a panicked expression was clear on the commander's face.

Because of the rain that powerfully fell, it wasn't even easy to open one's eyes.

Sslng.

Kali stepped towards the bastard as he pulled out his sword.

‘It’s because of this bastard carelessly flapping his mouth.’

It absolutely wasn’t that the heaven had thrown him away.

He wished to believe so.

Because of that, he could only pull out his sword.

“Eh? Eh?! Si, Sir Owells! Wha, why are you doing..... Kkeurg.”

The young commander waved his arms and flustered about.

But without even quite finishing the words he spat out, he goggled his eyes.

Kali’s sword cut his head.

With a sound of blood boiling, the head rolled on the ground.

“It’s the price of carelessly flapping your mouth.”

With his left foot, Kali kicked away the commander’s head.

The violent streaks of rain washed off the blood rubbed on the blade.

Gulp.

The nearby commanders gulped with nervous expressions.

Kali looked at them with a fierce light in his eyes and shouted.

“All of you, there is no need to panic! There is nothing that changes even if the rain comes! If we surround the forests and do an ambush attack, we can massacre the enemy army even with a smaller number! Even if the valley’s space is wide, they will inescapably be annihilated if they wish to escape that.....”

When his words reached about that point.

Deng! Deng! Deng! Deng!

The sound of bell noisily rang.

Simultaneously, one lookout soldier ran towards him.

“I, it’s the flag signal! The enemy has marched! The enemy has entered into the Arslan Valley, sir!”

A resounding voice shook apart the camp’s inside.

“What?!”

“The Tale Legion has?!”

“You say Roan has marched?!”

The commanders shouted with surprised expressions.

For the bastards who hadn't move despite the baiting operation that they had tirelessly attempted for two days to do an abrupt march.

Everyone's gazes turned towards Kali.

Kali, with his eyes closed, breathed in deeply.

Plopplopplopplopplop.

Only the sound of rain was violently heard.

“Sir Owells. The time is.....”

Demis whispered with an urgent voice.

Kali finally opened his eyes and raised high the sword that had cut the young commander's neck.



“All forces march! We will surround the forests, then corner the bastards!”

The order was given.

“March! Prepare to march!”

“We will surround the forests!”

The commanders shouted in loud voices and busily moved.

Instantly, the preparation for interception was finished.

Kali went up onto a warhorse and separately called a commander.

“Send the flag signal to Walter.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

The commander answered shortly, then ran towards a watchtower.

Kali watched that sight for a moment, then led his horse and headed towards the camp's entrance.

Already, everyone had perfectly gotten the preparation to march.

“All forces march!”

Kali did not hesitate.

He spurred his horse and charged towards the Arslan Valley.

Dududududu! Plopplopplopplopplop

The sound of horse hooves and raindrops noisily rang.

Although the streaks of rain hit their faces, not a single one faltered.

They pierced through the rain and charged.

Thanks to that, the Owells Forces were able to arrive at the forests before Roan, Tale Legion, and the Lancephil Legion broke out of the Arslan Valley.

“Blockade! Archer Troop ready!”

“Blockade! Archer Troop ready!”

The same orders spread out to the left and right.

Ggigigigik!

The sounds of pulling the bowstrings noisily rang.

Soon, the sound of horse hooves were quietly heard.

It was definite that it was the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion.

Kali quickly raised his left hand high and gulped a dry spit.

The eyes were piercing through the streaks of rain and glaring at the dark inside of the forest.

Vvuuuu! Vvuuuuuu!

Together a sound of horn, a noisy sound was heard from the inside of the forest.

“Fire!”

Kali, as if to say that he had been waiting, lowered his arm with a sonorous voice.

Soon, hundreds of arrows cut through the air and flew towards the inside of the forest.

Pubububububuk!

Few were planted on the trees and few shook through the air.

“Uaaaak!”

“Aak!”

“Kuuk!”

Sound of screams were faintly heard.

Jing! Jing! Jing! Boom! Boom! Boom!

From inside the forest, sounds of gong and drum flowed out.

‘It’s done!’

Kali’s face flashed with ecstasy.

He certained that Roan and the soldiers of the bastard’s legion had fallen into chaos.

“Fire! Pour down the arrows!”

Kali continued to shout.

In truth, firing arrows towards a forest wasn't quite a good tactic.

It was because the dense trees acted the role of shields.

But for now, it could plentifully do the role of snapping the enemy army's spirit and vanguard.

"Sir Owells!"

"Sir Owells!"

The commanders who were spread to the left and right called Kali as they raised their right hands.

It meant that the archer troop's attack was nearing its end.

Kali, with his sword pulled out, took a step forwards.

"Cavalry troop and infantry troop, deploy!"

"Deploy!"

They couldn't hesitate any longer.

If they snapped their spirit and vanguard, they had to corner the

Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's soldiers so that they couldn't come out of the valley.

‘It's enough even if it isn't a fire attack.’

Because the valley's entrance was small, they could plentifully face the bastards even with a small number of soldiers.

Furthermore, they should not know of the existence of Owells Force's main army.

In Roan's position, it was the same as having taken an ambush and a raid attack.

It was obvious that they would fall into chaos and fluster.

Of course, this also was only Kali's thought.

“Waaaaah!”

“Kill them!”

“Cut Roan's neck!”

Together with a cheer, the Owells Forces' soldiers charged into the forests.

On the trees and the ground, arrows were tightly planted.

Once they entered a bit further, shields and soldiers planted with arrows were spread around.

They were the Tale Legion's soldiers and the small-scale shield, parma, that they favored.

“Alright!”

“Serves you right!”

Delighted, the Owells Forces' soldiers spat out spits or kicked.

Pulling up their spirits even more, they charged into the deep area of the forests.

Their looks were all of one anticipating a grand victory.

Amongst that, only Demis creased his brows at the strange mood.

‘Aren't the corpses too few?’

It was an ambush attack.

However much the densely packed trees acted as shields, the number of soldiers who were done in by the arrow attacks were too

few.

As if.

‘A look of having moved while preparing?’

A frightening feeling whirled around his entire body.

He led his horse to quickly report to Kali.

Startle.

But soon he pulled his rein.

‘No, If I needlessly speak wrong again.....’

He didn’t know whether he would become the same sight as the young commander whose head had flown off just before.

He needlessly rubbed his own neck and shook his head.

He had given up remonstrating.

Instead, Demis sent a secret order to his own troop to slow their charge, then subtly moved back to the rear.



It was in order to save at least his own life even if the feared situation happened.

Regrettably, there was no one who noticed Demis' such action.

The Owells Forces including Kali would merely charge, and charge again.

And finally.

“It’s the enemy army!”

“It’s the enemy army!”

The same words with each holding different meaning echoed through the forests.

The Owells Forces that had been charging, the Tale Legion, and the Lancephil Legion had finally met.

“Kill them!”

“Corner them!”

Kali shouted at the top of his lungs and swung his sword.

‘As expected, the number of soldiers isn’t a lot!’

It was likely because of the Arslan Valley's entrance.

He turned his head this way and that and searched for Roan.

Soon, Kali's gaze followed towards the inside of the forest.

'Roan. So you were there.'

Uddk.

His teeth naturally gritted.

The burning gaze continued to the other side.

"Huu. The hostility is incredible."

A composed voice.

Through the Kalian's Tears, Roan was staring straight at Kali's eyes that were glaring at him.

If possible, he wanted to immediately rush over and have a decisive duel, but now wasn't the time to do so.

For the complete victory, there was a need to pull the enemy

army until a place a bit more deeper.

“We will fight adequately then retreat.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Bernard, Andre, and the others answered shortly, then spread out in every direction.

There no longer were doubts left on their faces.

It was because they had heard the entirety of this decisive battle from Roan right before charging into the Arslan Valley.

Roan looked at the scattering commanders and breathed in deeply.

‘Kali Owells.’

A faint smile hung on his mouth.

‘You are already snared in a trap. And.....’

A cold light flowed around his eyes.

‘On the trap you bastard has set at that.’

The biggest battle after this fief war had began.

It was the beginning of the decisive battle that would later be called the Arslan battle.

# Chapter 179 : The Decisive Battle (6)

---

A battle within a rain.

A bloody fight in a middle of rain.

Within the rain that violently fell, screams and shouts became disjointed.

“Die!”

“Uaaah!”

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Following that, sound of metal hit the ears.

A struggle in order to kill each other.

Eyes filled with madness licked each other's body.

Suddenly.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

Sound of a bell noisily rang.

The commanders of the Tale Legion and the Lancephli Legion, who were encouraging the soldiers and fighting at the front, pulled back their reins.

“Retreat!”

“Retreat!”

“Damn it! We are moving back and reorganizing the formation!”

Voices that truly seemed to be urgent.

Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers moved without a single disorder.

They, seeing the sound of gong, orders, and repeating hand signals, quickly moved back.

“Uhahahaha!”

“The enemy are running away!”

“Chase them! Catch Roan!”

The Owells Forces were seized by madness.

They obstinately chased the backs of the Tale legion and the Lancephil Legion that were retreating.

At that moment, Roan, who was watching the situation, kicked his horse while slantly holding his spear.

“Taemusas!”

A thunder-like voice pierced through the rain and rang.

“Yes sir!”

Together with sonorous voices, each troop’s Taemusas, who were each scattered and moving, swarmed up.

Crimson armor.

A crimson wave stormed.

The sight of them going against the retreating ally soldiers and charging.

That almost brought to mind the salmons going against a violent stream.

‘Kinis. The entire world is completely full of water energy.’

The streaks of rain violently fell.

Kinis fully inhaled and made a bright smile.

[My entire body is overflowing with energy!]

At those words, Roan, not through the Flamdor Mana Technique but the Tale Mana Technique, pulled up the water energy inside his body.

‘That overflowing energy, pour it out to your heart’s content for today.’

[Un!]

A short and clear answer.

As if to flap wings, Kinis shook her shoulders and headed towards the Owells Forces.

Her hands dizzily moved.

Suddenly, clumps of water the size of a child’s head flew towards the soldiers.

“Wha, what the!”



“What is this?”

Owells Forces’ soldiers, looking at the clumps of water that suddenly appeared, creased their foreheads.

Amongst them, few raised their swords and tried to cut apart the clumps of water.

But soon, they realized how dumb and foolish thought it was.

Pubuk! Pububuk!

The power that was carried in the water clumps was enormous.

That wasn’t merely a clump of water.

To be precise, it was alike the aque ball amongst the attack magics.

[Hmph! You brats think you can stop this?]

Kinis flew around and over the soldiers’ heads and kept firing out the clumps of water.

“Kuk!”

“Kuhuk!”

Each time, the Owells Forces' soldiers were knocked out in ones and twos.

Of course, the water energy inside Roan's body too went out bit by bit.

But because everywhere was so full of water energy, it didn't become a large stress.

“Spread out!”

A new order.

Following Roan's shout, the Taemusas extended longly and blocked the Owells Forces.

“You insane bastards!”

“Are you saying you'll stop us with merely that that much of a number!”

Even the rearguards had its own standards.

The Owells Forces' knights snorted as they stepped forwards.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

With metallic sounds, the two side's elite soldiers collided.

Although the Owells Forces' knights were more excellent when looking only at individuals' strengths, Roan's Taemusas had group battle ability that was peerless.

Furthermore, their number too was greater than the Owells Forces' knights.

And most of all.

Boom!

With a sound of explosion, the Owells Forces' soldiers were flung away.

To the Taemusas, a fearsome god of war existed.

“Gurruk.”

“Kuhuk.”

The Owells Force's soldiers, with sound of blood boiling, dropped their heads.

All alike one, their arms and legs were cut off or their chests were

longly cut.

Plopplopplopplop.

Above that, a stream of water thicker than the streaks of rain fell down.

A single warhorse moved its steps between the corpses strewn about.

Splash. Splash.

Each time, rainwater and blood splashed up following the horse hooves.

Chaaaaah.

Following the long spear, a stream of water extended like a spearhead.

The one sitting on the warhorse and looking down on the battlefield was Roan.

He, with the Traviass Spear, pointed at the Owells Forces' knights.

Unlike the usual, and rather than a flame, a stream of water

soared on the spearhead.

Not only that, a stream of water about two fingers thick whirled as if to protect Roan's body.

A sight as if droopingly wearing a long ribbon made of water.

“N, not a crimson ghost but.....”

“A blue ghost?”

Few knights murmured with dazed expressions.

At that moment, Roan's spear cut through the space.

Following the trajectory, the stream of water and rain swerved and shook.

Paat!

The stream of water that was coating the spearhead flew out long in a shape of a crescent.

“Kuk!”

“Block it!”

Two knights extended their swords forwards.

But like a flowing river, the stream of water softly brushed and passed their swords.

“Eh?”

“Hph!”

They tried to dodge a moment later, but it was already too late.

Ssskuk!

With a horrifying sound, the two knight's heads fell onto the ground.

“No way.....”

“He's that strong?”

The Owells Forces' knights and soldiers who had for the first time personally seen Roan's might became dazed.

On the other hand, the Taemusas paid no mind and devoted to their own mission.

Ssskuk! Sssguk! Chaack!

Roaming through between the enemies, they tirelessly swung their weapons.

Word for word, it seemed like a crimson wave rolling.

“Uuuuh.”

“They’re monsters. Monsters.”

The Owells Forces felt a fear as if blood rising up until below their chins.

Definitely until just now, their spirits were high as to pierce the sky and the state of the battle was still more advantageous to them.

In numbers or formation, there was no reason for them to falter.

Only one thing.

Roan’s existence made their feet slow.

At that moment.

“Roan!!!”

From the sunken Owells Forces' formation, a thunderous roar exploded out.

Dudududu.

The man piercing and rushing through the violent rain.

He was the ringleader of this fief war and the traitor of the era, Kali Owells.

Kicking the horse's stomach, he widely swung a brilliant longsword.

Chang!

A spark flew from the powerful strike.

'He is certainly different.'

At the powerful strength felt throughout his entire palm, Roan made a bitter smile.

Kali was different than the other knights.

He knew how to properly use mana and his physical abilities were also outstanding.



Furthermore.

“Si, Sir Viscount is fighting!”

“He’s pushing away that ghost!”

Beyond ambition and black heart, Kali himself was definitely an outstanding warrior.

When he stepped forwards, the Owells Forces’ spirit that was snapped a degree revived once again.

As the ones who were at an advantage in numbers reorganized their formations and went on to counterattack, the Taemusas began to be slowly pushed back.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Even while exchanging attacks with Kali, Roan did not miss the situation of the war that was flowing.

‘It’s until this point.’

Any further battle was meaningless.

The retreating main army had also escaped the forest and had

entered the Arslan Valley.

“Kali.”

Roan lightly parried away Kali’s sword and then formed a faint smile.

Kali thought that was mocking him.

“I will absolutely cut you bastard’s neck today.”

He pulled the mana inside his body and violently shook his sword.

Roan lightly bent his body and dodged the attack.

Sswung!

A fierce sound of cutting through the air hit the ears.

“For cutting my neck.....”

Roan quickly twisted his wrist and thrust his spear.

Following the spearhead, a stream of water shot out.

“Kuk!”

Kali quickly swung his sword roundly and blocked Roan’s attack.

At that moment, Roan’s voice fierced through his ears.

“That is an unsightly skill.”

“What?”

Kali’s expression twisted.

When he deflected away the stream of water and looked, Roan’s sight wasn’t seen.

No, far away, the sight of his back running towards the Arslan Valley was seen.

“Are you running away!”

Kali shouted with a brightly flushed face.

Roan lightly looked back and answered in a soft voice.

“I do not harass the weak.”

At that moment.

[I can fight more! I'm overflowing with power!]

Kinis' grumble-mixed voice was heard.

Roan diligently ignored her and, with a resounding voice, gave a new order.

“Retreat!”

Finally, the retreat order was given.

The Taemusas, who even without that were slowly being pushed back, sprinted towards the valley as if they had been waiting.

The role of the rearguard was already perfectly executed.

On the faces with tired looks clear, satisfied smiles were hung.

Uddk.

Watching the sight of Roan and the Taemusas getting further away, Kali grinded his teeth.

‘Hmph! To dare show your back in front of me!’

He quickly raised his sword up high.

“Chase them! Pack the bastards into the valley’s inside!”

The instant the order had fell, the entire Owells Forces charged towards the Arslan Valley.

Dududududu!

Sound ringing the ground.

Although they had missed Roan and the Taemusas, undisguisable ecstasy floated up on Kali and the commanders’ faces.

‘Roan. He probably thinks that he has safely escaped, right?’

‘Kukuku. Idiotic things. In front of there, Sir Walter is waiting in ambush!’

‘We’ll drum you mindless from the front and back!’

They thoroughly trusted Walter Owells.

Thousands of Owells Forces quickly passed through the Arslan Valley and entered the forests spread out outside the eastern entrance.

As they had expected, the forests were extremely noisy.

“Uak!”

“Kuuk!”

“Save me!”

Sound of screams were noisy from everywhere.

Not only that.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Together with metallic sound.

Pubuk! Pububuk!

Sound of arrows being planted.

Vvuuuu! Deng! Deng! Deng!

Sounds of horn and bell and so on all noisily rang.

“It’s done! Walter has properly done it for us!”

Kali shouted with a voice elated to utmost.

“Attack! Attack! Join up and annihilate the enemy forces!”

“Attack! Attack!”

The Owells Forces’ commanders pulled out their weapons and entered into the forests.

Inside the forests, the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion that were busily moving were seen.

Their expressions were extremely panicked.

Looking at that sight, Kali formed a frightening smile.

‘Walter. Splendid. Truly splendid.’

For the first time, his son Walter fitted right in his heart.

Thanks to his son, he had come to be able to catch Roan who was like a needle in his eye.

His chest floated up with pride.

At that moment beyond the streaks of rain, from a deep place in the forest, a troop that highly raised Owells Forces' flag showed up.

It would definitely be Walter's troop.

Without even knowing himself, Kali raised his sword up high.

But soon, he ended up creasing his brows.

‘What is that?’

At the place his gaze headed.

The left forearm of the breastplate that Owells House's crest was engraved.

‘Why have you tied a blue cloth?’

An expression that said that he simply couldn't understand.

The chest that had floated up with pride coldly sank down.

An unintelligible anxiety wrapped around his entire body.



Gulp.

Kali's throat roughly moved.

Even though the rain was still violently falling, his lips tightly dried out.

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“Sir Owells. Is this direction really right, sir?”

Owells Forces' troop commander Roberi tilted his head.

He couldn't understand the marching direction.

At that moment, the young man who was going ahead pulled his rein and looked back at Roberi

“Roberi. You truly have a lot of suspicion.”

“Eh? N, no it's not that, but.....”

At the young man's censure, Roberi waves his hands as if flustered.

The young man coldly smiled and added on.

“I have received my father, Viscount Kali Owell’s order and have merely came to the Arslan Valley’s west.”

The young man, he was in fact Walter Owells.

Currently, he was leading the Owells Forces that were left on the northeastern frontline, now the Walter Troop, and was moving towards the Arslan Valley’s western forests.

Roberi awkwardly smiled and lowered his head.

“I’m sorry if I had offended you, sir. I merely wondered, considering various things, that wouldn’t the Arslan Valley’s eastern forests than the western forest would be more proper.....”

“We will merely follow the order.”

Walter, with a firm tone, shook his head.

Roberi once again lowered his head.

“Yes. That is right, sir. Since the superior’s orders are absolute. Especially if it’s a state when we’re facing a decisive battle like this before us, we need to follow much.....”

“If you know so well, then do not do any more disrespectful acts.”

Walter once again spoke flat, then spurred his horse.

The Arslan Valley was in fact right in front of their noses.

‘Roberi. You are quite proficient.’

He brushed down his shocked heart.

Like Roberi’s words, Kali’s original order was to hide in ambush at Arslan Valley’s eastern forests.

The most important of important duties.

‘It means that he trusts me that much.’

Until now, he had countlessly stacked big and small military achievements in order to earn Kali’s trust.

Thanks to that, he had received an important mission in the battle large enough to decide the state of this fief war.

‘Everything is all according to Sir Count Roan Lancephil and my will.’

Finally, the golden opportunity to completely annihilate the Owells Forces had come.

Walter ignored Kali's order and headed towards the Arslan Valley's west following Roan's will.

Furthermore.

‘This blue cloth.’

He looked down at the blue cloth he had wrapped on his left arm and made a faint smile.

It wasn't only Walter who had wrapped a blue cloth.

The entire Walter troop including Walter, without a single one missing, was wearing the blue cloth.

‘To think he didn't miss even the small part like this.....’

He newly awed and awed again at Roan's ability.

At that moment.

‘Hm?’

From the edge of his ear, a very small and weak sound of yelling was heard.

“Sir Owells!”

Roberi approached with an urgent expression.

Walter quickly nodded his head.

“However I think of it, it seems that the battle had already been created. We will have to run over immediately and help our allies.”

“Yes, sir. Understood. I will have all troop get ready for battle.”

Roberi immediately nodded his head, then tried to step back.

At that moment, Walter waved his hand and pointed at the left arm’s blue cloth.

“I’ll say it again, but the ones wearing this blue cloth are allies.”

“I know, sir. You said that fox-like bastard Roan may use again the remnant soldier disguise trick used to annihilate the Hadding Legion before, yes sir? I have clearly told every soldier, sir.”

A confident voice.

Walter lightly nodded his head.

With a short sigh, he stared at the Arslan Valley.

‘Make the enemies and the enemies fight each other.’

To Walter, who still didn’t have his own whole faction, it was a helpless choice.

And this too was a scheme that Roan had proposed.

Abruptly, Walter became curious.

‘Sir Count Lancephil hadn’t possibly seen through all the way here and used the remnant soldier disguise trick to annihilate the Hadding Legion, right?’

He couldn’t know.

But because that trick was there, even at Walter’s current order to wear a blue cloth, the commanders including Roberi and the soldiers did not held any doubt.

Walter’s eyes heavily sank.

‘Father.’

Kali’s face floated up in front of his eyes.

‘If we were like normal father and son, what kind of decision

would I have made?’

There wasn’t even anyone to ask, nor was there anyone to answer either.

Walter tightly clenched his teeth and spurred his horse.

The streaks of rain hit his face.

Following his cheek, something that couldn’t be tell whether it was tears or rain sorrowfully rolled down.

# Chapter 180 : The Decisive Battle (7)

---

The Owells Forces violently pushed the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion.

“Hahaha! You bastards! Look over here as well!”

“Do you plan to keep showing us the back of your head like that!”

“Hahaha! Serves you right!”

They thought that Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion were overwhelmed facing the Walter Troop.

They certained that everything was flowing as they desired, as their plan.

But at that moment.

Clank!

Suddenly with a sound of armors clapping against each other, the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers, who were facing the east, turned towards the west.

“Eh?”



The expressions of Owells Forces' soldiers, at the abrupt situation, were slightly taken back.

But soon, they shouted with sneers.

“Hmph! Does our side look easier?”

“Even though the Walter Troop at the back is also strong, we're the real elite troop!”

“Well, we or them, we are all.....’

Suddenly.

Pbabababat!

The grass greatly shook and the Walter Troop located at the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's rear split to the sides.

“Wha what the?”

“What're they doing?”

The Owells Forces' soldiers, at the Walter Troop's incomprehensible action, tilted their heads.

At that moment.

“March forwards!”

“Charge!”

With resounding voices, the Tale Legion, Lancephil Legion, and the Walter Troop all pounced towards the Owells Forces.

“Eh?!”

“Eh?”

At the attacks that poured down without discriminating the front and the sides, the Owells Forces scrambled about.

They still hadn’t understood the Walter Troop’s action.

‘Walter has betrayed? No. That isn’t the Walter Troop!’

Kali, who was analyzing the battle situation, intuitively perceived that the things had gone wrong.

He quickly raised his sword up high and shouted aloud.

“Retreat! Retreat! We are returning to our camp!”

If them having fallen into a trap was the truth, then it was a situation where they couldn't avoid complete annihilation.

They had to escape the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's encirclement and once again moved back towards the Arslan Valley.

Soon following that, numerous commanders busily moved.

“Retreat!”

“We've fallen into a trap! Retreat!”

The Owells Forces' common soldiers only then also realized that the things had gone wrong.

“Uah! Ruan!”

“The enemy are rushing towards us!”

The Owells Forces' soldiers who stood at the head squalled with completely scared expressions.

However, the retreat wasn't easy.

The rear troop was still charging towards the eastern forests.

Due to that, the rear troop that was trying to charge and the head troop that was trying to retreat tangled and a complete disorder arose at the Arslan Valley's entrance.

“You idiots! Retreat! I said retreat!”

“We've fallen into a trap!”

Rebuking voices pierces through the sound of rain.

“Trap? It's a trap?”

“Damn it! Don't push! It's a trap!”

“Retreat! Retreat!”

A moment too late, the rear troop's soldiers stopped their charge and moved back.

But the sight was still that of them running about in confusion.

In the middle of that, only one person was maintaining his calm.

‘I knew it will be like this!’

He was in fact Demis Izy.

Demis, who had already noticed the unusual inkling at the western forests and subtly moved to the rear, creased his forehead at the gruesome battle unfolding at the front.

‘Damn it.’

Once again, he shook his head at Roan’s abilities and schemes.

‘Knowing that the Walter Troop was approaching from the east, they ambushed and annihilated them and then lured us into a scuffle using the armors of Walter Troop’s soldiers.’

The left arms’ blue clothes must be the method to separate allies from enemies.

Of course, this was thoroughly Demis’ own thought.

He, no, every one of Owells Forces including him believed that Roan had already seen through their plan and then had defeated the Walter Troop.

Not a single one could think that Walter Owells had betrayed them.

‘It’s good that I slipped out to the most rear.’

Demis exhaled a sigh of relief and moved back.

Together with the troop members below him, he quickly began to retreat.

Dududududu!

Sound of horse hooves shook the ground.

Demis and his troop quickly ran between the Arslan Valley and entered into the western forests once again.

‘There was confusion, but it seems that we can somehow retreat.’

When he lightly glanced back, the Owells Forces’ main army was pouring out through the valley’s entrance.

Although they had taken significant damage, it looked like they could at least avoid complete annihilation.

“Huu.”

A long sigh flowed out.

There was only the work of keep running and returning to the camp like this left.

No, he thought it was left.

But at that moment.

Ssweaaaaak!

Abruptly, sharp sound of something cutting through the air was heard.

Simultaneously, tens, hundreds of arrows flew towards them from the western forests.

Pbuk! Pbububuk! Pbuk!

Demis' subordinates, who had been retreating without trouble, became porcupines and fell.

“Wha, what?”

At the unpredicted attack, Demis goggled his eyes.

Perhaps on the east, but at west, no troop that would attack them existed.

No, it shouldn't have existed.

The west was entirely Owells Forces' territory.

At that moment, Demis' face stiffly solidified.

“Tha, that is?”

On the left arms of the soldiers that were pushing out and entering from the western end of the forests.

There, blue clothes were wrapped around.

“I, it's the enemy!”

Demis convulsively shouted.

“It's the enemy! The enemy! The ones that wrapped blue clothes on their left arms aren't the allies but enemies! Don't be fooled by the crest carved on their armors!”

Sound ringing the battlefield.

Demis's troop's soldiers, who momentarily panicked at the abrupt ambush attack, gritted their teeth and pulled out their weapons.

‘We need to pierce through those bastards to return to the camp.’

‘If our legs get held here, we'll suffer an encirclement attack.’



[‘The back of our heads may get hit by a sword.’](#)

“getting hit on the back of one’s head” is a phrase for “getting betrayed”, though there is no mention of the “sword”. So this sentence actually works either way.

The desire to live dominated their heads.

They kicked off the ground and recklessly charged.

If they had calmed their heads a bit more and comprehended the situation, they might have felt that something was strange.

But the point that the fake Walter Troop that appeared at the rear wrapped blue clothes to their left arms, the point that thick forests were greatly dark due to the weather that accompanied a violent torrent of rain, and their most basic desire to live stormed and disallowed them to make rational judgment.

“You bastard! To think you’ll dare think of using the remnant soldier disguise scheme again!”

“You’ve thought of us too easily!”

“Kill them! The ones wearing the blue cloths are the real allies!”

Walter Troop was greatly misunderstanding the situation in their own way.

Of course, this was all due to the scheme of Walter, the troop commander.

Boom!

With a sound of explosion, the two troops crashed.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Together with metallic sounds, a fierce battle began.

The two troop's soldiers thought that each other was the enemy, namely the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion.

But the truth was a battle of Owells Forces against Owells Forces.

Here, the Owells Forces' main army that escaped out of the Arslan Valley a step late and the fake Walter Troop, Tale Legion, and the Lancephil Legion that had chased behind tangled up and an incredibly chaotic battle unfolded.

Of course, Roan did not needlessly entered deep into the fray.

‘Now, we will leave those bastards to shake their swords a round.’

Although the battle was being unfolded, the Tale Legion and the

Lancephil Legion's damage was nearly nonexistent.

The battle was only unfolded between the Owells Forces.

A horrifying and horrendous battle of friends killing friends kept continuing on.

Of course, there were also ones who realized that the situation was odd from time to time.

“Eh? Beckel?”

“Ichin? Why are you? Did you actually surrender?”

“What are you saying? Aren't you the one who surrendered?”

The cases where the ones that were pointing their swords at each other recognizing one another had broke out.

“Pe, perhaps?”

“Are we fighting amongst allies right now?”

Widely goggling their eyes, they raised their hands up high.

They were planning to at least shout as loud as they could.

“Everyone stop!”

“We’re all in the same.....”

However, their wishes couldn’t be reached.

“Die!”

“Die! You son of bitches!”

From the back of each side, swords different from one another tore through the two people’s chest.

“Gurruk. Thi, this is, wro.....”

Empty deaths.

All over the battlefield, events similar to this unfolded.

Demis too, only after hacking the enemy, no, the real Walter Troop’s soldiers for a long while, realized that something was wrong.

‘Why is there so many familiar looking guys?’

Although it wasn't as if he knew all the common soldiers' faces, even so, it wasn't as if he completely didn't know them.

The guy who died just now with his own hand piercing his chest was definitely a subordinate that he had roamed the battlefields together with.

‘Surrendering? No. There’s no way.’

When his thought reached about that point, a shadow fell in front of his eyes.

The gaze that unknowingly looked back.

The eyes that simultaneously widen.

“You, you are.....?”

Taken back, Demis tried to scream.

Ssskuk!

But a step ahead of that, a sharp sword cut Demis' neck.

The sword's owner, with cold eyes, glared at Demis' head that had fallen onto the ground.

“Noticing it was too late.”

A voice devoid of emotion.

The one who cut Demis’ neck was in fact Walter.

He quickly moved his steps towards the next target.

Ssskuk. Sssguk.

Horrifying sounds were consecutively heard.

“Kuk!”

“Si, Sir Walter?”

The commanders all fell with shocked faces as if one.

The ones Walter was aiming for were commanders above adjutant level that practically moved the troops.

If it was like this, it seemed as if they could finish the battle more easier than he had thought.

But the Owells Forces’ commanders weren’t all fools.

Especially their leader and the source of this fief war, Kali Owells, was an outstanding man.

‘Something is wrong.’

Even in the middle of the chaotic battle, he read the leery, unpleasant, and somehow uncomfortable air.

A doubtful thought.

And the instant he saw the young general blocking the path of retreat while swinging his sword, that turned into certainty.

“Roberi!”

The voice cutting through the battlefield and ringing like a thunder.

Instantly, the Owells Forces, who were pointing their swords at each other, all faltered and trembled their hands.

“Si, Sir Viscount Owells?”

Roberi, who was seized by madness and was hacking the soldiers as if mad, discovered Kali and stiffly froze like a statue.

‘Something is wrong!’

In the first place, he was an outstanding man who would not feel doubt even at Walter's marching order.

Roberi quickly moved back.

"Halt the battle! Halt the battle! Move back!"

Soon, numerous commanders repeated the same words and the falteringly moved back along with the soldiers.

Silence.

Not the sound of metal, shouts, nor even the sound of scream was heard.

Prrurrurru.

Only the sound of horses blowing their mouths occasionally echoed out quietly.

"Roberi! What is this! For you to attack the allies!"

A frost-like roar.

Roberi's face bleached white.



That was also the same for the other soldiers.

“The, then have we been fighting amongst allies all this time?”

“Come to think of it, aren’t those guys the real Walter Troop?”

“Eh? Look over there. That side’s also real main army’s soldiers.”

“Just how did this happen?”

Dazed expressions and overlapping voices.

At that moment, Roberi looked at Kali and shouted in a confused voice.

“I just don’t know how this has happened, sir! I have merely followed Sir Walter’s orders. Most definitely, he said that the ones wearing blue clothes are the real allies and the ones wearing only the armors are enemies who disguised as ally remnant.....”

When his words reached about that point, Roberi and Kali as well as Owells Forces’ all commanders and soldiers’ faces were colored pale.

‘It’s a betrayal!’

‘Sir Walter has betrayed us!’

Finally, they could understand all the circumstances.

They had been thoroughly played with.

By the man named Walter Owells.

‘No, behind him, Roan must have be there.’

Kali, with an expression as if having chewed on a gall, shouted.

“Walter! Where is Walter!”

It was a voice filled with rage.

Beyond blood relations, his heart felt like scraping out the bastard’s heart even immediately.

But the sight of Walter couldn’t be seen anywhere.

At that moment.

“Kali. Have you finished all your chat?”

From east of the forests, from the side of the Arslan Valley’s entrance, a quiet but powerful voice was heard.

The man pushing through the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion that had wrapped around the Owells Forces as if to encircle them.

The young man riding a large warhorse and slantly holding a long spear was in fact Roan.

Wearing a crimson armor, he stared straight at Owells Forces with panicked expressions.

“The look of you crying like a little girl is truly laughable.”

The venomous words tore at his chest.

“Roan!”

Kali couldn't hold himself back and shouted.

He didn't expect to be humiliated so completely.

But it wasn't the end with this.

‘Now that we've checked that we're on the same side, the retreat path has definitely opened.’

If he return to the camp and then reorganize the formation, he

could counterattack as much as he wish.

Like that, the one strand of pride that was left flamed his reasons and emotions.

“Do you thinking of running away?”

Roan softly smiled as he shook his head.

A relaxed look.

Although his emotions burst and the rage soared, Kali forcefully and tightly suppressed and endured.

‘I will definitely take revenge!’

The light in his eyes blazingly burned up.

Roan looked at that sight and deeply inhaled.

“Kali. Now give up. You cannot run.”

“Hmph! You’re overly confident!”

Kali snorted and then pointed at the Walter Troop at the rear.

“We have taken control of the western path of retreat.”

It was a situation where they could easily escape out of the forest.

‘If the rear troop stops them with their lives on the line, that is.....’

If it was for himself to live, it didn’t matter whether hundreds or thousands of soldiers died en masse.

Either way, the important thing was Kali, himself.

At that moment.

“Control the path of retreat..... Kali, you bastard has now even lost your sight.”

Roan loudly chided in a cold voice.

“What?!”

Creasing his brows, Kali shouted aloud.

Following that, Roberi, who was controlling the western path of retreat, roared with a brightly flushed face.

“Roan you bastard! Can you not see me!”

It truly was a bold spirit.

But Roan instead snorted and shook his head.

“I do not have the gift of seeing dead men.”

They were incomprehensible words.

Roberi creased his brows.

“Dead men? Who are you saying is dead!”

At that moment.

Ssskuk!

A sharp sword cut apart Roberi's side in a long line and pierced through and exited from his chest.

“Wa, what is this.....”

At the situation that suddenly unfolded, Roberi goggled his eyes and turned his head looking for the sword's owner.

A large swordsman standing right next to him.

He shouted in a resounding voice.

“Who is dead? It’s you, of course!”

A hearty spirit gushed out from his entire body.

“Gurruk. Who, who are yo.....”

Even while his breath passed away, Roberi tried to find the identity of the swordsman that pierced his chest.

The swordsman put strength into his wrist to pulled out the sword again, then shouted once again in a resounding voice.

“I’m the Tale Legion’s vice-commander and the Pieves Troop’s three-thousand-man Commander, Austin!”

Finally, the familiar face appeared below the deeply worn helmet.

Austin, who had received Roan’s secret order before the Arslan Battle began and moved first.

After leading the fake Walter Troop and inciting the chaotic battle, he had stealthily infiltrated between the real Walter Troop.

“Ro, Roberi!”

Kali shouted with a thunderstruck expression.

“T, Troop commander!”

“Troop commander Roberi!”

The nearby soldiers too wailed with dumbfound expressions.

Kali raged.

“Kill him! Kill that bastard!”

Pointing at Austin, he exploded out with madness.

But at that moment, Roan’s calm and soft voice brushed the ears once again.

“Well. Could they do so? Even though the dead cannot move.”

“What does.....”

Kali creased his brows.

At that instant, Austin raised his sword up high and shouted in a



loud voice.

“Flip the cloth!”

They were incomprehensible words.

But the change that single sentence brought was truly great.

Flip!

The soldiers located at the outer side of the Walter Troop flipped the blue cloth wrapped on their left arms.

Suddenly, the clothes' color turned red.

Shape of the fake Walter Troop wearing red clothes having perfectly surrounded the real Walter Troop that was still wearing the blue clothes.

“Ah.....”

“No, no way!”

“Just when did they.....”

Dispirited sounds flowed out everywhere.

Because it was such a chaotic battle, no one was able to notice the fake Walter Troop that Austin led crossing the battlefield and permeating into the real Walter Troop.

Roan faintly smiled and raised the Traviar Spear up high.

“Crimson Legion.”

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion, and the fake Walter Troop on top of that.

Every soldier leaned his ears at Roan’s voice.

Roan kicked his horse and shouted at the top of his lungs.

“Swallow up the Owells Forces!”

The instant the order was given, all the soldiers, the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion, and even the fake Walter Troop, pounced towards the Owells Forces.

“Waaaaa!”

“Kill them!”

“Wipe out the enemy!”

It was literally a storm-like charge.

“Uuuu.”

“Uaaah!”

The Owells Forces’ soldiers unconsciously trembled with their entire body.

They all felt their death.

Ssskuk! Sssguk! Ssskuk!

Horrifying sounds fully filled the battlefield.

The battle was one-sided.

Especially Roan’s might shined once again.

Literally a godly might.

He showed off the might of a god.

A giant spearhead of water, together with the violent torrent of rain, split the Owells Forces’ soldiers.

The Owells Forces' knights and soldiers, whose morales had already fallen all the way to the bottom, were no match for Roan.

But even within that while, there were few who bravely struggled on alone.

“Sir Viscount! Sir Viscount at least escape!”

“Secure a path!”

“Pierce through a path with your lives!”

The old veterans who had roamed the battlefields for a long time together with Kali.

The commanders who respected and admired not wealth and power but Kali himself sacrificed their lives to secure a path.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

In front of the charge of the old veterans who had disregarded death, even the Taemusas who prided in their group battle abilities began to be slowly pushed back.

Ssskuk!

With a horrifying sound, one Taemusa fell.

At that instant!

Paat!

A very small gap appeared.

“Sir Viscount!”

“Sir Viscount Owells! Quick!”

Urgent and desperate voices rang out.

At the old veteran’s shouts, Kali kicked his horse.

He did not throw a single word of thanking or swearing revenge.

He didn’t even throw a shout filled with rage towards Roan.

Merely.

‘I have to live! I have to live! I must live! Rather than the lives of those old men, my one life is much more valuable! Of course!’

Kali's thought was only that thought.

It was to a point that the veterans' loyalties were regrettable.

"Please persevere your life, sir."

They, without even knowing Kali's such thought, or perhaps even while knowing that, saluted and lowered their heads.

It was a truly doleful sight.

"My lord! Owells is escaping!"

"Kali is escaping, sir!"

Bernard and Andre shouted with hurried expressions.

Roan, who was cutting the necks of Owells Forces' knights, looked at the sight of Kali's back getting further away and shook his head.

"I will leave Kali Owells..... to him."

It was a somewhat forlorn voice.

Bernard and Andre soon understood those words' meaning and slowly nodded their heads.

Ssskuk!

Roan once again cut a knight's neck and then shouted in a loud voice.

“Flood them! The battle has not ended yet!”

The sound echoed the battlefield.

“Waaaah!”

Once again, the crimson legion's spirit boiled up.

But unlike Roan's words, the battle was already no different than having ended.

It was because even the Owells Forces' soldiers who resisted at least saw Kali run away and had completely lost their will.

“Uak!”

“Kuuk!”

Now, only the sound of screams instead of metal were abundant.

Plopplopplopplop.

The violently falling streaks of rain washed away the sorrowful sounds.

The crimson legion's complete victory as well as a grand victory.

The decisive battle carved with blood and washed in rain, the Arslan battle ended like that.

No, for now, the battle at the Arslan Valley ended like that.

What was left was only one, the aged feelings between the father and the son.



# Chapter 181 : Tie (1)

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“Haa! Haa! Haa!”

Rough breaths touched the horse’s back.

Viscount Kali Owells couldn’t even bear to look back.

He simply kept continued to kick the horse.

At that moment.

Paat!

Together with a heavy sound, a hard and thick rope bounced up.

The front leg of the warhorse that had been breathlessly running got caught on the rope.

“Neeen!”

The warhorse lost its balance and violently rolled down.

“Haa!”

Kali slightly panicked at the abruptly unfolded event, but he

quickly threw his body and jumped into the air.

Chang!

He drew out his sword the very instant he took balance and got down on the ground.

There wasn't even the leisure to check the horse's condition.

'I, is it an ambush?'

A cold sweat flowed.

At that moment, a quiet and melancholic voice was heard from his back.

"That's quite a good luck."

Instantly, Kali's face twisted.

It was a familiar voice.

The voice of the bastard who he wanted to find so much just before.

"Walter."

Kali grinded his teeth and turned his body towards the direction the voice was heard.

From the end of the tightly fasten rope, a young man approached.

As expected, the young man's identity was Walter Owells.

“Rather than the bold and arrogant look, the sight of you running away in fear is much more pleasant looking.”

A cold voice.

With a stiffly solidified expression, Kali shouted.

“Walter! Do you know what you have just done!”

Walter, slowly nodding his head, pulled out the sword at his waist.

“Of course. I'm merely facing an enemy commander.”

“Enemy commander?”

Kali twisted his eyes.

He roared with a cold voice.

“I’m you bastard’s father!”

“Father? Ha.”

Walter, with a stiffly solidified expression, snorted.

Kali’s face was still twisted.

“Are you perhaps saying that you’ll point your sword at your blood? You’ll kill your family? Why? For what? You and Io Lancephil are strangers whose blood haven’t even mixed a single drop. Are you saying that you’ll cut your family’s neck for him? Or is it because of Roan? Just what is the reason you’re doing this!”

Voice that openly rubbed off with rage and desperation.

Perhaps a pursuit troop might appear beyond the hill, he was in a greatly restless state.

A cold smile hung around Walter’s mouth.

“Family? Blood? It doesn’t sound like words that a man who killed his wife and daughter should be saying.”

“Kill? Whose wife and daughter did I kill..... are you perhaps

talking of the Arslan Brigand event?”

The Arslan Brigand event.

Until they were subjugated by Io, the Arslan Brigand was a large-scale brigand that showed off a mighty power with the Arslan Valley as their main base.

Not only attacking the merchants and passersby that traversed the valley, they even pillaged the nearby region’s villages and spread their infamy.

Although the fief tried to subjugate them multiple times, it was absolutely not easy because their main base was located at the most precipitous place even within the Arslan Valley.

During that while, an absurd event occurred.

“Arslan Brigand Event. So you haven’t forgotten. Exactly ten years ago, mother and litter sister who had been coming back from my grandparents’ house were captured by the Arslan Brigand.”

That was the very Arslan Brigand event.

“Ghmm.”

Kali crinkled his nose with an uncomfortable look.

Walter disregarded it and continued his words.

“They said that they’ll free mother and sister as long as we pay them the ransom. But father refused.”

“Are you saying a kingdom’s noble should yield to a mere brigand? That is something that cannot be.”

Kali boldly answered with effort.

Walter snorted.

“Hmph. If you cannot give money to mere brigands, shouldn’t you have came up with a rescue plan at least?”

His voice became louder.

“But father did nothing. You didn’t give the ransom, nor did you organize a troop and march.”

“Tha, that is.....”

Kali stuttered with a slightly panicked look.

Walter’s face solidified even colder.

“Father was mindless receiving and flattering Duke Bradley

Webster who visited the Pavor Castle at that very day.”

“Ghmm.”

Once again, Kali swallowed a groan with an uncomfortable look.

It was true.

On the day his wife and daughter were kidnapped, Kali was doing all sort of flattering in order to climb up to a higher place.

It was that he wished to most definitely get within the sight of Bradley Webster, who was one of the kingdom’s four dukes.

The tips of Walter’s eyes sharply trembled.

“When father was tilting cups of wine with Duke Bradley Webster, mother and sister forlornly died after suffering all kinds of vice.”

Rage surged up.

Understandably, Kali’s action at the time was greatly unusual.

In case that the banquet will be canceled if the truth that his wife and daughter were kidnapped were possibly known, he had thoroughly remained silent.

Thanks to that, he was solidly pressed by Count Io Lancephil after this truth was later revealed and had to remain as the knight order's vice-executive without advancing for a long time.

‘A man who throws away his family for his ambition.....’

That was Kali.

Kali quietly stared at Walter's cold gaze.

The excuses were about to begin.

“Walter. I have merely made the best decision for our house. I too loved my wife and daughter. But because I had you.....”

When the words reach about that point, Walter raised his sword and gritted his teeth.

“I know. Why father threw away mother and sister so easily.....”

That was all.

“Because I was there. Because I, the firstborn who would lead the house even if mother and sister died, was there, you probably made such a heartless choice. But that very choice's reason.....”



Walter's eyes sorrowfully shined.

“Has pained me so much.”

Certainly, there was not a single fault of his own.

But as Walter became older and older, he became wrapped in the shame that his mother and sister's deaths were his own fault.

At that moment, the one who became his support was in fact Count Io Lancephil.

He could only become the support.

At the time, Io personally led the knight order, the magic corp, and the fief regiment and marched after hearing the news Walter's mother and sister had been kidnapped much later, and had subjugated the Arslan Brigand after a month of a large battle.

Although it was late, it was a greatly different sight compared to Kali, who had feigned ignorance of the kidnapping of his family for his own ambition.

“Father. When your eyes had gone dark from ambition, the man who had looked after and raised me at that time was in fact Sir Io Lancephil.”

From the start, Io greatly valued Walter's talent.

He embraced Walter, who had received a large shock, with his chest and raised him with his heart.

Thanks to that, Walter was able to recover faster than expected.

But despite so, he had no confidence to live while facing Kali's face.

He went out of the house that was like hell and comforted his heart's wound while studying at the Pavor Academy.

And the one he met at that time was Mary Tate, who was his fiancé right now, and he was able to meet even Roan thanks to her.

It truly was a perverse relation and fate.

“The very bottom fits men like father. You would only pain many people the more and more you go up to a higher place.”

The tip of his sword slightly trembled.

Although he had swallowed a firm resolve, pointing his sword at his father was much more painful and agonizing thing than he had thought.

Kali did not miss that very point.

“As expected, you bastard’s heart is soft.....”

It was the personality that did not pleased him so much, and that he had wanted to fix in any way possible.

But for that very personality to become a help now.

“Huu.”

Kali spat out short breath and looked straight at Walter’s eyes.

“Do you truly plan to stop me?”

At those words, Walter shook his head.

“No.”

“Hm?”

Kali, at the unexpected answer, creased his brow.

Walter, with a coldly sank voice, added on.

“I plan to kill you.”

Instantly, Kali's face stiffly solidified.

"Impertinent bastard."

A cold voice abruptly shot out.

'I cannot delay any longer.'

His heart became impatient.

Whether the pursuit troop may have already reached his near was something he couldn't know.

He put strength into the hand holding his sword.

"Don't resent your father."

Finally, Kali made his heart's decision.

'Something like children, I can simply give birth to more.'

He was still young.

He thought that if it was children, he could simply give birth to more.

But Kali too did not knew his own heart simply too much.

Tat!

Kali kicked the ground and ran towards Walter.

Kali, who was known as most outstanding knight amongst Io's subordinates, began to swing his sword with his own son Walter as the opponent.

‘There is no one stronger than me in the Count Lancephil House!’

It was Kali's pride.

He didn't think even a bit of fighting Walter and losing.

But.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

With just four strikes of the sword, the pride that had been solid greatly shook.

‘This bastard.....?’

Kali, with a greatly surprised light in his eyes, looked at Walter.

‘He’s much stronger than I thought.’

The heavy strength felt through the palm.

Not only that, his body movement and sword movement were light and without waste.

‘He was this strong?’

It was unbelievable.

Walter was a rookie knight who just graduated the academy.

The experiences must be short and the quality of his mana too should be lacking.

But.

‘He’s similar to me.’

It was a surprising revelation.

He knew that he didn’t miss the top throughout the time he attended the knight school.

But even so, he thought that it was at a degree of showing prominence amongst the students.

‘Even if I didn’t knew, it seems I knew too little.’

He newly had a thought that the things he knew of his son Walter was simply too few.

Simultaneously with dejection, rage soared up.

‘Even though he has this much skill, for him to want to become another’s dog on his own!’

If it was this much swordsmanship skill and level of mana, it should be enough to greatly shine the Owells House.

As he thought that such bastard was pointing his sword at the house, his rage surged up even more.

“You foolish bastard!”

Kali completely pulled up his mana and pushed Walter on.

Although it was regrettable and lamentable, as he had decided to throw him out, he planned to surely kill him.

He definitely thought to do so.

The sword moved even more shrewdly.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Together with metallic sounds, sparks flew.

Spat! Sskuk!

Occasionally, each's sword brushed past the cloths on each's arm and sides.

The fierce melee kept continuing on.

“Die!”

A horrid sound burst out from Kali's mouth.

He pulled up his entire mana and threw a mortal blow.

On the other side, Walter clenched his teeth and unfolded a counterattack.

He absolutely did not move back.

Watching straight at the blade flying towards him, he clenched



his teeth.

The two people's blades passed by as if to brush.

If like this, it was a mutual death.

Tung.

Suddenly, Walter's sword greatly shook.

The tightly closed mouth slightly opened.

The eyes that were resolute without a tremble too greatly shook.

'Ah..... father.....'

At the final moment, Walter ended up twisting his sword.

He thought he could kill him.

Because the rage that filled his heart was so big, he thought that he could cut his neck and stab his chest.

But at the decisive moment, the old past he had forgotten floated up.

The young Kali who was teaching the little brat Walter the sword.

His father Kali of that time when he had once looked up to the most had floated up.

‘Was my resolve only this much.....’

Like Kali’s words, Walter’s heart was too soft.

He couldn’t stab the sword at his father’s chest.

Feeling the blade falling down, he quietly closed his eyes.

On the other hand, Kali’s sword had no trembling.

No, it looked to be so.

‘Damn it!’

Kali clenched his teeth.

The sword that was heading towards Walter’s chest adroitly twisted.

Ssskuk!

The blade drew a long line and cut off Walter's left arm.

“Kuuk!”

An intense pain stormed.

Dropping his sword, Walter grabbed his left shoulder with his right hand.

The red spouted out like a fountain.

But he never dropped nor shouted.

He simply stood and looked straight at Kali's eyes.

“Even to the end, they're disrespectful and arrogant eyes.”

Kali raised his sword while biting his lower lip.

‘I have to kill him. I can't leave a future trouble.’

Kali raised his sword up high.

Walter quietly watched that sight.

The light in his eyes were still bold but somehow sad.

“Kuuk.”

Kali bit his lips.

The hand that was holding the sword sharply shook.

It absolutely wasn't because the sword was heavy.

“Go to some remote countryside and live as if dead.”

Simultaneously, Kali's sword stabbed Walter's lower abdomen.

“Kuk.”

Walter gritted his teeth.

It wasn't as painful as when his left arm was cut off.

But the despair was much greater than back then.

‘Mana has disappeared.’

A dejected feeling.

Kali had destroyed Walter's mana hole.

“You bastard is the Owells House's man no more.”

Kali quietly scolded, then disappeared into the west while riding the warhorse.

Watching the back of Kali that was getting away, Walter dropped his knees just like that.

The sight became blurry.

“Father.....”

At the instant when he was losing his consciousness, he spat out that word that he would never again would call.

Like that, Walter became an orphan.

\*\*\*\*\*

After taking a complete victory in the Arslan Battle, Roan marched north with a sweeping spirit.

The Owells Forces' remnants, who were scattered in the eastern region with the Pavor Castle as the starting point, threw down

their weapons and surrendered even from just seeing the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's flags.

Big and small castles and nearby regions were also the same.

Ones who had helplessly lowered their heads at Kali all swore their loyalty to Roan.

Thanks to that, Roan, the Tale Legion, and the Lancephil Legion were able to enter the Pavor Castle within merely four days after the Arslan Battle had ended.

“Waaaah!

“Roan! Roan!”

“Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!”

The Pavor residents came out to the grand street crossing the castle and cheered.

They had to tremble day after day not knowing when the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces would come and invade.

And during that while, the news of Roan's grand victory was reached.

It was a situation where they couldn't help being cheerful and happy.

“That sir is the new Sir Count, right?”

“Right! Right! As expected of our Count Io Lancephil, no, the previous Sir Count's eyes for people are the best!”

“Since our new Sir Count was famous for being a good person even from the past.”

The sound of people's laughter burst out from every place.

They sent lavish claps and cheers towards not only Roan but also the legion's soldiers who had endured laborious battles.

“Waaaah!”

“Hahaha!”

Cheerful and bright sounds continued on for a long time.

But.

“Eh? Look over there! Isn't that guy perhaps.....?”

Soon, few people began to whisper with serious expressions.

“Isn’t that bastard that Owells House guy?”

“Right, right! He’s definitely Kali Owells’ son.”

“He’s Walter or something bastard, right?”

The Pavor residents glared with their eyes and spat out curses.

The place their gazes touched.

On top of the warhorse that was just getting into the inside of the castle gate sat Walter, who had deeply dropped his head.

His left shoulder was tightly tied up.

“Hey! You bastard! How dare you bastard come here!”

“Traitor bastard!”

“Get out now, Kali’s son!”

The abuses gradually become more intense.

Even.



“Eit!”

One of the castle’s residents picked up a stone that was rolling around and threw it.

Puuk!

The stone directly hit Walter’s shoulder.

“Kuk.”

Crimson blood flowed from the shoulder.

It was a pitiable and miserable sight.

But the castle’s residents, who felt a great rage at Kali’s betrayal, did not shook from that such sight.

“Eit!”

“Die!”

“Get out!”

Soon, people picked up and threw stone from everywhere.

Puck! Pubuck! Puck!

Walter, without a thought of dodging or blocking, quietly sat and got struck by stone.

At that moment.

Puuk!

A dull sound hit the ears.

“Eh?”

“My, my lord!”

The castle’s citizens who were thoughtlessly throwing the stones as well as the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers shouted with greatly shocked expressions.

At Walter’s side, Roan was already there.

Crimson blood flowed from his forehead.

He had gotten struck instead by the stone the Pavor Castle’s resident had thrown towards Walter.

“My, my lord!”

Austin approached with a startled expression.

“All of you listen well.”

It was a soft and calm voice.

The castle’s residents swallowed dry spit and leaned their ears at Roan’s voice.

Walter who was still dropping his head was also the same.

He quietly watched the hard and giant back that stood across in front of him.

“Whether whose son Walter is is not important.”

Strength went into his voice bit by bit.

“If you will throw stones at him, throw it at me.”

But it completely was not pressuring.

A giant and soft spirit that greatly wrapped around and embraced all filled the Pavor Castle fully.

Roan stared at Walter for a moment, then spoke in a loud voice.

“Walter is my knight.”

Coincidentally, a warm western wind blew.

Walter, who was watching Roan’s back, clenched his teeth.

Something hot surged and filled up all the way to his throat.

At that moment, the commanders above thousand-man rank including Austin swarmed up to Walter’s surroundings.

A sight of surrounding him as if to protect.

Austin looked back and forth between Roan and Walter, then shouted in a resounding voice.

“Walter is!”

As soon as his words finished, the commanders above thousand-man rank shouted simultaneously.

“Our brother!”

Burning voices.

It was a burning declaration.

# Chapter 182 : Tie (2)

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“They’re finally moving.”

Clay put down a paper about the size of a palm and formed an odd smile.

He had perhaps wondered, but it was as expected.

‘Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild. You’ve waited well for quite a long time.’

He more or less knew that they were moving while receiving someone’s secret orders.

But through the current fief war, the identity of that dark screen had been revealed certainly.

‘Count Jonathan Chase. You truly have moved busily, sir.’

The Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild relocating to Mediasis Castle was at the time when Roan was a baron.

Looking from the central politics, it was a time when there wasn’t anything so special.

And Count Jonathan Chase had been guarding against Roan since that time.

‘Well, even though the mercenary guild he laboriously planted has actually become useless.....’

The smile that hung around Clay’s mouth became much thicker.

Currently, the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild was under a meticulous surveillance.

They were checking not only the people that entered and exited the place, but also their private papers as easily as shifting through a drawer inside their own house.

Although it was thanks to the Agens and the druids’ abilities, but the ones who played the biggest role was in fact the Tenebra Troop.

Few members of the Tenebra Troop, which was an espionage troop, had been infiltrating the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild.

And for quite a long time at that too.

They piled up their achievements step by step and finally, three people amongst the agents had climbed up onto the guild executive positions.

Especially.

‘In the case of Lepis, agent name Griffith, he has become a heavyweight entering within the top five even inside the guild.’

He was also receiving the affection of Powell, the current guild master.

‘Huhuhu. The mercenary guild has already and essentially been taken over by us.’

Even from Roan and his retainers’ position, it was a plan that they had poured their hearts and souls into for quite a long time.

Putting away the letter, Clay thoroughly checked the plan from now on.

At that moment.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Sound of knocking quietly rang.

“Sir, Captain Pichio of the Mediasis Guard has come.”

“Tell him to come in.”

Clay stood up from his seat as he slightly tilted his head.



Soon, the door opened and Pichio with a slightly stiffen expression appeared.

After meeting the Lancephil Guardian Army at the Landingham Region together with Roan, Pichio had currently returned to Mediasis Castle.

“What’s the matter? Captain Pichio.”

Clay offered a seat on one side as he asked in a gentle voice.

Pichio, with a stiffly solidified expression, answered.

“While patrolling the castle, I got a bad feeling, sir.”

It was a feeling he didn’t get before.

It wasn’t because he had returned after a long time.

“A bad..... feeling, sir?”

Clay slightly frowned.

Abrupt and disjointed words.

But he had no plan to indifferently listen or to send him away even so.

The one who taught Roan of Pichio's instinct ability was in fact Clay.

‘I can't turn my ears away from Captain Pichio's such words, that is.’

He quietly sat and stared at Pichio's eyes.

Pichio quickly answered.

“I looked around the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild, sir, and the guild master and the executives' actions were suspicious. I don't have any definite evidence or any circumstantial evidence, but it felt like they were scheming something, sir. And that wasn't really a good feeling.”

Even while speaking on his own, he thought that it was ridiculous.

But because of the uncomfortable feeling that fully filled his head and chest, he couldn't hold himself back.

“Hah.....”

Clay let out a quiet exclamation.

He hadn't predicted Pichio's instinct to possibly be

transcendental to this degree.

‘Is this something possible with a human’s ability?’

He soon shook his head.

‘Although I have read numerous kinds of books without discrimination, I have never seen a man with this kind of abili.....  
ah!’

Abruptly, Clay widely opened his eyes and stared at Pichio.

“Captain Pichio. Captain said that you had lost your parents since you were young and lived alone, yes?”

“That’s right, sir. My parents had caught an epidemic the year I turned eleven and have passed away.”

Pichio slightly flustered at the abrupt question, but soon nodded his head.

In a quiet voice, Clay cautiously asked.

“What kind of people were your parents, sir?”

“Eh? My parents?”

Pichio asked back with a puzzled look.

Clay nodded his head with a serious expression.

Since his face and posture was like that, Pichio couldn't loosely answer.

“They were just ordinary people, sir. Just like other people, they farmed and gathered herbs. Ah! But instead, they knew how to read. I heard that they originally ran a rather large shop in the Istel Kingdom's capital. They probably learned to read at that time.”

“Hmm. Was there perhaps other unique characteristics?”

Clay asked once again.

Pichio contemplated for a moment, then soon shook his head.

“There really was no such thing, sir. Why do you ask?”

“Ah..... no. I was wondering what kind of people the parents of a man as brilliant as Captain Pichio was, so I asked.”

“Ah..... yes.”

The light in Pichio's eyes were still full of questions, but he didn't ask again.

Since the important thing right now wasn't that.

Clay too couldn't ask any more and could only close his mouth.

‘An abnormally developed instinct. This is definitely.....’

Within his head, countless tomes that he had read until now flapped open and passed by.

Amongst them, one story filled his head with a snap.

‘The hexers’ ability.’

Hexers.

It was the name of those who, through a spiritual ability, a different spell system than mages that is often called sorcery, govern or control man's mind or rule the souls.

Although the druids, who controlled the nature, were also originally a part of hexers, they now separate and differentiate themselves from them.

The reason was that the hexers were receiving an even greater ostracization even before the druids.

Originally, the royalties, nobles, and such ruling classes held a severe repulsion towards the hexers who freely controlled man's mind.

During that time, an event in the Estia Empire where a group of hexers tried to control the royalties' mind and grow their faction was uncovered, and the ruling classes of the entire continent gathered their strengths and exterminated the hexers afterwards.

The small number of hexers who survived concealed their identities and hid away from the world.

‘Perhaps, Captain Pichio may be a descendent of the hexers.’

For now, it was purely an assumption.

In fact, there was no case of hexers showing themselves again until now.

‘Like how us druids hid our identities and retired deep into forests, the hexers too must be continuing their existence somewhere.’

Clay slightly bit his lower lip.

Although he still did not know, the hexers were already moving in the dark.

Especially Bradley Webster, one of the Rinse Kingdom's four dukes, was already hiding the hexers as his secret weapon.

‘Anyhow, he’s a man worth keeping at the side and watching.’

Clay stared at Pichio and formed a faint smile.

“Captain Pichio. That disagreeable and suspicious feeling you felt is.....”

For now, there was the need to finish the work concerning the Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild.

For a while, Clay and Pichio shared a deep chat.

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‘The questions have been untangled to a certain degree.’

Roan sat on a large chair and sank into a deep thought.

It had always been strange.

‘Why couldn’t someone as outstanding as Walter show himself in the last life?’

There wasn’t even a time when he heard that name.

That part had been odd from the moment he first met Walter.

‘I thought that perhaps he may have met an early death at a young age, but.....’

Looking at the currently turning situation, it was certain that he had died in his father Kali Howell’s hand in the last life.

‘Right. Since Kali became the Lancephil Fief’s owner in the last life.’

Probably, Walter had resisted to the end and ultimately had his head cut off.

Although whether that was by Kali’s hand or by an order couldn’t be known.

But because it was like that, he probably wasn’t able to hear Walter’s name in the last life.

The question had been resolved.

But.

‘That price is too big.’



Walter's arm being cut off and his mana hole being destroyed.

This was clearly because of Roan's misjudgment.

He had judged that Walter's rage of his father Kali was significant.

He had thought that he would be able to kill Kali or at least capture him if it was that much.

'I too did not knew of Walter very well.'

Certainly, Roan had achieved a great growth while passing through a rank and file spearman to squad commander and adjutant, troop commander and legion commander.

But even so, everything couldn't be perfect.

Until now, Roan had filled the parts he lacked with the retainers around him.

But this event at least was something that had happened under his independent decision and that very price was Walter's serious injury.

'I've made a heavy debt.'

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

Now that it had come to this, he himself must be responsible for Walter.

Although his left arm was cut off and his mana hole was destroyed, it wasn't as if his life would end even so.

‘It would be good if he became a strategist or a tactician, and it would be good even if he became an administrative officer. If not that, even a druid or a mage is good too. If it's Walter, if it's Walter's talent, he will definitely achieve it.’

At the very least and unlike the last life, he planned to make Walter's name ring out throughout the entire kingdom, no, the entire continent in this life.

In fact, Roan had announced the works Walter had endured and achieved with Count Lancephil's name right after the event of Pavor Castle residents' stone throwing.

After the announcement, a large number of residents swarmed up to the mansion Walter was being healed in and asked for forgiveness.

Of course, although the residents who had lost their important people because of Kali still equated Kali and Walter and cursed and condemned him, embracing every one was originally an impossibility.

‘To say that one will receive everyone’s love and support would be a greed.’

A good person to someone could also be a bad person to another.

‘Because of that, the generosity to embrace even the people on the other side is needed.’

Because of that, Roan had opened the treasury of the fief lord’s castle for the fallen who had been sacrificed in the fief war and for their families while the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion were reorganizing.

He did not act sparingly.

To a point that the words the dead had become richer than the living, he unsparingly spread out the wealth.

Thanks to that, the loyalty of the fallens’ families as well as the even the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers towards Roan had greatly rose.

They had once again realized that Roan was someone who would absolutely not turn away and forget them even if they died.

“My lord. The preparation for the meeting has finished, sir.”

When the various thoughts were becoming deeper, Austin came up and lowered his head.

Together with a short sigh, Roan moved his feet.

It still wasn't the moment to be submerged in sentimentality.

‘Depending on how I end the fief war, the position and the plans thereafter will change.’

Roan had no thought of being satisfied with the Lancephil Fief.

Although there wasn't much time left, he planned to charge all the way to the Chase County.

As he entered into the meeting room, the commanders above thousand-man rank were spouting out fierce pressures.

The traces of having exchanged a burning debate right until Roan arrived was clear.

“My lord. We must immediately charge towards the enemy's main army right now!”

“Before that, we must clean up the nearby regions and pressure the bastards to move back on their own.”

“Instead, what do you think of using the navy to hit their back, sir?”

As if they had been waiting, all kinds of proposals poured down.

Roan quietly sat and listened to all those proposals.

For a long while, the heated debate continued on.

Ultimately, Austin, who couldn't keep watching, stepped up.

“Everyone, that much is enough. Now, let us hear the lord's opinion.”

At those words, the commanders who had been raising their voices closed their mouths with coughs.

Roan quietly stared at them, then formed a faint smile.

“They are each and all excellent proposals.”

At those words, many commanders nodded their heads with proud expressions.

Tapping the table with his forefinger, Roan added on.

“For now, I plan to make a frontal attack on the Chase Legion's

main army.”

As soon as those words finished, Baron Bernard Landingham cautiously opened his mouth.

“But sir, their main army is still maintaining a sound strength. If we were to wage a grand battle, our side’s losses too will not be insignificant.”

At those words, Roan cheerfully smiled and answered shortly.

“At that place.....”

A meaningful expression and voice.

“I have planted a shadow.”

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“Damn it. Just what is this sight?”

“You said it. I thought I’ll be hugging bitches and drinking wine in the Pavor Castle by now..... tch!”

“To think we’re still eating some watery soup in the fields.”

“This is all because of those stupid Owells Forces idiots.”

Unsettling expressions and voices.

The eyes of the Chase Legion's soldiers were fierce.

The soldiers who were gathered at one place and drinking watery soup pointed their fingers at the Owells Forces' soldiers who were sitting on the opposite corner.

“Even those things must be feeling hungry!”

Words purposely made aloud.

Suddenly.

“These sons of bitches really!”

One of the Owells Forces' soldiers that had been staying quiet stood up.

A brightly flushed face.

Due to the unbearable rage and disgrace, his entire body sharply trembled.

“Hold it. Hold it.”

“Hey, sit down.”

The other Owells Forces’ soldiers bitterly smiled and pulled their comrade’s arm.

The soldiers who jumped up from his seat glared at the Chase Legion’s soldiers, then soon let out a short sigh.

In the end, he could only sit down again.

At that moment, the Chase Legion’s soldiers sarcastically japed and spat out curses.

“Hmph. Insane bastard. You dare glare your eyeballs? If you had that much of a resolve, you should’ve fought with your life.”

“You said it. Cowardly bitch abandoned his comrades just because he got scared.”

“Anyway, those bitches who are all looks on the outside should’ve all get beat up in the Arslan Valley.”

The mood became much colder.

“Hahahaha!”

“Kukuku.”



The laughs of the Chase Legion's soldiers crawled the earth like a snake and dug into the ears of Owells Forces' soldiers.

“Sorry. I can't hold back anymore.”

The soldier who had jumped up just before once again kicked off the ground.

Tat!

Clenching his two fists, he ran towards the Chase Legion's soldiers.

“Eh?! This bitch!”

The Chase Legion's soldiers quickly stood up and faced the Owells Forces' soldier that ran towards them.

In no time, the soldiers tangled into one and rolled on the ground.

Tudung!

Soup pots and bowls noisily rolled down.

“Don't insult us!”

“What is he saying! This cowardly bitch!”

“You wanna die?!”

“I’ll really turn you into rags today!”

Together with insults, fists and kicks went back and forth.

“You..... you sons of bitches!”

“I can’t hold more than this!”

“Oi! Get them!”

Ultimately, the Owells Forces’ soldiers who had been watching too attacked with curses.

The two groups’ small fight soon spread to a large brawl between the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces.

It was just two days ago since Kali had returned to the Chase Legion’s camp together with the defeated soldiers.

Count Jonathan Chase and the Chase Legion’s commanders as well as even the common soldiers’ feelings of Kali and the Owells Forces’ soldiers weren’t good.

It was because the ones who had marched while so high up on their horses had suffered a grand defeat and returned.

And because the troops of Chase Legion that had left together was almost annihilated, the feelings couldn't be good.

Although minor fights between the Chase Legion's soldiers and the Owells Forces' soldiers arose afterwards, the commanders pretended to not know such truth or quietly covered it up.

It was because they too were of the same feelings as the common soldiers.

But exactly because of such complacent management, a large fight like now and schism had arose.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

Together with the sound of gong, numerous commanders ran up.

But the soldiers, who had already let go of their reasons, weren't easily separated from each other.

Punching and kicking towards each other, they spat out curses.

“Die! You stupid Owells Forces brats!”

“You arrogant Chase Legion bastards!”

It truly was a pandemonium.

At that moment.

From the place where they were tangled into one spot and fighting, there were soldiers who were subtly retreating back to the camp's outside.

They were the Chase Legion's soldiers who had offered the start of this fight.

The ones who were inciting the Owells Forces' soldiers while eating the watery soup.

“Eit! Stupid Owells brats!”

“Die! Die!”

Needlessly spitting out insults at the top of their lungs, they stealthily moved back.

Odd smiles were floated up on their faces.

Amongst them, one man murmured in a small voice.

“Regrettable, regrettable. Even though drawing out the Chase Legion and the Owells Forces’ discord is all our achievement.”

“You’re right. To think we can’t openly show it off.....”

Another soldier too smacked his lips as if regrettable.

At that moment, the soldier who was the highest ranked amongst the group and the chief executive of this plan cheerfully smiled and spoke.

“That is.....”

It was a voice soaked in pride.

“Us Tenebra Troop’s very fate.”

He lightly tapped the soldiers’ shoulders, then pointed with his chin.

“Now, let’s hurry. We need to get out before we get discovered.”

They still had work left to do.

Like that, the shadow that had been planted in the Chase Legion furtively disappeared following the sunlight.

Even after that, big and small fights incessantly arose in the Chase Legion's camp.

The legion's morales dropped as far as it could and their discipline too slackened.

That degree was so serious that it was to a degree where they couldn't properly react to the change outside the camp.

And chancing under such chaos.

Vvuuuuuu!

Together with a grand sound of horn, Roan and the crimson legion appeared.

Finally, a battle that wasn't a trick against trick, scheme against scheme, but a frontal battle had spread open.

# Chapter 183 : Tie (3)

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There was neither schemes nor tricks.

It was a contest of strength against strength.

With the wide hills as the stage, the crimson legion and the Chase Legion unfolded a grand battle.

“Left wing advance!”

“Kavets Troop to the front! Efron Troop to the left!”

“Don’t get pushed back! Taemusas, charge!”

Pressing orders followed continuously.

Through hand signals and flag signals, and with sounds of gong, drums, and bells on top of them, complicated orders were rapidly passed.

Dududududu!

The cavalries rapidly circled the left and right wings and the infantry troops that had Taemusas at the lead rammed the main body of the enemy legion from the front.

“Damn it! Stop them! Don’t get pushed back!”

“Kill them! I said kill them!”

The Chase Legion’s commanders screamed like hell and spurred the soldiers.

But the Chase Legion, whose spirits had fallen as far as it could due to internal discord, couldn’t become the crimson legion’s match.

“Kuhhuk!”

“Kuk!”

With hollow sounds, the Chase Legion’s soldiers hopelessly fell down.

Within that maelstrom, there was an individual leading a hundred or so soldiers and sweeping the battlefield.

A crimson flame soared along the spearhead.

The very young man who was cutting the enemy soldiers’ necks with flawless spearmanship and exceptional horsemanship was Roan.



Leading his direct troop, the Amaranth, he was personally driving the enemy soldiers into a corner.

From a perspective, it was a rather reckless action.

Roan was one of the fief war's directly-related people and the legion's chief commander.

If he were to perhaps get hit by a blind sword and become killed or injured, the fief war would end as Count Jonathan Chase's victory.

Baron Bernard Landingham and the numerous commanders who knew of such truth tried to stop Roan from personally entering the battle, but it did not go as they wished.

< I am not a man who give orders to the soldiers but one who leads the soldiers. >

They were Roan's words.

Roan charged unstoppably towards the center of the enemy's main army.

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil legion, watching Roan's charge, fiercely blazed up.

“Follow the lord's back!”

“Let us follow the lord’s back!”

The morales, which were already great, ferociously soared as if to pierce the sky.

Truly becoming one giant ball of fire, they swept the battlefield.

On the other hand.

“Uuuuh. Whe, where’s our lord?”

“Whe, where’s Sir Count Chase?”

“Where’s Sir Viscount Owells?”

Jonathan Chase, instead of being at the frontline, had moved back to the rear where it was safe.

Kali Owells’ situation was much worse.

Taking responsibility of the grand defeat before in the Arslan Battle, he had his troop’s command deprived.

The Owells Forces’ surviving soldiers were also the same.

While pushed to the rear, they were simply sucking on their fingers.

Thanks to that, the morales and spirits of the Chase Legion's soldiers had fallen to the very bottom.

Boom!

Together with a sound of explosion, the Chase Legion's soldiers were blown away.

The sight of his head and body were that of flames flying off.

Using the Flamdor Mana Technique, Roan unsparingly pulled up the heat.

If the heat showed its bottom, he could simply use the water energy.

Truly an unrestrained, unstoppable charge continued.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

Each time the Traviar Spear moved, two or three soldiers lost their heads and fell.

That was also the same for the Chase Legion's knights.

Even the knights, because their spirits had been broken as much as possible, couldn't show off their complete skills.

Roan lightly took on two knights and swung his spear.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Together with metallic sounds, attacks and defenses went back and forth.

At that instant, the members of the Amaranth Troop lunged from the two sides.

Ssskuk!

With ghastly sounds, spearheads pierced their chests.

The Amaranth, which was Roan's direct troop, was the strongest troop whose soldiers were mostly Taemusas.

They, each raising their weapons, pressured the enemy army with superb strength.

Since the grand battle had begun, a one-sided battle continued to

unfold.

“Sir Count Chase.”

Kali, who was watching the situation, tightly bit his lips.

Looking straight at Jonathan’s side, he shouted with a voice mixed with pent-up anger.

“Please permit our charge!”

He simply couldn’t endure.

The bastard who dropped him into hell was in front of his eyes.

“I will cut off and return with Roan’s head, sir!”

Voice full of killing intent.

A bold pressure spouted out.

Jonathan did not easily answered and glared at the battlefield.

‘It’s not easy.’

Although he didn’t wish to admit it, but the battle situation was

definitely disadvantageous.

No, it wasn't only the battle situation that was disadvantageous.

‘If I were to lose this battle, I will end up losing the Lancephil Fief's western regions.’

Currently, Jonathan was occupying a half of the Lancephil Fief, the western regions.

But in the case he were to lose this grand battle, the possibility of losing his influence on the western regions was high.

‘Even though I haven't retreated and stood to fight because of that.....’

Even while knowing that the legion's morales and spirits were a mess, he could only fight.

The moment he retreated, the victory of the fief war would had completely gone over to Roan.

‘I thought it would take quite a while until he found our camp, but.....’

Within that while, he was planning to reorganize the legion and go out on a counterattack.

But as if he had grasped the camp's location from the start, no, as if he had been watching everything, Roan showed up when the legion was most hectic.

‘Is it thanks to the druids? Or the intelligence groups?’

Jonathan repeated to ask himself, then soon shook his head.

The important thing now wasn't that.

‘Damn it.’

But even so, getting angry and having his pride hurt couldn't be helped.

Since just where had it gone wrong?

‘When a commoner spearman made Benjamin Doyle slip, I should have disposed of him.’

If it was at that time, he could have snapped his neck with a single finger.

‘At that moment, if Io Lancephil, that old bastard hadn't caused a mess.....’

Come to think of it, the one who had placed interference so that

he couldn't move his hand was Io Lancephil.

Bad fate truly was a bad fate.

'I can't step back like this.'

Even if he were to step back at the necessary time, there was a need to deplete Roan's strength.

Jonathan spat out a short breath and looked at Kali.

"Are you confident?"

At the lightly asked words, Kali nodded his head.

"I'm confident, sir."

Even if he did not, he had to.

Kali's heart was feeling impatient.

It was a problem if his allies won, and it was also a problem if they lost.

'If we lose, everything will end. But even so, if Count Chase defeats Roan without my help.....'



He would become a useless card.

Being thrown away was obvious.

In any way possible, he had to cut in into the battle and raise a big achievement.

Jonathan was staring into Kali's such heart.

“Lead your soldiers and charge. It would be nice if you brought me the victory.”

The feeling of truly wishing so was revealed through his eyes.

Kali lightly made a salute.

“I will most certainly do so, sir.”

I quickly got on his warhorse and raised up his sword high.

“Charge!”

A command shouted at the very top of his throat.

As if they had been waiting, the Owells Forces' soldiers roared at

the top of their lungs.

“Waaaaaah!”

It was a shout pouring out the stifling feelings.

Dudududududu!

With Kali at the head, the Owells Forces began their charge.

Although their number wasn't quite a thousand, their spirits at least were great.

It was that the rage that had piled up until now had turned into morales.

Boom!

Together with a blast, the crimson legion and the Owells Forces clashed.

“Die!”

“Die!”

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

Swords and spears pierced each other's chests.

The necks were slashed and the arms and legs were cut off.

It was a gruesome sight.

Kali fiercely dashed through that scene.

The goal was Roan.

Within his sight, there was only Roan.

“Roan!”

A thunderous roar shook the battlefield.

Roan, who had cut down a knight, turned his head and looked at Kali.

“Coward bastard, only your voice is big.”

With a cold smile, Roan kicked his horse.

Roan and Kali.

Pouring out ferocious spirits, the two charged towards each other.

And finally.

Chang!

With a sound of metal, the decisive fight began.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

The spear and the sword clashed and sparks flew.

A fierce exchange of attacks and blocks continued to follow.

“You brat!”

Kali swung his sword with a roar.

The path of the sword was complex yet also dizzying.

A situation where a wrist could fly off with a slightest inattention.

‘I will absolutely kill you bastard at the very least!’

Currently, Kali was in a state completely unburdened from things such as power nor ambition.

He focused his entire sense on Roan in front of his eyes.

The look of the swordsman Kali, who was once praised by Io as the greatest talent, was being revealed.

Boom!

As the spear and the sword clashed, a sound of explosion instead of metal blasted out.

‘Kuk.’

At the heavy strength felt through his palms, Roan clenched his teeth.

‘Is this his original strength.’

It definitely was great.

However, Kali had met a wrong opponent.

Although Roan’s original strength too was great, there were the Kalian’s Tears together with the Brent’s Ring.

Spat!

As he flowed mana into the Kalian's Tears, the entire world became colored with a golden light.

Simultaneously, the flow of mana that twitched and moved inside Kali's body was transparently seen almost as if he could grab them.

'So he was using the mana in that way.'

Roan inwardly smiled and breathed in deeply.

The heat within his body rode his palms and flowed into the Travias Spear.

'Left, right, center, up, middle.'

Using the Kalian's Tears, Roan precisely grasped Kali's flow of attack.

Spat. Pabat. Pat.

The fierce metallic sound disappeared and the sound of the air splitting filled its space.

"Oh!"

“Lo, look at that!”

The nearby soldiers pointed at Roan and Kali and shouted in awe.

Kali’s brilliant swordplay that stormed without a pause.

Although that too was great, the even greater thing was in fact Roan.

With a much too relaxed expression, Roan was dodging all of Kali’s strikes.

And that was without moving the warhorse and only by moving his waist and neck at that.

“Damn it!”

Kali spat out a curse.

More than twenty strikes consecutively cut and stabbed the empty air.

The wrist, elbow, and the shoulder numbly throbbed.

‘Was this bastard’s skills this much?’

His inside seethingly boiled.

Although it seemed that he could cut his neck even immediately, the reality was a succession of empty swings.

At that moment.

‘Right!’

Kali’s eyes flashed and shone with light.

The place his gaze reached was Roan’s left side.

Towards that side, one Owells Forces’ knight was approaching.

‘The bastard is absent from dodging my attacks. Quietly approach and just stab the bastard’s side!’

It wasn’t a situation to argue of being cowardly or not.

In the battlefield, winning was the most important, and surviving was second most important.

Finally, the Owells Forces’ knight reached near.

“Die!”



Together with a cold shout, he stabbed forwards with the longsword.

“Aah!”

“No!”

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion’s soldiers shouted with shocked expressions.

From anyone’s eyes, it was a fatal moment.

But Roan’s expression was in fact greatly relaxed.

Sssg.

Roan, who seemed to be only staring at Kali and only focusing on dodging Kali’s strikes, lightly twisted his waist and narrowly dodged the longsword of the Owells Forces’ knight.

Not only that, he directly kicked up his knee and bounced off the sword.

“Eh?!”

At the instant the knight who lost his sword looked at the sky

with a dumbfound face.

Kali's strike, which had been fiercely pressuring Roan, explosively struck the longsword that had bounced up.

Kkang!

A heavy metallic sound rang out.

The longsword directly snapped its direction and instead flew towards the Owells Forces' knight.

“Eh?”

The knight, without even having quite dodged, merely blinked his eyes.

Ssskuk.

With a horrifying sound, the long blade pierced the knight's face.

“Ah!”

“Just how.....”

“How unlucky.”

The soldiers who had been watching exclaimed.

They thought that the series of situations was something that had happened coincidentally.

However, this was all a situation that Roan had created.

After having grasped the path of Kali's strike in the very brief instant, he had bounced the longsword of the Owells Forces' knight.

"Damn it!"

Kali spat out a curse with a completely twisted expression.

Roan coldly smiled and pointed at Kali with the tip of the spear.

"I should soon end this."

"You, you son of a....."

Kali stuttered at his outrage.

Paying no mind, Roan lowered his body and swung the Travias spear.

Sssuug!

The spear extended in an instant.

The edge of the spear cut the bridge of Kali's nose.

“Kuk!”

Kali quickly bent his neck and swung his sword.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

The metallic sounds rang out again.

The Traviar Spear repeated to lengthen, shorten, thicken, and become thin and agitated Kali's eyes.

Spat!

Finally, the spear's edge slashed Kali's shoulder in a long line and passed by.

“Kuuk!”

Kali clenched his teeth and moved back.

But Roan wasn't one to quietly watch this.

“Are you thinking of running away again?”

Spurring his horse, Roan stuck to Kali's left side.

With a pressed expression, Kali swung his sword.

Chang!

Roan lightly blocked it with his spear and then stared straight at Kali's eyes.

‘Did you think I would dodge!’

The last remaining pride.

Kali too stared straight at Roan's eyes.

At that instant.

“Light.”

Roan's lips lightly moved.

Simultaneously, two balls of light about the size of a fingernail

appeared in front of, no, right in front of Kali's eyes.

“Kuk!”

At the incredible pain that felt like his eyes would burn up, Kali instinctively ended up closing his eyes.

The sword that was pushing off the spear greatly shook.

Roan didn't miss that instant.

Paat!

The spear danced a long line and split the air.

And finally.

Ssskuk.

The spearhead pierced Kali's abdomen.

“Kuhuk!”

Swallowing empty air, Kali glared his eyes.

Simultaneously, he dragged his mana together and hardened his

abdomen.

But that was a temporary measure.

His life would be cut off the instant Roan twisted and pulled the spear.

“Do, do you..... think, to a lowly bastard like, I’ll..... kuuk.”

Extending his sharply shaking hand, Kali grabbed Roan’s armor.

He wanted to at least grab his collar.

“A lowly bastard, is it.....”

Roan pushed Kali’s hand away with the tip of his fingers and shook his head.

“There is neither a lowly nor precious man in the world.”

A cold voice.

The wrist holding the spear twisted bit by bit.

“There is only men.”

Roan tried to pull out his spear just like that.

Suddenly, Kali abruptly raised his hands.

“Wa, wait! Do, do you perhaps know what happened to my son?”

He was talking of Walter.

With a stiffly solidified face, Roan answered.

“He died.”

Of course, it was a lie.

No, even so, it also wasn't a complete lie.

‘Since Kali's son has died.’

The one who had survived was Roan's knight Walter.

‘Kali. I cannot let you leave with a light and easy heart.’

He wanted Kali to greatly be tormented and lament his own wrong even on the other side.

Kali, as if he couldn't believe it, shook his head.



“No, no way..... there’s no way that can be.”

Stuttering and trembling voice and hands.

Roan quietly stared at that sight, then directly pulled out his spear.

Sssuug!

Instantly, a large hole appeared on Kali’s abdomen.

The muscles and the veins he was laboriously holding with mana all loosened.

“Cough.”

Kali threw up a clump of blood and dropped his head.

A pathetic death.

Kali Owells, who, blinded by ambition, had thrown away even his family.

With a large hole opened on his abdomen, he lost his life on the battlefield.

Ssskuk!

The spear's blade once again split the air and cut Kali's neck.

Roan raised the Travias Spear up high.

“Roan Lancephil has cut the enemy commander Kali Owells' neck!”

A giant voice rang out across the battlefield.

“Waaaaaah!”

“Roan! Roan!”

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion's soldiers shouted and cheered, and pulled up their morales.

The Chase Legion and the Owells Forces' soldiers, who were already being helplessly struck down, completely lost their spirits at Kali's death.

“Pressure them!”

“Attack! Attack!”

The crimson legion's commanders encouraged the soldiers and

pushed the enemy army.

The perfect victory was in front of their nose.

At that moment, one soldier shouted aloud.

“Jonathan Chase is running away, sir!”

It was an urgent voice.

When Roan turned his head and looked, the sight of Jonathan, who was staying at the rear, leading the knights below and running away towards the main army's camp was seen.

Austin hurriedly approached.

“I will chase him, sir!”

As expected, his look was a one of his spirit completely burning up.

It was a look of fretting that they might perhaps lose Jonathan.

However, Roan was instead of a greatly eased and composed expression.

He stared at the camp on the west and formed a faint smile.

“There is no particular need to chase him.”

Through the Kalian’s Tears, the faraway camp was seen largely as if it was right in front of his nose.

At the Chase Legion’s camp, a bright light was flashing.

“Are you saying we should just let him escape, sir?”

Austin tilted his head and asked.

Roan cheerfully smiled and answered shortly.

“On the west.....”

A soft voice.

“The knight of light is there.”

## Chapter 184 : Tie (4)

---

‘It become completely crumpled.’

It was the last hope.

If Kali Owells was to just perhaps snap Roan, he could have flip the situation of the war.

Of course, he didn’t hold any big expectation.

‘If Kali was a man of that much degree, the situation wouldn’t even have became like this.’

Rather, he was able to run earlier than he thought because his expectation wasn’t big.

‘After returning to the camp and reorganizing, I should return to the fief.’

He thought to leave the main army’s soldiers as rear guards and hold back Roan’s ankle as much as possible until the fief war ended.

If lucky, he should be able to place at least a part of Lancephil fief’s west in his grasp.

At least not losing.

Now, the thing Jonathan Chase was looking at was merely that much.

Furthermore.

‘If the mercenary bastards I planted in the Mediasis Castle were to just capture Roan’s subordinates alive.....’

He would be able to take the higher ground in the negotiation process afterwards in advance.

It meant that the situation hadn’t gotten to the very mess.

But.

‘Damn it.’

His heart feeling frustrated and his annoyance soaring up couldn’t be helped.

There were several chances where he could have captured the entire Lancephil Fief and end the fief war with a victory.

However, everything crumpled as Roan followed Io Lancephil’s back and entered the fief war.

‘Bitch like bastard. I will absolutely repay today’s humilia.....’

The curse that had filled up to below his chin couldn’t quite flow out of his mouth.

Jonathan Chase’s face stiffly solidified.

The main army’s camp.

At that place, an unknown flag was fluttering.

< Vende Troop. >

Jonathan instinctively pulled his horse’s reins.

His breath was caught and cold sweat flowed on his entire body.

“Vende Troop?”

A familiar looking troop name.

At that moment, a knight approached and answered in an urgent voice.

“I, it’s the troop of light, sir.”

At those words, the faces of the nearby knights were colored with a rotten light.

“By troop of light, you mean the bastards who were poking apart the western region?”

“Even though we couldn’t even find them when we tried to.....”

Dazed voices.

Jonathan’s face comically twisted.

“Damn it! Are you telling me the main army’s camp has gone into the enemy force’s hand!?”

“I, it seems so, sir.”

The commanders stuttered and lowered their heads.

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!”

Jonathan spat out curses.

However, he couldn’t just keep being angry.

“We’re circumventing the camp! We are returning to our fief!”



The moment he gets captured, the fief war would end.

And with a complete loser's look at that.

Jonathan kicked his horse and ran towards the right side, the camp's north.

That was an extremely ideal as well as instinctive decision.

‘The south is Roan's territory.’

Furthermore, the hills spread out towards the north were a greatly suitable region for throwing off the pursuit troops.

Dudududu!

The sounds of horse hooves noisily rang.

Thankfully, sign of a pursuit troop chasing from Roan, Tale Legion, nor the Lancephil legion couldn't be seen.

It was a situation where they could safely return to the fief if they just dodge the Vende Troop well.

‘If I can just return, if I can just return.....’

He could aim for the next chance.

‘I will set a proper plan not with Io but Roan as the opponent.’

Roan’s entering of the fief war was a part Jonathan too hadn’t predicted.

Because it was so, the laboriously set board had shook and the things had become tangled.

At the very least, Jonathan at least thought so.

Dududududu!

Together with a cloud of dust, Jonathan and the knight order entered into the space between the hills.

Suddenly.

Vvuuuu!

With the sound of horn, a heavy-armor troop appeared between the hills.

An infantry troop whose bulky weight could be felt from just looking.

The flag soaring at the lead strongly fluttered.

< Vende Troop. >

“Ah.....”

The instant he checked the troop's name, Jonathan let out a quiet exclamation.

The bastards who should be at the main army's camp had appeared blocking the retreat path.

“Hahaha! Sir Count Jonathan Chase! You have moved as my prediction!”

The individual who loudly laughed as he stepped forwards was the Vende Troop's troop commander as well as the one called the knight of light, Brian Miles.

‘Director Clay is truly incredible.’

Brian having shown up from between the hills was because there was Clay's advice.

Clay had predicted Jonathan turning right towards the north and running away the instant he checked the main army's camp having fallen.

‘Director Clay. Really, I absolutely don’t want to have him as an enemy.’

Brian made bitter smile and looked at Jonathan.

Jonathan’s face was brightly flushed.

Uddk.

Clenching his teeth, he slightly moved back.

There were no more different ways.

‘Piercing through.’

Thankfully, the Vende Troop’s number wasn’t very big.

It was because they had also left a number at the main army’s camp just in case.

“Pierce through. We must pierce through to live.”

Jonathan, as if to quietly recite, gave the order.

“Charge!”

Soon, the knight pulled out their swords and kicked their horses.

[Risking one's life.](#)

An incredible pressure poured out.

“Cover the warhorses’ eyes!”

“Everyone prepare for light!”

They had fully heard and knew of the rumors about the knight of light and the troop of light.

The knights, tightly leaning on the horses’ backs, covered the horses’ eyes with one hand.

Simultaneously, they deeply worn the helmets.

From Brian and the Vende Troop’s position, it had become harder to save their enormously mighty advantage.

“Huhuhu.”

However, Brian instead quietly laughed and shook his head.

“Idiots. To think you’ll cover your eyes during a battle.”

At the same time as his words ending, he suddenly raised his right hand up high.

At that instant.

Paat!

From between the hills, a tight rope jumped up.

That also wasn't just one or two but a number reaching as many as tens.

Puuk! Pubuk! Puuk!

The fiercely running warhorses got caught on the ropes and fell flat.

They couldn't have dodged the ropes because both the knights and the horses were covering their eyes.

“Kuk!”

“Uak!”

“Kuuk!”

At the abrupt situation, the knights yelled out screams and rolled on the ground.

Amongst them, there were also ones who were crushed under the giant warhorses and directly passed away just like that.

“Uuuu.”

“I, I think my leg’s broken.....”

Even the ones who had survived, most of them had broken their arms and legs.

They weren’t able to properly react because they had been covering their eyes.

Brian, who had been watching, pulled out his sword.

“We’re slaughtering the enemy forces. Charge!”

“Charge!”

With a horrifying order, the Vende Troop kicked off the ground.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Each time they made a single step forwards, a heavy sound

echoed out.

“Uuuu. Sa, save me!”

“Da, damn it!”

Knights begging to be left alive.

Knights swinging his sword to the end.

Like that, Jonathan’s knights, with all sorts of looks, lost their lives in ones and twos.

‘Is it ending like this?’

Jonathan sighed with a despondent look.

But he soon shook his head and clenched his teeth.

‘No, I can’t give up like this.’

Pulling his reins, he glared at Brian and the Vende Troop.

‘I’ll pierce through in an instant.’

They were heavy-armor troop.



If it was a normal situation, they shouldn't be able to follow him, who was riding a warhorse.

Taat!

The warhorse kicked the ground and quickly ran between the hills.

If it went well, it felt as if he could pierce through the Vende Troop as wished.

But.

Paat!

Together with the sound of breaking through the air, Brian blocked the road in front of Jonathan.

“Where are you going?”

His face was grinning and brightly smiling.

“You, you son of a bitch!”

Jonathan pulled out the sword at his waist and kicked his horse.

‘Just this bastard, I need to pierce through just this bastard.’

Behind him, there was no bastard who stood and blocked his retreat path.

Strength went into the grasp holding the sword.

But that sight itself was greatly poor and unsightly.

Unlike Kali, who was an outstanding warrior, Jonathan was an archetypal scholar.

“How funny.”

Brian snickered and grabbed his helmet with his left hand.

Cluck.

The plate helmet came down and covered his two eyes.

Instantly.

Flash!

From the entire armor, a bright light poured out.

Jonathan and the warhorse, who had ran up close in order to cut down Brian, quickly turned their heads and tightly closed their eyes.

“Kuuk!”

Jonathan felt the warhorse he was riding unstably falling down.

‘I, I have to dodge!’

A situation where he could directly be crushed and die instantly if not careful.

With his eyes close, he wildly twisted his body.

Simultaneously with the feeling of flailing through the air, soon a strong impact was felt from his head.

“Gguuh.”

With a phlegm bubbling sound, Jonathan directly blacked out.

Looking at such Jonathan, Brian burst out an amazed laugh as if to say it was ridiculous.

“What? He came and crashed on his own and then got knocked out on his own?”

The place Jonathan's head had crashed was in fact Brian's body.

He had strongly crashed into the weighty heavy-armor.

Brian knocked his armor and formed a bright smile.

“Anyway, have we captured Count Jonathan Chase.....”

That was to say.

“We won.”

Not only that, they had flipped the start's disadvantageous state of the war and had grasped a complete victory.

Dududududu.

From the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion that was far away, a group running towards him was seen.

The giant flag fluttering at the lead. )

< Roan Lancephil. >

Brian looked at the flag and breathed in deeply.

His chest needlessly shook and felt proud.

Towards Roan who still couldn't be seen, he saluted.

“Vassal Brian Miles. I have fulfilled the order, sir.”

The powerful voice rode the western wind and flowed out.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Uuuu.”

His head ached.

A feeling as if the entire world was spinning even though he was closing his eyes.

‘Have I blacked out.....?’

Jonathan tried to support his head with his hand.

But for some reason, his arms didn't move as he wished.

At that moment.

“If you have slept that much, now wake up.”

A quiet and soft voice was heard.

A voice greatly familiar to the ears.

It was the voice he absolutely couldn't forget.

‘Roan?’

Creasing his forehead, Jonathan forcefully opened his eyes.

A bright light pierced into his eyes.

Once he blinked his eyes several times, the surrounding scenery came into his eyes.

“Ah.....”

Jonathan let out a quiet exclamation.

They were seen.

Roan and Roan's retainers who were quietly looking down while surrounding him.

As if looking at a funny toy, they looked truly pleased.

Uddk.

Jonathan clenched his teeth.

An incredible humiliation.

The rage soared up to the top of his head.

However, he didn't carelessly shout out.

'For now, I need to get untied.'

In any case, it was a fief war the nobles inside the same kingdom had waged.

He shouldn't be able to cut the neck of a noble, and a count at that, without permission.

"Roan. No, Co...unt Roan Lancephil."

The words didn't get attached very well.

No, honestly, he didn't wish to call him like that.

But right now wasn't the time to show off his pride.

“Certainly, your abilities are great. I lost this fief war. It's my complete defeat.”

Jonathan, while making a declaration of defeat, made a smile.

An expression as if the things that had happened until now wasn't that important.

“Hahaha. I'll take my knights and soldiers and return to my fief. If you formally request a remuneration, I'll recompense at the reasonable line.”

Jonathan forcefully bursted out a laugh.

He lightly shook the arms that were tightly tied.

“So untie this bind for now. You can't treat the kingdom's count like this.”

A voice quietly speaking as if to teach.

He innocently labored to pretend a relaxed look.

A look to show that the fief war's end was originally like that.



But Roan and his retainers in fact didn't show any reaction.

‘Jonathan Chase.’

Roan looked straight at Jonathan's eyes.

He too was reading Jonathan's intentions.

‘He probably thinks that I wouldn't be able to kill him.’

It was something that couldn't be helped.

Roan and Jonathan were Rinse Kingdom's nobles, and counts, which were upper nobles, at that.

He couldn't informally kill an upper noble even whose successor selection needed to receive the palace's permission.

But.

‘If I leave him alive like this, he will become a big regret.’

It wasn't a very far story.

It was certain that he would immediately perform all sorts of maneuvering saying he had broken the capital's order with entering this fief war and so on.

And most of all.

‘I have no thought of ending the fief war like this.’

In the first place, Roan’s goal wasn’t regaining the Lancephil Fief.

‘I will seize even the Chase County.’

Roan bit his lips.

A situation where he couldn’t let him alive nor kill him.

But if he were to particularly choose, killing him was, as expected much more beneficial.

Kkwaddek.

He grasped the Traviass Spear at his waist.

‘I can only report that he died an untimely death during battle.’

Although there would be those who would be suspicious, that too, he could only talk around as needed.

The light in Roan's eyes changed.

He had finally made a decision.

“Um? Count Roan Lancephil. You perhaps.....?”

Jonathan faintly creased his brows.

Although his level of martial skills was unsightly, his reading the mood at least was quick.

He instantly realized the killing intent flowing out of Roan's eyes.

“I, I'm a kingdom's count! If you kill me, other nobles and even the palace wouldn't sit still!”

The voice urgently yelled.

Roan deeply inhaled and took out the Traviass Spear.

Jonathan became even more impatient.

“You, you son of a bitch! I, if you kill me, you bastard too won't be safe!”

It was an ignoble threat.

It couldn't be helped if it was to live.

However, Roan paid no mind.

Chang!

Together with a metallic sound, the spearhead showed itself.

At that moment.

Spat! Pabat!

Together with a sharp sound of breaking through the air, swords and an arrow flew from Roan's sides.

Pbuk! Pbuk!

Three swords and one set of arrow deeply pierce into Jonathan's body.

"J, just what is this bitch like....."

At the abrupt situation, Jonathan glared his eyes.

His gaze moved following the sword and the arrow's owners.

The owners of the swords and the arrow.

They were Austin, Semi, Brian, and Harrison.

“Gguuuk.”

As if saying he couldn't admit death, Jonathan sharply trembled his entire body.

He glared at Roan, then slowly bent his neck.

It was a vain death.

It was the appalling last moment of a man who entertained a greed that did not fit his size.

Roan quietly stared at Jonathan, then exhaled a short sigh.

“All of you, what are you doing?”

At the shortly asked question, Austin answered in a composed voice.

“Count Chase's words are right, my lord. If my lord was to cut Count Chase's neck, numerous problems just can break out.”

Following that, Semi shrugged his shoulders and answered.

“I’m just because Count Chase was nasty.”

Brian too was of a greatly composed voice.

“There is no need for my lord to particularly step up.

“We’ll take care of work like this, sir.”

The lasts were Harrison’s words.

Roan alternately stared at the four people, then soon shook his head.

“You guys.....”

Although he did not say much, he was inwardly satisfied and proud.

The subordinates he had roamed the battlefields together with had now become close enough to understand even his heart.

Roan put aside the Traviar Spear he held and stared at the numerous commanders.

“The fief war hasn’t ended yet.”

It was a situation where there was still almost ten days left until the end date of the fief war the capital had decided.

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

“We are going to the Chase County.”

Words any longer that that were not needed.

The many commanders including Austin saluted and kneeled down on one knee.

“Yes sir! We will follow our lord.”

Voices loudly echoed out.

It was a sound that boiled up the men’s aspirations.

Roan slowly nodded his head and looked towards the west.

The vast hilly region came within one glance.

‘Let’s go until the end.’

The tips of his mouth softly went up.

The true steps began from now.

Like that, seven days had passed.

Boom!

The door of the Rinse Kingdom's grand hall flew open.

The nobles who were sharing a chat inside the grand hall all looked towards the door.

At the mannerless act, everyone's displeased looks were obvious.

At that moment, the knight who entered inside the door kneeled down on one knee and shouted in a loud voice.

“The Count Lancephil House and the Count Chase House's fief war has ended, sir!”

The voice thunderously echoed the inside of the grand hall.

“What?! The fief war has ended?”

“Even though there's still two days until the end date?”



Many nobles whispered with confounded expressions.

Especially the looks of nobles who supported Prince Simon Rinse were greatly dumbfound.

‘Has Roan Lancephil perhaps fallen?’

‘That he ultimately couldn’t protect the fief.....’

‘Ah hah..... what should we do of this.’

In the first place, the state of the war at the time Roan entered was truly not great.

Because of that, the nobles who were supporting Simon having pessimistic thoughts was not unreasonable.

On the other hand, the expressions of the nobles who supported Tommy Rinse and Kallum Rinse were slightly elated.

‘Finally, even Prince Simon would slip greatly once.’

‘With this, the throne succession competition too would have its gaps greatly shrank.’

They were all looks of shaking their shoulders and barely holding back laughter.

At that moment, Viscount Tio Ruin, who was Simon's right-hand man, opened his mouth with sorrowful expression.

“Yes, what had happened?”

At those words, few nobles snorted.

Their expressions were ones saying why would he ask something obvious.

But soon, their expressions ended up colored in a rotten hue.

The knight's answer that followed was a completely unpredicted thing.

“Count Roan Lancephil chased out the Chase Legion from the Lancephil Fief and then instead attacked the Chase County.....”

He raised his head and looked at the many nobles.

“And has completely captured the Chase County.”

The knight gulped his spit once, then shouted at the top of his throat.

“The victor of this fief war is Count Roan Lancephil!”

Korean phrase 사생결단, which literally is words “death, living, decide, end” put together in order without any alteration. The dictionary meaning of the phrase is to make/cause a conclusion/end without concerning about one’s life.

## Chapter 185 : Tie (5)

---

The Rinse Kingdom's capital, Miller, greatly shook from one rumor.

< Count Roan Lancephil has won the fief war! >

It was something unbelievable.

They were well aware that Roan's abilities were great.

But even so, they hadn't expect him to flip the fief war, whose balance had already tilted, and to take the victory, and a complete victory at that.

Because of that, few people even sent gazes of suspicion asking whether Roan already knew that the fief war would arise.

But because he was Roan, whose popularity amongst the Miller Castle's residents were high, such suspicious gazes were soon unable to gain strength and disappeared.

"Is the sir going to be taking everything from the Lancephil County to even the Chase County?"

"Of course. That's essentially the rule of our kingdom's fief war."

"Hoho. Then that would mean that the size of Sir Count Roan

Lancephil's fief is bigger than the four sir dukes?"

"Nah. Just the fief's size is like that. The fief's location is at a completely remote place."

"Right. It is a place that's all touching the border."

The Miller's residents were feverous talking about the stories of the meteoric upper noble of the kingdom, of the grand noble Roan who had even came to have a giant fief.

"Since the fief war has ended, the sir should soon come to Miller, right?"

"Right. He'll enter the palace, report to his majesty the king, and officially receive the nobility."

"Kuha. Awesome. Awesome. For him to start as a mere spearman and become a count of the kingdom."

Several young men raised up their thumbs.

At that moment, one old man crinkled his nose and asked.

"Anyhow, where has Sir Io Lancephil gone? Even though his successor Sir Count Roan Lancephil has done a grand work like this....."

Already, various rumors concerning Io Lancephil, who had suddenly dropped out of sight, were circling amongst the castle's residents.

From stories about retirement to exile, to even stories about death and assassination.

Various speculations were circling around, but there was no one who knew of the true story hidden behind the veils.

“Wouldn't the sir soon show up once Sir Count Roan Lancephil return? But more than that.....”

One young man trivially answered, then changed the topic.

“Would the other nobles including the four sir dukes stay quiet?”

They were the ones who had rejected and rejected repeatedly even when the mere commoner became a baron.

There was no way that they would quietly leave and watch Roan, who was reborn into a grand noble in an instant.

At those word, the old man who had taken out the story about Io just before clicked his tongue and shook his head.

“The four dukes and the other nobles? The real problem isn't them.”

At those word, everyone swallowed dried spit and nodded their head.

They more or less grasped what the old man was going to talk about.

The old man, with a rather serious expression, spoke as if to whisper.

“[The senate](#). That shadows may come out of the shades.”

“Hhmm.”

Many people, with groans, nodded their heads.

The Rinse Kingdom senate.

A group made up of old nobles who had served at least three kings.

Although the number of affiliated nobles were very small, the power they had couldn't be ignored even so.

Although they were far away from the actual political power half out of their own will and half out of others', the existences that could cause an enormous influence at any time were the very nobles of the senate.

Although no problems had arisen until now because they were so very ancient beings with no particular design in the worldly affairs, the Rinse Kingdom might already have been shredded apart had they intruded into the throne succession competition.

“If the senate were to hook and trip over Sir Count Roan Lancephil.....”

“If it’s his majesty the king now, he may make the investment of nobility itself something that never happened.”

With serious expressions, an even more serious story went around.

At that moment, youngest man amongst those listening creased his brows.

“Even if they are the senate, would they openly show hostility, sir?”

Numerous people nodded their heads at those words.

They were reasonable words.

In the first place, they were ones who stayed far away from politics because they had no interest in the worldly affairs.



There was no reason for them to suddenly place a snag.

Furthermore, there was the thing called the people's eyes.

Currently, Roan was, in the Rinse Kingdom and especially amongst the commoners at that, no different than a hero.

Press down and oppress that Roan?

Even from the senate's position, it definitely wasn't an easy thing to take on.

At those words, the old man who was leading the conversation murmured in a small voice together with a short sigh.

“Who knows of that too? Old men like me are naturally fickle.”

But because the voice was so small, there was no one who heard those words.

The people heatedly focus again on stories about Roan.

And together as one, they all wished that he would quickly enter the capital, Miller.

Ordinary commoners so passionately awaiting a noble like so was an extremely rare thing.

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“Director Clay. What is it about, sir?”

Captain of the Mediasis Guard Pichio, in lieu of the numerous people, asked in a cautious voice.

Clay, who inspected the letter a messenger bird had brought just before, cheerily smiled and answered.

“It’s an order telling a group of retainers including me and captain Pichio to enter the capital, Miller, sir.”

The letter was something Roan had sent.

“Ah.....”

Pichio let out a quiet exclamation.

Capital, Miller.

To Pichio, who was of Istel Kingdom’s border gate guard origin, Miller was a story about a far faraway world.

He even thought that it was a place that he wouldn’t have any need to go in his entire life.

‘Is this also thanks to my lord?’

Pichio inhaled deeply.

For some reason, his heart raced.

His respect for Roan newly gushed up.

Suddenly.

“Am I perhaps also included in the list of names entering the capital?”

The one who asked in a quiet voice was Tenebra Troop’s troop captain, Keep.

Clay, with an expression saying it was obvious, nodded his head.

“Commander Keep is someone who raised the biggest achievement in this fief war. Of course you are included in the list, sir.”

At those words, Keep shook his head.

“Then please pass on to the lord that I cannot go to Miller.”

“Eh? You won’t go to the capital, sir?”

Clay, with a slightly surprised look, asked back.

Keep readily nodded his head.

“Thanks to the actions of us, the Tenebra Troop’s members, we were able to shut down Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild’s riot in advance. Afterwards, we have locked up the ones who were problematic and have newly built the Rinse Eastern Mercenary Guild with the rest of the mercenaries.”

“Yes. I know of that well, sir.”

Clay slowly nodded his head.

At the instant Roan and Count Jonathan Chase was waging a ferocious battle at the Lancephil Fief’s West, a battle that wasn’t quite a battle also unfolded in the Mediasis Castle.

The Rinse Southern Mercenary Guild’s executives, who had been infiltrated by Jonathan’s order, had tried to capture Roan’s retainers including Clay to make them hostages.

Thankfully, Clay and Keep, who knew of this from long ago, attempted an attack first together with the Tenebra Troop’s members whom they had infiltrated in the mercenary guild, and were soon able to completely capture the entire guild.

It was a swift action that no one had predicted.

“I now plan to raise the newly started Rinse Eastern Mercenary Guild to be the kingdom’s greatest mercenary guild.”

“Even so, to enter Miller is essentially to meet his majesty the king, sir. It’s a highly honorable and precious plac.....”

As Clay continued on long words to persuade him, Keep once again shook his head.

“Rather than such a place, the future of my lord and the fief is much more important to me, sir.”

“Hhm.”

With a quiet groan, Clay nodded his head.

“That thought thinking of our lord, that truly is like the troop commander of the Tenebra Troop, sir.”

Tenebra Troop.

Like the meaning of the shadow troop, Keep had already become Roan’s shadow.

“If my name is perhaps also on the list, I too wish to focus on the work I have received, sir.”

“I’m also the same. Now isn’t the time to leisurely go on an outing to the capital. I’ll have to look for things to do for the lord and the fief, sir.”

Following behind, the core retainers spoke on words similar to Keep’s.

It was an unexpected event.

To the kingdom’s citizens, entering the palace and meeting the king was an incredible honor.

‘But even so, they’ll refuse that honor for the lord?’

Clay made a slightly surprised expression.

At that moment, Pichio, who was watching the situation, faintly smiled and looked at Clay.

“Director Clay. I.....”

“Will Captain Pichio also stay behind here?”

Clay cut his words first and asked.

Pichio lightly nodded his head.

“Yes. If I leave my seat, a hole could be pierced in the public order of the Mediasis Castle where the lord’s castle is. As the situation is as so, I should focus on the mission I took.”

Although the fief war had ended, the group that were following Jonathan and the group who betrayed the Count Lancephil House together with Kali were still spread throughout the entire fief and acting in secret.

If they were to become drunk in victory and loosen their guard, the possibility of receiving a large harm instead was high.

‘It’s regrettable, but I should do the more important thing.’

Pichio tightly clenched his teeth.

Rather than one’s own honor, he had chosen the path for Roan and the fief.

Clay looked around at Pichio, Keep, and the so and inwardly exhaled a short sigh.

‘Everyone’s loyalties are incredible.’

He, even while greatly marveling at them, somehow felt a fearful

feeling.

Roan's abilities like might and insight were parts Clay too greatly recognized.

His humane appeal too was plenty.

Since it was to a point where he would personally pull up his sleeves and step up for the residents of the slum.

But bringing out this much of an unconditional loyalty was something almost impossible with only such reasons.

'It may be that the lord's biggest strength and secret weapon isn't spearmanship or strategies, but.....'

Clay's eyes flashed and shone a light.

'These people.'

Whether geniuses or common people, the people around Roan followed and respected Roan with sincerity.

That strength, which had gathered little by little like that, had developed before anyone noticed to the point where even the powerful noble houses couldn't ignore.



‘My heart feels a bit complicated.’

Clay inwardly made a bitter smile.

He still wasn’t able to clearly look into his own heart.

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“Uhehehehe.”

Poutingly showing off his four canines, Gank burst out a bizarre laugh.

Marrak, who was sitting on a giant cart and tilting a cup, clicked his tongue as if to say he was pathetic.

“What’s so good for you to laugh about?”

His voice was slightly mixed with annoyance.

Tactlessly, Gank kept on bursting out the bizarre laughter.

“Uhehehe. Since we really got an incredible food without a single battle, it can’t be helped feeling good.”

As soon as his words ended, Marrack clicked his tongue with a displeased look.

“Tch tch tch. It’s because you’re like that that we hear them calling orcs stupid.”

His voice was cold.

At this point, even Gank realized that the mood was unusual.

He murmured with a slightly quailed voice.

“Even though the one who set up this work was the tribe head.....”

Furthermore, the work was perfectly wrapped up as Marrak and Chris first planned.

Gank couldn’t understand why Marrak was annoyed, no, angry.

Marrak put down the cup he held and raised his right hand.

The slowly moving cart stopped.

Following suit, the orc warriors that were following behind also stopped their feet.

Marrak looked straight at Gank and asked in a low voice.

“You brat. The moment you met that human bastard called Roan, what kind of thought did you have?”

“Roan? Ah, you mean that guy called Chris’ master?”

“Yeah. I’m talking of that fief war’s victor and the count bastard of the Rinse Kingdom.”

Marrak slowly nodded his head.

Gank thought for a moment, then sulkily pouted his thick lips.

“Just that he looked manly? A feeling like he was really bold? Well even so, he’s just a human brat.”

“Huu.....”

Marrak exhaled a long sigh.

Forcefully swallowing the roar that climbed up all the way to his throat, he shook his head.

“Gank. Listen clearly. This time, I planned to expand our territory into the Rinse Kingdom’s northern region if chanced while working with the bastard called Chris. It wasn’t immediately, of course, but.....”

Marrak lightly tapped a pointedly jutted-out canine with the tip of finger and continued on.

“I had plenty of confidence to do so. It was a plan to make the human bastards lower their guards and then swing around as I wish. But.....”

The light in his eyes sharply shone.

“The moment I met Roan, I felt that something was wrong.”

“Just wha, what.....?”

The inside of Gank’s head was still dark.

Marrak exhaled a short sigh.

“Roan. That bastard was a much greater bastard than I had thought. I could tell the moment I met him. That gaze that seemed like it was plainly piercing through and seeing even my inside, that incredible pressure pouring out from his body, that soft yet powerful august that makes even the heart kneel.....”

The tightly clenched fist sharply trembled.

“Looking at him lightly was a complete misjudgment.”

Marrak's face nastily creased.

The moment he first learned of Roan's existence was when the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom invaded the Rinse Kingdom.

At that time, Roan commanded Chris and made a request asking to attack the Byron Kingdom's rear and provisions storage.

A human making a request to an orc.

It was an unprecedented event and something hard to believe easily.

Because of that, Marrak thought that Roan was a lousy human.

Although he exclaimed at Chris' boldness and talent, he had judged Roan as a contemptible brat.

Because of that, he thought that, as long as he wheedled him well, he could swallow him in a single bite whenever he wanted.

Marrak thought that Roan was on top of his own palm.

But.

'The one who was on a palm was me.'

The one who was played around with was himself.

Marrak simply harassed the Byron Kingdom's rear according to Roan's desire, and he had merely intimidated Jonathan's rear according to Roan's wish.

Marrak looked at Gank.

“Gank. Perhaps, we may have attached wings to a tiger.”

His voice was as heavy and subdued as his expression.

However, Bank was still blankly blinking his eyes.

Marrak laborious smiled and opened his chest.

Even if he regretted now, it was futile.

Inherently, orcs had the temperament of doing whatever he resolved once regardless of what happened.

‘If I planned to cheerfully swing around, then I should swing around.’

They couldn't keep on living a life of being kicked around here and there and running away.

There was a need to show the humans the orcs' strength.

“Well, if a wing's attached to a tiger, that's a moron, a moron.”

There was nothing to fear.

Marrak tightly clenched his fist.

Humans versus orcs.

Like that, the prelude of that war was being born.

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The capital, Miller, was full of a blazing heat like a furnace.

It was because the news of Roan's entrance to the capital had finally been delivered.

Beautiful floral decorations took place on the broad street that continued from the north gate to the palace and an incredible crowd swarmed up to its surroundings.

It wasn't the welcoming ceremony of Baron Roan Tale's entrance to the castle.

It was the welcoming ceremony of the kingdom's upper as well as grand noble, Count Roan Lancephil's entrance to the palace.

The frame was different than the entrance ceremony and triumphal celebration.

An incredible size and brilliance.

The difference between a count and a baron was greater than that of the sky and the earth.

"Here he comes!"

"It's Sir Count Lancephil!"

The crowd at the street pointed at the north gate and shouted.

"Waaaah!"

"Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!"

An incredible cheer exploded out.

But.

"Ah....."



“That’s.....”

The Miller’s residents all widened their eyes and closed their mouths.

The cheer disappeared as if washed away.

Everyone’s expressions were half dazed.

They, watching the sight of the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion entering inside the castle gate with Roan at the lead, swallowed dry spit.

A crimson legion.

The crimson legion who they only heard of in the rumors were there.

The sight of crimson everything from the helmets to the armors and even wearing crimson capes.

Furthermore, the cavalry set crimson armor on the horses’ heads and the infantries each wrapped crimson ribbon on their weapons.

“It’s the crimson legion..... they’re the crimson legion!”

Someone shouted at the top of their throat.

The cheer, which for an instant had vanished, explosively burst out as if it had been waiting.

“Waaaaaah!”

“Crimson Legion! Crimson Legion!”

An incredible heat.

Roan, at the cheers that poured down from every direction, made a smile.

Below the helmet, a pleased expression floated up.

‘It’s good I listened to Brian’s words.’

Originally, the ones who equipped crimson armors were only the Tale Legion who participated in the Poskein Subjugation.

It was because they were able to use Sethus’ blood.

The Lancephil Legion, which had joined later, were wearing armors with various colors.

Thanks to that, the Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion looked

like a completely different legions.

Brian Miles, seeing that sight, opined a suggestion asking of dyeing even the armors of Lancephil Legion's soldiers.

Even without that, Roan was known as the crimson ghost, or the crimson war god, and Roan's legion was known as the crimson legion.

It was an opinion that only Lancephil Legion equipping various colored armors amongst these wasn't right.

Roan, because they were reasonable words, immediately gave the order and made every soldier's armor be turned crimson.

Although there was no particular effect besides that it was red since it wasn't dyed with the Sethus' blood, he was able to raise the sense of belonging and loyalty of the Lancephil Legion's soldiers just by dyeing them.

Furthermore even the legion itself's splendor became much greater.

A crimson legion.

It was because the crimson wave became more fierce and grand.

“Oh! Count Roan Lancephil!”

When they walked between the welcoming crowd and arrived in front of the palace, the First Prince Simon Rinse raised his arms and fussed about.

He was of an honestly happy look.

“You are truly a surprising man.”

Now, even Simon did not carelessly treat him informally.

He had began to receive Roan as a count of the kingdom.

“Although I would like to immediately raise a glass of drink right now, his majesty the king is waiting.”

Simon shook his head as if regrettable and stepped aside.

“Let us speak again after greeting his majesty.”

“Yes. Prince Simon.”

Roan shortly answered and slowly moved his feet.

The surrounding nobles’ gazes stingingly poured down.

Admiration, awe, envy, rage, annoyance.....

Each were showing all kinds of emotions without alteration.

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

‘From a certain view, they really are sincere and pure people.’

The lot called the nobles were truly honest to their feelings.

‘The sly ones are, as expected, just the four dukes, marquises, and counts.....’

As expected, they were more adept at hiding their emotions the higher their nobilities were.

They were all showing forced smiles towards Roan.

‘You all should prepare yourselves well, sirs.’

Roan lightly rolled and clenched his fist.

They would all think that the fief war had ended.

However, the true fierce war began from now.

‘Since war isn’t only hitting and fighting with just swords, blade, spears and shields.’

Roan, with the things he earned as the basis, intended to jump to an even higher place.

“Oh! Count Roan Lancephil!”

When they entered into the grand hall, King Deni Von Rinse raised his two hands and welcomed him.

“I greet his majesty the king.”

Roan walked up in front of the throne and then kneeled down on one knee.

“I have heard well of your achievements.”

For a while, Deni III praised Roan’s abilities and hard work.

Even he, who had no interest in politics, had faintly taken an interest in Roan, who over the few years had consistently shown prominence.

A chatter without an end continued on.

In the end, Duke Francis Wilson, who couldn’t put up with it no

more, slightly creased his brows and glanced sharply.

“Hhm.”

Deni III instinctively noticed Francis’ cold gaze.

Smiling awkwardly, he let out a cough.

“Hm. Hm. It seems I got too excited that I spoke a bit long.”

Deni III gently looked at Roan, who was still kneeling on one knee.

“Before officially being granted the nobility, do you perhaps have something you wish of me as a count of the kingdom?”

It was merely a formal question.

But Roan, who already had something thought up, raised his head as if he had been waiting.

“Yes. This small vassal, has a small wish, your majesty.”

“Hhm?”

Deni III made a slightly surprised expression.

That, for the three princes including Simon and the other nobles, were also the same.

They hadn't know that he would possibly answer that he wished for something to a question asked in formality.

Francis came to his senses first, then slightly nodded his head.

Seeing that sight, Deni III asked in a quiet voice.

“What is that wish?”

At those words, Roan answered in a soft but powerful voice.

“Please recognize.....”

His eyes flashed and shone a light.

“The things I have earned as my own.”

Daring words.

In short, it meant to not covet his things.

Including the four dukes, the complexions of the upper nobles



stiffly solidified.

‘We got done in.’

‘We lost the lead.’

As a matter of fact, they had planned to opine to Deni III and reduce his fief’s size or take away the soldiers he had gathered as he wished.

Many nobles’ eyes quickly moved.

Roan, inwardly smiling, spoke once again with a bold manner and voice.

“My things are my own.”

Whether that was fief, soldiers, resources, or talents.

No, at the very least, even the things beyond that.

Of course, he didn’t carelessly spit out the last words.

Now wasn’t the time.

But even with just the statement right now, there was plenty of possibility of it becoming a cause of problem.

Sure enough, Second Prince Tommy Rinse, who had been staying quiet, instantly shouted and roared.

“You! Rinse Kingdom is that of his majesty the king! Nowhere is there any of yours! Whether fiefs, fiefs’ citizens, resources, or soldiers. You are merely borrowing them from his majesty the king for a moment!”

The roar echoed the grand hall.

Few nobles nodded their heads and concurred.

At that moment, Roan turned his head and looked at Tommy.

The light in his eyes were still bold.

He faintly smiled and spoke in a quiet voice.

“Prince Tommy. Please watch your words.”

“Wha, what?!”

Tommy, making shocked rabbit eyes, stuttered his words.

Roan cheerfully smiled and added on as if to declare.

“I am a count of the Rinse Kingdom.”

the senate here is written in the same way as Roman Republic's senate, as in a body of politically powerful and influential old men who doesn't do much.

# Chapter 186 : New Ability (1)

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The soft voice filled the grand hall.

Simultaneously, a silence descended.

Tommy became enraged.

“Y, y, you.....”

However, he couldn't carelessly spit out the curse that had climbed up to his throat.

Roan's words were the truth.

The upper nobles of count and above were not existences that the princes, who had no special peerage or formal titles, could treat without care.

Roan once again looked at King Deni Von Rinse.

A bold yet not an unmannerly attitude on any account.

Faintly smiling, he lowered his head.

“Your majesty, it seems that there was a slight misunderstanding at my words. My words did not dare ask for your majesty's

possessions, but meant to request that your majesty to execute every affair as according to the palace and the kingdom's laws.”

In short, it meant to give him every authority concerning the Chase County as according to the Rinse Kingdom's rule of fief wars.

Roan, with his head still lowered, added on.

“Please uphold the customs of the law, set the principles straight, and become the model of every man.”

Although it was enveloped well and then said, the words contained the meaning that, if he were to perhaps have other thoughts, he did not have the qualification of a king.

Deni III panicked.

“R, right. Since the thing called the law is there to be upheld.”

Words spat out in bewilderment.

At Roan's attitude and pressure, he had unknowingly been swept along.

“Hhm.”

Frustrated groans flowed out between numerous nobles.

There were weights even on the words.

Even if the words were the same, their weight differed depending on whose words they were.

Although words of Roan, a count, was also heavy enough for Prince Tommy to carelessly go against, the words of Deni III, who was the king, was much heavier than that.

In bewilderment or not, the words the king spat out once had a life of its own.

‘Oh damn.’

Deni III became shocked a step late and closed his mouth.

The inside of his head rapidly spun around.

Although he wanted to redress the situation a moment later, there was no suitable method.

The man whose name was called a king couldn’t flip over the words he had spat out once without any excuse.

Deni III’s eyes naturally turned towards Duke Francis Wilson.

“Huu.”

With a short sigh, Francis shook his head.

Meaning that he too did not have any appropriate method.

He could have flipped the words pretending to remonstrate if he had made a misstatement instead, but what kind of remonstration could he give to the words saying he will follow the law.

Ultimately, they could only do as Roan desired for now.

Roan too was clearly assessing that mood.

“I simply weep in gratitude at your majesty’s virtue.”

The words altogether hammered in the nails.

Deni III awkwardly smiled and nodded his head.

‘Looks like I’ll get scolded by Francis.’

Cold sweat flowed down his back.

Originally, he had planned to withdraw half of the Chase County

that Roan had captured and also reduce the number of soldiers he had indecorously gathered to a suitable number.

Although the Lancephil County and the Chase County were located in a remote place, it was because their size was simply so big.

If not careful, he could grant too much strength to a mere noble.

For this, Deni III matched his mouth with Francis multiple times and had rehearsed.

The practices weren't bad.

Deni III, and Francis too, all anticipated a positive result.

It was because they had thought that the other nobles would flock like a swarm of bees and respond once he provided the tune.

But.

'To think we'll lose the initiative like this.'

He couldn't even take out the words they had prepared.

The inside of his mouth felt bitter.



Inwardly, Deni III and numerous nobles exhaled a short sigh.

‘We can only aim for another chance.’

‘It’s regrettable, but there are still many more chances remaining.’

It was already spilled water.

Rather than thinking of gathering it up, pouring a new cup was more effective.

The upper nobles, including the four dukes, forcefully made smiles.

They were smiles meaning that they will let it as he wished.

“Then, I will start the nobility ceremony.”

The Grand Chamberlain, Viscount Logan Dayle’s voice rang the grand hall.

Roan’s nobility ceremony was brilliant.

At the place where every core nobles of the Rinse Kingdom were gathered, the title of Count Lancephil was granted together with a new house crest.

Together with that, he was invested with the original Lancephil County and even the Chase County.

Finally, Roan had officially become the noble with the most extensive fief in the Rinse Kingdom.

That was not all.

Although everyone had forgotten due to having no particular interest, Roan had the Poskein Lake, whose width was comparable to the Rinse Kingdom.

When looking just at the extent of the area Roan's breath touched, it could be said to be of a kingdom scale.

‘It would have been good if those guys came too.’

Looking at the numerous crests, badges, and medals that hung following his chest and belt, Roan thought of the retainers who stayed in the Mediasis Castle.

Keep, Pichio, and such core retainers voluntarily declined entering the palace this time.

‘Since they said that they will do their best at the duty they received.....’

A situation where it was difficult to particularly rebuke them.

Furthermore, the surprising thing was.

‘Even Clay, whose ambition is incredible, has stayed behind at Mediasis Castle.’

He had predicted that at least Clay, even alone, would enter the capital, Miller.

But he too had sent a letter saying that he will devote himself to the duties he took as the administrator responsible for the fief’s governance.

‘He really is someone unpredictable.’

Roan inwardly formed a bitter smile.

Anyhow, the nobility ceremony ended faster than expected thanks to the core retainers of the Count Lancephil House being absent.

‘I will make sure that there is not a single bit of the retainers’ merit rewards lacking.’

Regardless of their status, regardless of their disposition, he planned to hold a fair and prudent merit awards based only on achievements.

When his thoughts inside his head reached that point.

“Now! Should we go to the banquet hall?”

As soon as the complicated and boring nobility ceremony ended, Deni III kicked off the throne and stood up.

Although he did momentarily show a political look, as expected, the look befitting him was a light look like that.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The The Grand Chamberlain, Viscount Logan Dayle, knocked on the marble floor three times with a large staff.

Deni III quickly adjourned.

Simultaneously, First Prince Simon Rinse and the nobles supporting him went towards Roan.

In reverse, Second Prince Tommy Rinse and Third Prince Kallum Rinse, with stiffly solidified expressions, led numerous nobles and exited out of the grand hall.

“Count Lancephil. You’ve done well. You have truly done well.”

Simon held Roan's two shoulders.

He was admirable. Praiseworthy. And.

'Trustworthy.'

Although there were many close forces around him, there was no one as reliable as Roan.

'I definitely have to make him my man.'

No, to be exact, there was a need to tightly tie him up so that he can't leave his side.

'I'll use Io Lancephil.'

Roan thought precious of the people near him, and especially of Io Lancephil.

'So that he can never betray me, I'll capture Io Lancephil as a hostage.'

A horrendous thought.

This was the point where Simon and Roan were greatly different.

If Roan made the people around him awe and remain near on

their own, Simon worried of betrayal and treachery in advance and preferred somewhat oppressive and violent methods.

Of course, it wasn't as if Simon had no other methods as one would expect.

‘Although there is one more method.....’

His eyes flashed and shone a light.

From a certain point of view, it was a more stable and certain method.

A truly classical method.

‘If he were to simply marry my sister.....’

If they became tangled not as strangers but as a family, he would be much more relaxed than now.

‘Katy needs to do well.’

Simon thought to connect his sister of the same mother, Katy with Roan.

Of course, this was entirely and only Simon's thought.

‘I should watch for now.’

Simon invited Katy to the congratulatory banquet.

Since Katy originally liked places with many people, she wouldn't refuse and definitely attend.

“Now, let us head to the banquet hall as well.”

Simon raised his hand towards Roan and the numerous nobles, then moved his steps at the lead.

He obstinately walked side by side with Roan, and the nobles who were watching that sight from the back each sank into various thoughts.

‘Although I admit that Count Lancephil has repeatedly raised many merits.....’

‘Isn't he favoring him too much.....’

‘Like this, we will all end up getting out of his sight.’

Few nobles, with uneasy and restless light in their eyes, exhaled short sighs.

The prince they support becoming the next king was a greatly

glorious and happy thing.

But if that king actually does nothing for them?

Could they continue feeling glorious and happy even at that time?

‘Although making Prince Simon the next generation’s king is also important, the more important thing is after that.’

‘I need to be promised a higher nobility or office.’

‘Even if Prince Simon climbs up to the kingship, what use is it if I were to go out of his sight.’

Right now, it did not exceed merely a small anxiety.

But the possibility of this anxiety soon becoming a giant schism was high.

An excessive favoring of one person was the cause.

Simon, who feared and guarded against betrayal and treachery so much, was in fact creating the spark of strife.

And that.....



‘As expected.....’

Was also something Roan had expected.

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She awaited.

She awaited the news and awaited to meet again.

‘I don’t know if he too was like that, but.....’

Her heart, for once, raced after a long time.

Her face kept getting colored red.

“Greg. Do you think I can also attend the banquet?”

At the anxious heart, she kept throwing the same question.

Guardian knight Greg Katis, who was walking a step ahead, faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Of course, your highness.”

A voice filled with certainty.

It was a reliable voice.

Even though he had to give the same answer to the same question countless times, there wasn't even a little bit of an annoyed look.

Her heart slightly relaxed only then.

“Huu.”

Squeezing through her small lips, a long sigh flowed out.

Her face was still brightly colored.

Looking elated, looking anxious, the lady moving her steps towards the banquet hall was Princess Aily Rinse.

She, who was called the shadow princess, had heard the news that congratulatory banquet for Roan's nobility ceremony was opening and had shown up.

“Eh? Just now.....?”

“Shadow Princess?”

“Right?”

Aily's appearance was something shocking even to the numerous nobles and knights.

The nearby people began to whisper.

At that moment.

‘Ah.....’

Aily let out a quiet exclamation.

She could see him.

At a place close enough to touch with just six, seven steps, Roan was there.

However, she couldn't move any further.

‘Katy.’

At Roan's side was Katy.

A sister of a different mother and Simon's sister of the same mother.

Roan and Katy, the two people looked truly cheerful and happy.

The gazes and laughter pouring towards each other.

Aily unknowingly stepped back.

The noise of people whispering slowly became bigger.

Naturally, the gazes of the people inside the banquet hall headed towards Aily.

Amongst them, even Roan's gaze was there.

‘Ah.....’

Aily once again stiffly froze like a stone.

The gaze that was smiling towards Katy pierced into her own eyes.

The sound of her heart echoed in her ears.

At that moment, Greg walked up and, in a small voice, spoke as if to whisper.

“It's okay. Princess. You don't need to hide anymore.”

A voice of support.

Greg was certain.

That Roan too was of the same feeling as Aily.

“But.....”

Aily, without being able to do this or that, dropped her head.

Suddenly.

“Princess.”

From right in front of her nose, the voice she missed so much was heard.

Very slowly, Aily raised her head.

“Sir Count Lancephil.”

The end of her voice slightly trembled.

‘Idiot.’

She felt so like an idiot.

“Princess. It has been a while.”

Roan, together with a faint smile, slightly lowered his head.

The political stages where one couldn't lower his guard even a second, the world of nobles where veiled strifes wildly danced, battlefields where heads flew off with a slightest mistake.

He was Roan, who at all times lived in a taut tension.

But right this moment, upon his life, at least on this moment facing Aily, he solely concentrated only on her.

“Congratulations.”

Aily shyly smiled and slightly lowered his head.

Roan wordlessly made and showed a smile.

‘Why do I feel so good?’

From his head to the tip of his feet, a warm and soft happiness twined around.

[Hey! What's up with your face?]

Abruptly, Kinis showed up together with a sharp voice.

She, who was momentarily taking a rest due to repeated battles, had felt change in Roan's emotion and had shown herself.

‘What did I do?’

Roan curtly asked inside his head.

His gaze was still looking at Aily and his face too had no single change.

Since Kinis wasn't visible to other people, he thought that only he had to be careful.

Kinis, flying between Roan and Aily this way and that, made an odd expression.

[Just with a glance, you right now look amazingly ha.....]

When her words reached about that point.

“Is this little lady a water spirit?”

With a casual expression, Aily asked as if to whisper.

Instantly, Roan and Kinis both widely opened their eyes and

looked at Aily.

Both were of looks solidly petrified like ice.

“Ca, can you see her, your highness?” [You, you can see me?]

Both stuttered their words as if greatly shocked.

At that sight, Aily hid her mouth with one hand and snickered out a laugh.

Then as if embarrassed, she soon blushed her face.

“I’m sorry. It’s just, both of your faces were so funny that.....”

Aily slightly lowered her head.

Roan quickly shook his hands.

“No. There’s really no need to apologize. It’s simply that you’re the first person to see Kinis.....”

“I see.”

Aily nodded her head and looked at Kinis.



Kinis, with her arms crossed, was making a haughty expression in her own way.

[You. How can you see me?]

‘What do you mean you? What kind of manner is that to the princess?’

Roan slightly creased his brows and chided her.

But even while doing so, he plentifully watched the nearby people’s gazes and put up a guard.

[What about it. She’s princess only to you guys, and merely a human girl to me.]

Kinis poutingly retorted.

Aily faintly smiled and nodded her head.

“Kinis’ words are right. Nice to meet you. My name is Aily.”

Conscious of the nearby people, she naturally greeted her as if speaking to Roan.

[Un? Uh, yeah. Right. My name’s Kinis.]

Kinis, who purposely tried to show a mean and cold look, slightly flustered when Aily approached modestly and politely first.

‘Even though I heard that all the human world’s princesses’ noses are so high that you can’t even joke about them.....’

Remembering the rumors she heard in the past, Kinis tilted her head.

Perhaps finding that Kinis cute, Aily quietly stared at her, then turned her gaze towards Roan again.

“Hmm.”

Seemingly contemplating for a moment, she tapped her lips with the tip of her finger.

‘Yes. If it’s Sir Count Lancephil.....’

She wanted to share the stories that she had tightly hidden.

Aily gently looked at Roan and smiled.

“Since you introduced a cute friend to me, I’ll also introduce my friends to you.”

A very quiet voice that seemed conscious of the people nearby.

“A cute friend?”

Rather, Roan focused on a strange point.

Kinis, who was flying above his head, hit the backside of Roan’s head.

[She’s talking about me. Me!]

A truly humorous sight.

Roan, slightly creasing his brows, glared at Kinis and then soon looked at Aily.

“I’m not sure where in this girl is a cute friend, but..... for now, I’m looking forwards to meeting princess’ friends. Since they do say that friends are similar to each other.”

Slightly showing intent.

In inwardly, it was true that he found it a little doubtful.

‘Princess Aily’s friends.....’

Like the rumor of Shadow Princess, Aily took almost no trip outside and there also were almost no royalties or nobles whom

she was close to.

Even if there were, most of them were impersonal relationships.

At least, it was so according to what Roan knew.

‘But to suddenly say she’ll introduce her friends.....’

At that moment, Aily shyly smiled and lightly waved her right hand.

“You can look forward to it.”

Suddenly, four small drops floated up between Roan and Aily.

They slowly became bigger and soon turned about a fist big, but their each colors were distinctly different.

“Un?”

Roan, at the abnormal phenomenon unfolding in front of his eyes, widely opened his eyes.

[This is?]

Kinis too, as expected, was similarly shocked.

Roan hurriedly looked around himself.

Everyone looked greatly calm and unperturbed.

Even the nobles who were staring at Roan showed no particular reaction.

‘So only Kinis, Princess Aily, and I can see them.’

Roan quickly understood the situation and stared at the four drops again.

The shape of the drops soon twisted, then slowly took on a human look.

No, to be exact, it was a look greatly alike Kinis.

“Spirits?”

Roan murmured in daze.

Aily bashfully smiled and nodded her head.

“Yes. That’s right.”

A much too incredible an answer compared to the much too calm attitude.

She looked at the red spirit at the left.

“This here is fire spirit Lili.”

Following that, her gaze moved on towards the other spirits.

“This is earth spirit Soyl. This is wind spirit Brist. And this is.....”

Lastly, Aily looked at the blue spirit.

At that moment, Kinis, who had been staying quiet, cut in.

[Water Spirit Ateil.]

Then the blue spirit, Ateil, lightly waved her hand.

[Hello. Been a while. Kinis.]

A sweet voice.

It was a truly happy look.

However, Kinis did not acknowledge he any further.

No, she couldn't.

Her entire focus headed towards Aily.

That was also the same for Roan.

Roan and Kinis' expressions were half dazed.

For one person to contract with four spirits each with different types!

Obviously, he had never seen such a person or learned of one through rumor.

Even.

'It's something that didn't happen even in the last life.'

Roan inwardly shook his head.

It was literally an unprecedented event.

Roan and Kinis looked at Aily and, in a hushed voice, asked.

“Princess. Just what is your identity?”

[You. Who are you?]

Aily, while moved the spirits in front of her eyes to her back, smiled.

A beautiful and alluring and sweet and innocent smile.

Her small lips softly moved.

“It might be a little long story. I.....”



## Chapter 187 : New Ability (2)

---

Her voice was slightly elated.

This was the first time Aily Rinse told her secret to someone other than her nanny Margaret or her Guardian Knight Greg.

No, she didn't have any thought of saying it until now.

“In the past years, I actually.....”

The moment her words reached that point.

“Count Lancephil.”

Together with a familiar voice, Simon Rinse suddenly came up.

[Eit!]

Kinis crumpled her face with a deflated look.

[What an unhelpful bastard.]

She grumbled with a sharp voice.

‘You’re right.’

Roan bitterly smiled and looked behind him.

He could see Simon and Princess Katy Rinse.

‘She got forcibly dragged in.’

Looking at Katy’s somewhat uncomfortable looking face, Roan formed a bitter smile.

As according to Simon’s plan, he had conversed for quite a long time with Katy since the banquet started.

As a result, the thing he learned for sure was just one.

‘Princess Katy and I are complete opposites, complete opposites.’

Unlike the calm Roan, Katy was excessively lively.

To say how much it was.

‘It’s to a point where I’m suspicious of how Princess Katy, who is lively enough to give someone a headache, and Pierce, whose words are excessively few, lived happily in marriage.’

Roan newly found Pierce amazing.

It was to that degree.

Katy's tomboy personality, that was.

“What were you doing here?”

Simon lightly smiled and looked back and forth between Roan and Aily.

A soft shape of the eyes and mouth.

But from the eyes hidden inside, a sharp pressure flashed.

‘Why with Aily instead of Katy.....’

Simon couldn't understand.

Aily was a royalty who was inconspicuous even inside the palace enough to be called the shadow princess.

She had no reliable backer nor prominent ability.

She even had no brothers or sisters.

To Roan, who was rising as a pillar of the kingdom and a hero, she was an existence that simply was of no help.

‘Compared to her, Katy is the only blood-relative of mine, who is closest to the next king’s throne.’

Her beauty too didn’t falter wherever she was placed.

‘Her personality is a bit wild, of course, but that’s something she could slowly fix.’

Even when looked from various angles, the girl that suited Roan wasn’t Aily but Katy.

‘Regrettable.’

Roan had guessed Simon’s such intention.

‘He is doing even love with his head.’

Simon saw even love as a part of political power.

Throughout the last life and the current life, the love of those close to power were almost all alike Simon.

To them, love and marriage was no more than a method to maintain power.

‘I don’t live like that.’

Roan, who from the start had begun at the very bottom, was a man who knew how to love not with his head but with his heart.

Beyond numerous relations of gains and losses, he tried to be honest with his own feelings.

And.

‘My heart is.....’

He clearly knew when, and in front of who, his heart beated more happily.

Although he had vaguely realized, he became more certain through today’s banquet.

Roan softly smiled and slightly lowered his head.

“I was talking with Princess Aily, your highness.”

“Hhm. I didn’t know that you were acquainted with Aily.”

Simon’s gaze headed towards Aily.

Constantly from the start, Aily was floating a faint smile.

Her deep eyes gently wrapped Simon's gaze.

‘Older brother.’

She knew Simon's intentions much better than Roan.

It wasn't simply because they were step siblings.

‘It's thanks to the mind's eyes.’

Aily's eyes weren't ordinary.

The reason she could pierce through and see people's hearts and thoughts.

Mind's eyes.

The weight of the secrets Aily had was much heavier than anyone though.

‘Look at this girl.....’

A conspicuous light frosted up in Simon's eyes.

He hadn't possibly expect that Aily, who was known as the shadow princess and who he hadn't even minded until now, would calmly look back at his gaze that even the aged nobles dodged.

‘Have I made too hasty of a judgment.....’

Within the palace, no, amongst the royalty to be exact, he thought that the only ones he had to check were Second Prince Tommy Rinse and Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

Besides them, he had demoted away or detained all those who could become a problem.

As an exception, he had simply left alone those he thought wouldn't even be an opponent, and Aily was also one of those people.

But today, he thought that that decision might have been a mistake.

‘I should pay a bit more attention.’

The situation where he was far ahead in the throne succession competition.

Especially at the time like this, he had to be careful of even a single leaf, and then be careful again.

Carelessness was a taboo.

Simon deeply inhaled and looked at Roan and Aily.

‘If the two people were to possibly have favorable feelings towards each other.....’

It wasn’t quite a pleasant situation.

He couldn’t clearly grasp what kind of thoughts Aily had towards himself.

‘There is no way it’ll be good.....’

Even so, he could roughly guess.

Essentially in Simon’s case, those other than the faction supporting him were all enemies.

This was because he awfully liked to discriminate his men and those of others and also thought importance of it.

Simon’s gaze naturally headed towards Katy.

‘Are you going to just stay quiet like that?’

His eyes sharply glared.

But Katy wasn’t an existence who would move as Simon’s will like the other nobles.



He was Simon's sole blood relative and sister.

One of the sole existence who could raise her voice against him.

Furthermore.

'I don't want to marry Count Roan Lancephil!'

Katy too didn't quite like Roan.

Creasing her brows, she glared at Simon.

A soundless rebellion.

A soundless chiding.

A fierce staring contest unfolded between the two people.

Ultimately, Katy, who had no patience nor cared of other's gazes, snorted first.

"Hmph! This banquet isn't fun!"

Then widely fluttering her dress skirt, she went out of the banquet hall.

“Katy!”

Simon called out in a loud voice, but Katy didn't look back even once.

‘Damn it.’

A curse raced to the top of his throat.

He wanted to immediately follow and reprimand her.

But.

‘If it continues like this, Count Lancephil and Aily will.....’

His gaze naturally headed towards Roan and Aily.

The two people were standing side by side and staring at him.

That look seemed almost like a couple of many years, or perhaps a married couple.

‘It's dangerous.’

Simon became restless.

But even so, to keep standing there was also humiliating.

No, he couldn't even keep standing there.

Roan and Aily's mood wasn't something he could cut in by himself.

Furthermore, it wasn't quite natural either.

"It seems something had happened."

Simon awkwardly smiled towards Roan, then lightly waved his hand.

"I should go follow my sister."

Roan and Aily lowered their heads instead of answering.

With a bitter expression, Simon moved his feet following Katy.

'Damn it. Somehow, it feels like I'll greatly regret this.'

His heart felt frustrated.

He felt that a day he would regret not separating Roan and Aily

ahead of time would come.

Such apprehensive feelings always had high accuracy.

‘I can’t let it happen like that.’

Elements of danger had to be removed in advance.

‘I should investigate Aily.’

If cornered, he could simply use her as hostage.

‘Count Roan Lancephil. You must always be at my side.’

If he were to show a sign of leaving his side or betraying him.

‘Even I do not know how I will change at that time.’

His eyes flashed with a horrifying light.

Staring at Simon’s back that was getting further away, Roan and Aily, the two people made bitter smiles.

Then.

[Now! Should we continue what we were talking about?]

Kinis hastened Aily with a completely flushed face.

She couldn't endure any longer.

Her face and her eyes were full of question marks.

Roan and Aily.

The two people looked at each other and silently laughed.

Their gazes were gentle and smiles warm.

[Oi. Are you really going to keep doing this?]

Kinis cut in with a sulky expression.

At those words, Aily shyly laughed and asked in a small voice.

“Should we change the location?”

Her gaze headed towards a small balcony located at one side of the banquet hall.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“I will lead the way, your highness.”

He moved his feet a step ahead.

Aily followed behind.

Naturally, the people’s gazes poured down.

‘Why is Count Lancephil and the Shadow Princess?’

‘How did the two get acquainted?’

‘Just what is happening this time?’

Numerous royalties and nobles busily spun their heads.

‘It’s hard to get close to Count Lancephil, but.....’

‘Should I try approaching Princess Aily’s side?’

This was the moment that Aily, who lived without any presence as a shadow, slowly began to receive people’s attention.

“We wouldn’t get interrupted by anyone if it’s here.”

Aily whispered as she gazed at the beauteous scenery spreading

outside the balcony.

A sweet voice.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

He quietly awaited her next words.

Cheerfully smiling, Aily continued to speak.

“You know that my nickname is the Shadow Princess, yes?”

“Yes. I know, your highness.”

Roan lightly nodded his head.

Aily turned her head and looked straight at Roan.

‘Hhm.’

The moment Roan saw her wide and deep eyes, he swallowed a quiet sigh.

His heart raced.

Aily’s small and red lips slowly moved.

“The reason I’m called the Shadow Princess is because I caught an illness few years ago and haven’t went outside for quite a long time.”

Roan quietly nodded his head.

It was a fact he also knew well of.

Aily brightly smiled and shook her head.

“But that’s a mistaken rumor. I.....”

The sweet voice brushed past his ears like a wind.

“Have never gotten sick.”

“Hmm.”

Roan let out a quiet sigh.

But even so, he wasn’t greatly surprised.

He had already thought that the possibility of the rumor about Aily being wrong was high.



This was because the news concerning various medical treatment concerning her were nonexistent despite having caught an illness and being house arrested.

‘As expected, there was a different reason.’

This much was easily within the expected range.

But Aily’s stories that continued beyond this point were things that far, far exceeded Roan’s expected range.

“For a long time, I studied various things outside the palace.”

Already unusual stories.

Roan and Kinis slightly creased their brows.

[Study? Why study all of a sudden?]

“Study, your highness?”

A tremble appeared in Roan’s composed voice.

Faintly smiling, Aily nodded her head.

“I lived with four teachers at a place deep in the Grain Mountains.”

It was unbelievable.

A young princess living outside the palace, and in the most precarious of precarious lands where not even the knights carelessly enter, the depth of the Grain Mountains at that was something absurdly unbelievable.

However, Aily's expression was extremely serious.

There was not a single bit of lie in her eyes.

"I learned many things from the teachers. Learning the basic studies goes without saying, and I also learned magic and spirit magic. Being able to make contracts with four different types of spirits is also all thanks to the teachers' teachings."

The instant she finished her words.

[Ridiculous! That's a lie!]

Kinis shouted with a disbelieving face.

Although Roan did not also spoke out, he was of a similar feeling.

Kinis' words continued on.

[You've made contracts with four different types of spirits thanks to the teachers' teachings? Even if the teachers were elves, that's something absolutely impossible. Maybe if those four teachers were dragons or spirit kings, but..... even so, it's certainly not something easy. You'll need four different types of affinity.....]

When her words reached that point, Aily brightly smiled and took out a gigantic secret that she had buried deep within her chest.

“You're right.”

[Un? What's right?]

At Aily's sudden words, Kinis made a weird expression.

Aily slightly tilted her head to a side.

A cute look.

“My teachers were all.....”

Instinctively, her voice became a little quieter.

“Dragons.”

Momentarily, a heavy stillness fell.

With their eyes wide open, Roan and Kinis slightly opened their mouths.

Until now, Roan and Kinis had experienced countless numbers of unbelievable events and also heard countless numbers of stories.

In Kinis' case, she became a Spirit King candidate despite her insignificant origin.

In Roan's case, he had came back to the past the moment he died and was living a new life once more.

Even just this much were unbelievable things.

But even so, the grand secret Aily revealed was shocking to be almost unprocessable.

Dragons.

The absolute existences that had already hidden themselves tens and hundreds of years ago.

The humans thought that they had turned their backs to the world and left for a world further away.

They didn't think that they had all died.

For they believed that the dragons would never die.

To such a degree, the existence of dragons were almost of the same rank as the gods to the humans.

“P, princess is a pupil of not just one, but four dragons?”

The end of Roan’s voice shook.

Even he, who was famous to be normally calm and composed, couldn’t easily maintain his composure at this moment.

‘Dragons!’

Even in the last life, he had never seen nor heard rumors of their appearance.

“Yes. That’s correct.”

On the other hand, Aily was notably calm.

Rather, she seemed greatly relieved perhaps because of having revealed the grand secret she had kept secret.

Roan quietly stared at Aily’s eyes.

‘Dragon’s pupil..... why did such an individual not stand out in the last life?’

The thoughts within his head became disordered.

‘Did her life perhaps became completely changed as I came back to the past?’

His throat violently trembled.

At that moment, Kinis, perhaps understanding Roan’s tangled heart, asked with a voice full of suspicion.

[You’re a dragons’ pupil? That’s even more hard to believe in its own way, you know? A woman who’s a dragons’ pupil is imperceptibly wasting away her life while being called a shadow princess?]

At those words, Aily lightly shook her head.

“That’s only a part of my appearance. I am doing numerous works in my own way.”

[What work?]

Kinis snappily questioned.

Aily, without hesitation, answered.

For there was nothing more to hide.

“Various companies, including the Sale Trading.....”

The moment her words reached that point.

“The Sale Company!?”

Roan, in a loud voice, asked back.

At an unthinkable situation, he heard a name he hadn't even thought of.

Looking at Roan's completely shocked face, Aily nodded her head.

“That's correct. The Sale Company that's investing in transportation in Sir Count's fief is in fact one of the companies I run. I'm sorry about not revealing my identity sooner. I was worried that you might feel pressured.....”

She was misunderstanding the reason Roan was being surprised.

Roan, still with a slightly dazed expression, stared at Aily.

‘Gold Master Sale who was hidden behind a veil. So his, no, her identity was Princess Aily.’

The head of the giant company that controlled 70% of the Rinse Kingdom’s trade.

The tycoon who was amongst the top five even throughout the entire continent.

This was the moment when Goldmaster Sale’s identity was finally revealed.

It was certainly a shocking and surprising event.

‘But.....’

Roan quickly collected his thoughts.

A corner of his heart felt uneasy.

‘Goldmaster was certainly amazing, but.....’

For an achievement a dragons’ pupil had achieved, it was somewhat disappointing.

Even in the last life, there were quite a large number of people who were more incredible than Goldmaster Sale when looked



around the entire continent.

To such degree, there were many personages in the Great Warring Era.

‘Perhaps, does she have another different identity as well?’

When his thought reached about that point.

[You manage a company? Hmph. That can’t be all, is it?]

Kinis asked in a sharp voice.

She inwardly suspected something.

‘You contracted with four types of spirits because you’re a dragons’ pupil? That’s something impossible with just that. However amazing an existence dragons are, it’s something only possible with one’s own abilities also supporting her.’

She had to have an incredible affinity with each of the four different types.

An impossibility if one was an ordinary human.

A gaze of suspicion.

Kinis looked straight at Aily.

Aily, still with a smile, answered.

“Kinis’ words are correct. Besides the names Aily and Sale, I have another name.”

She, looking back and forth between Roan and Kinis, spoke in a quiet voice as if to whisper.

“Piscis. That is my other name.”

Instantly.

“Ah.....”

Roan quietly exclaimed.

He could only be shocked.

‘Piscis.....’

A lightning stormed within his head.

The Great Warring Era.

The grand column that held up that era of chaos.

And the name that supported that column.

Piscis.

‘The Queen of the Elves.’

Her name had abruptly appeared.

# Chapter 188 : New Ability (3)

---

The Great Warring Era.

The period when the entire continent fell into chaos.

An era of war whose beginning and even its cause were so intricately connected to a point of comprehension being impossible.

Especially the reason that the era of the Great War was exceedingly chaotic was that it wasn't merely the human's war.

A period when the oppressed, or perhaps disappeared, or perhaps even forgotten existences all raised their swords and blades.

Elves too, who were one of the disappeared existences, acted a pivot of the the era.

And the queen who led those elves.

Piscis.

She was the singular and strongest elf who showed off shocking archery, magic, and spirit magic that rivaled her emerald hair, ivory skin, and beautiful looks.

‘That Piscis is Princess Aily?’

Roan couldn't believe her.

The appearances of Piscis he heard through rumors and Aily were simply too different.

At that moment.

[You're Piscis? Don't make me laugh. Maybe on dim-witted humans, but that kind of lie doesn't work on me who's a spirit.]

Seemingly slightly angry, Kinis pouted her lips.

Roan and Aily's eyes turned towards her.

Kinis looked straight at Aily's eyes.

[Piscis. That's not just a name. That's one kind of title signifying the elves' leader and the supreme commander.]

Her voice slowly rose.

[It's a sacred title granted only to those who has passed numerous tests even amongst the elves.]

Kinis flew round and round around Aily.

[You're a human however I look. And you say that you're the elves' supreme commander? Say something that makes sense.]

Her voice held a sharp pressure.

Roan quietly stared at Aily.

He was awaiting her answer.

Aily's expression was still calm.

Floating a faint smile, she answered in a soft voice.

“Kinis. You know about the elves' world very well perhaps because you're a spirit. Then, you can recognize this too, right?”

Aily fully opened her two hands, then pressing the thumbs and forefingers together, she made a small triangle.

Suddenly.

Paat.

Three small leaves with perfect symmetries floated up between her eyebrows.

Sublime leaves gently shining with a green light.

[Tezion.....?!]

Kinis muttered with a dazed expression.

Tezion.

A term indicating the green emblem made up of three leaves, it was the ensignia and symbol of the elves' supreme commander Piscis.

[You, you are really Piscis?!]

Kinis asked with a trembling voice.

Aily lightly nodded her head and parted the fingers she held together.

Simultaneously, the gently shining Tezion also disappeared.

[How could a human become Piscis?]

Kinis asked with a still trembling voice.

Roan also had a curious expression.

With a small voice, Aily answered whisperingly.

“I’m not a human. I’m a half elf.”

Half elf.

It was a term indicating a part elf born between an elf and another race.

Roan, who had been listening quietly, cut in with a cautious voice.

“Then do you mean that the deceased 4th queen was an elf, your highness?”

“Yes. My mother was an elf.”

Aily cheerfully smiled and nodded her head.

It was unbelievable.

Roan hesitated for a moment, then asked with a cautious manner and voice.

“But I heard that her highness the 4th queen Silen was a human with an ordinary looks.....”



It was definitely recorded so in the in the archive of royalties he had learned of while accessing the palace library.

No, there was no one who wasn't a human amongst the Rinse Royalty in the first place.

Aily answered in a calm voice.

“No. Mother was definitely an elf. And she was also her generation's Piscis. She was merely living after having changed her looks with the dragons' magic. And I'm of a human appearance instead of an elf's because I'm still young.”

Originally, elves' lifespan was much longer than that of the humans.

Because so, there were many cases of elves' appearance showing up only after jumping well into the twenties in human years in the case of half elves born between elves and humans.

“That's a shocking story. Does his majesty the king know of this truth?”

“No. My father the king only knows of my mother as an ordinary human. Since mother kept it as a secret to the end. The reason for that was..... uum. I can't tell you this because it's too personal a matter. I'm sorry.”

“It's okay, your highness.”

Roan quickly shook his head.

After cleaning up the complicated thoughts inside his head, he threw a question once more.

“What was the reason her highness the 4th queen hid her looks even while using the dragons’ magic?”

He couldn’t help but ask.

The reason that the elves’ supreme commander hid her identity and lived while hiding amongst the humans.

Aily’s expression that had floated a soft smile until now slightly became darker.

“That..... was to not die and survive.”

A sad light shaded her voice.

“Mother was being chased.”

“What do you mean chased?”

Questions that he doesn’t wish but keep ending up asking.

It was something that couldn't be helped to clearly grasped the surrounding situations.

Furthermore, the story that the elves' leader lived in hiding in order to maintain her life was an incredibly shocking story.

Aily, looking out at the beautiful scenery that spread outside the balcony, exhaled a short sigh.

"This will be a very long story."

Roan and Kinis, with their lips tightly closed, nodded their heads.

They were ready to lean their ears however much at her story.

"Where should I begin..... umm."

Aily pondered for a moment, then took out a completely unexpected story.

"Yes. I should start from the dragons' story."

Roan, Aily, and Kinis's gazes crossed.

"Dragons haven't all died or left far away."

The dragons that suddenly disappeared.

It was the moment the hidden truth was finally being revealed.

“They are currently at a place deep inside the Grain Mountains.”

A strength went into Aily’s voice.

The stories that followed were truly shocking and fantastical stories.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Why did only you guys came? What about the master bastard?”

A dark secret room.

Beyond the swaying candlelight, Duke Bradley Webster’s creased face was seen.

The young man who was standing politely on the opposite lowered his head.

“Apologies, sir. Master had an important work, so.....”

“An important work?”

Bradley's face exaggeratedly twisted.

"Is it a work even more important than answering my call?"

A sharp voice.

The young man did not panic.

"How can that be, sir? But he had left his seat empty from quite early on, so contacting him wasn't easy, sir."

Once again, he bent his back and bowed.

"We visited by ourselves since it seemed to be an urgent matter, sir."

"Hhm. Lynce. That wily tongue of yours is still the same."

Bradley wasn't of a satisfied expression, but he didn't let out any more words criticizing them.

But Viscount Hensley Forset, who was Bradley's right hand man and of belligerent personality, had no thoughts of simply stepping back.

"Tch. Arrogant bitches. They should be throwing everything

aside and running here when Sir Duke calls. There's just nothing that's satisfying about them. This is why hexers bastards get swore at."

A bucketful of swears poured down.

"I can only apologize, sir."

Lynce bowed towards Hensley.

The young men who were standing at his sides were also the same.

Their faces were full of servile smiles.

Looks of having completely shrank at the violent words and swears.

They were the very existences the continent's entire ruling classes including the royalties and nobles disgusted at, the hexers.

The beings who had hid their traces due to extensive subjugation had received Bradley's order and had covertly come to the capital, Miller.

"That much is enough."

Bradley, who had been staying quiet, waved his hand as if annoyed.

He didn't particularly want to play around with the hexers.

He too used the hexers as his secret move, but he had no plans of intentionally staying close with them.

'It's uncomfortable when I'm with them.'

Bradley signalled with his chins at Hensley.

Hensley slightly lowered his head, then took out a thick bundle of papers from within his clothes.

"It's this time's target."

A heavy voice.

The hexers received the paper bundle and carefully perused its contents.

"Hmm."

Lynce creased his brows.

Although the paper bundle was thick, it was completely full of

one person's story and information.

“Why? Is it impossible?”

Bradley asked with a cold voice.

Lynce, soon smiling cheerily, shook his head.

“Of course not. There is no work impossible for us, sir.”

His expression changed oddly.

“Haven't you already checked multiple times, sir?”

“Don't smile slyly.”

Bradley cut his words with a chilly face, then once again waved his hand.

“Good. I will trust and leave it to you again this time. Roan. I will hand you a large reward if you churn up the inside of that bastard's head.

At those words, Lynce and the rest of the hexers readily bowed at their backs.

“Oooh. Thank you so much, sir. Since you have already and even



secured us a route to trespass the mansion he's staying, we will take care of it within the next few days. Huhuhu."

A disturbing laughter flowed out.

Lynce once again looked at the bundle of papers.

Large words were written at the top.

Roan Lancephil.

The Rinse Kingdom's rising hero and the idol of the kingdom's citizens.

The mission this time was to poke apart the inside of Roan's head into a mess then turning him into an empty doll by placing a powerful hypnosis.

"Please leave it to us, sir."

Lynce answered with a bold and confident voice, then walked out backwards.

The other hexers were also the same.

They receded back to a corner of the secret room where the candlelight didn't touch, then soon disappeared.

Hensley, who had been watching, shook his head with a revolted look.

“Disgusting bastards.....”

At those words, Bradley smiled oddly and shook his hand.

“Don’t be like that too much. Since even the bitches of dogs can face a tiger depending on how they are used.”

Of course, the even greater appeal was.

‘I can also mercilessly throw them away if it goes wrong.’

Since there are plenty of sons of bitches in the world.

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Shock. Shock. Shock.

It literally was a series of shocks.

Roan, who had returned to his mansion after the banquet had ended, sat alone in his office and sank deep into thoughts.

[Were you surprised a lot?]

Kinis asked with a slightly playful expression.

Roan gave no answer.

[Well, since even I was surprised.]

Kinis sat down on top of Roan's knee and exhaled a long sigh.

[To think that the dragons are actually hibernating in the Grain Mountains. Just what kind of event has happened?]

“That we can't know. Since even Princess Aily said she doesn't know of that.”

Roan let out a short sigh.

[Anyhow, to think a bad blood rose up between the elves due to dragons hibernating..... that too is a shocking thing by itself.]

Roan quietly nodded his head at Kinis's words.

The existences that overlooked the world's balance, the dragons.

Their absence had fell the world's balance little by little.

That was also the same for the elves who were the symbol of harmony.

They too lost their balance and had fallen from the inside little by little.

‘Elves and the dark elves’ animosity.’

During the time when the dragons overlooked the balance of the world, the dark elves called themselves shadows.

Being satisfied with their role, they formed a harmonious balance with the elves.

But after the dragons had disappeared, they were no longer satisfied by their role of shadows.

‘The dark elves aimed for her highness Silen who was the elves’ leader at the time.’

Thankfully, Silen was able to escape the dark elves’ trick and safely run away.

‘And she then became the 4th queen and hid into the Rinse Palace.’

Even the dark elves hadn’t thought that Silen might possibly hid

into the Rinse Palace.

It was because the humans and the elves were no different than sworn enemies after the Great War that took place five hundred years ago.

The 4th Queen Silen, who had changed her looks with the dragons' magic, married the current king Deni Von Rinse and gave birth to Aily.

‘Although she had afterwards asked the dragons who haven't went into hibernation to push away the dark elves, they refused her request. According to what Princess Aily heard from her highness the queen, she said that it seemed almost as if they couldn't leave the Grain Mountains.’

Grain Mountains and the Dragons' hibernation.

There definitely must had been some sort of reason.

Afterwards, Silen recovered her original looks the year Aily became ten years old and returned to the elves' forest.

She had intentionally became a target to protect Aily's life from the dark elves who were continuing to chase after her back.

Afterwards, Aily became a pupil of the dragons that were the last to enter hibernation, went into the elves' forest the year she became an adult, and obtained the title of Piscis.

Of course, she tightly kept the fact that Aily and Piscis were the same person a secret in order to fool the dark elves' eyes.

Furthermore, she did not carelessly showed off her abilities in preparation against various events that might happen and abstained from going outside.

This was the very reason that she had continuously came to be called the shadow princess.

‘This too is questionable. For them to take Princess Aily as their pupil even though they actually refused the request to push away the dark elves.....’

He could hardly understand the dragons' actions.

“Huu.”

The thoughts inside of his head was chaotic.

There was one more thing that bothered his heart.

‘The dragons' absence. If the world's order and balance is falling down little by little because of that.....’

And if that caused an influence powerful enough for even the elves who were the symbol of harmony to arose bad blood.....

‘Aren’t other species including humans also in danger?’

Then.

‘The reason that the Great Warring Era opened up wasn’t simply because of humans’ greed but because of the dragons’ absence.....?’

His heart felt frustrated.

“Huu.”

A long sigh kept flowing out.

[Roan. You don’t need to worry so much like that. It’ll be okay if we help Aily from now on.]

Kinis’s consolation.

She didn’t know what Roan was contemplating and feeling frustrated because of.

Roan tapped his lower lips with the end of his forefinger and delved into a deep thought.

‘Just what could it be? Just what had happened that all the

dragons have went into hibernation?’

There was no way that the dragons didn’t knew that the world’s balance would be shaken if they all went into hibernation.

‘Then that means that they could only go into hibernation even while knowing that, but.....’

A cold sweat flowed behind his back.

An instinctive reaction.

‘There’s still too many things that I do not know of.’

Even though he was living a second life, there were much more things that he didn’t knew than the ones he knew.

‘Come to think of it, I don’t even know how the Great Warring Era actually came to an end.’

A bitter smile hung.

It was regrettable.

He died much too quickly than he had thought in the last life.

But even so, he couldn’t just leave his hands off.



Since he came to know a new truth, a reorganization was needed once again.

‘For now, I should organize the things that will happen from now on.’

The best method he could do right now was to organize the future.

There was a need to calmly organize and draw a slightly bigger picture.

After this day, Roan abstained from going out as much as possible and organized the events that would happen from now on, no, the events that had happened.

And the day it became the fourth day he had sat down inside his office.

“Damn it.”

Roan creased his forehead.

He grasped his hair with both hands.

“To think I was this dumb.”

With a thick bundle of papers in front of him, Roan spat out a long sigh.

On the bundle of papers made by even attaching a leather cover, the numerous events that would happen from now on were tightly written down.

From a glance, it was an incredibly vast content.

But in reality, its content was excessively lopsided.

Majority of the content was stories about battles and wars.

Even that were all Roan had personally experienced or studied.

“Even though there definitely must be many this and that things I’ve heard and experienced.....”

He had cleanly forgotten the subjects he hadn’t usually given much attention to.

‘Like this, it can’t be of much help.’

He might be able to lead the lost battles to victory using the contents he had organized just now, but it was almost impossible to draw a big picture using just that.

“Damn it.”

Curses flowed out.

Knocking his own head, he stood up from his seat.

“It would be nice if I could look inside my head.....”

Saying nonsense, he stretched.

Because he had squeezed out the future’s events for days, there wasn’t a time he went outside his office.

‘I should just cool my head.’

Roan quietly moved his steps and went out of the office.

A thick darkness had set in his surroundings.

‘Is it a twilight?’

Even his sense of time was faint.

Passing through the corridor of grand mansion he was momentarily staying at, he headed towards the splendid and large

garden located at the back yard.

“My lord.”

Few knights and soldiers who were standing sentry duty discovered Roan and saluted.

Roan called them away because he wanted to spend the time alone, then moved his steps towards a place deep inside the garden.

‘How nice.’

The cool night air cleanly cooled his heart and head.

‘Yeah. Let’s relaxed for a little bit.’

It was certain for even things that are possible to become ruined if one unnecessarily act impatiently.

‘If I slowly relax and think, even the old memories will float up.’

Roan breathed in deeply and raised his head.

Countless stars that flew up onto the night sky were seen.

At that moment.

“Un?”

One of the stars suddenly sharply fell down.

It wasn't falling while drawing a long tail like a shooting star.

As if a late fall persimmon that pitifully hung on was falling down, a star fell straight towards Roan.

“Just what is.....”

Roan slightly creased his brows and tried to step to a side.

But for some reason, his body didn't move as he wished.

Simultaneously, the objects in front of his eyes grew blurry and then the whole world turned into a world of darkness.

‘Magic? No. It's not magic.’

Suddenly, a wicked and sinister voice was heard by the edge of his ears.

“Even Roan Lancephil who's called the hero of the generation is a helpless human. For him to be caught by a simple ghost spell and hypnosis spell like this. Kukukuk.”

A frightening and disturbing laughter.

Soon, similar voices followed and were heard one after another.

“Then should we poke apart his head?”

“What kind of memories would he have.”

“We’ll reveal apart even the terrifying memories you’ve hid deep, deep inside.”

“You are now becoming our doll.”

“Let’s quickly take care of it before the knights and the guards come.”

Bizarre sounds continued.

Roan wanted to shout at the very least, but his mouth didn’t move as he wished.

Suddenly, a pain like a needle was stabbed inside his head was felt.

‘Kuuk.’

An awful pain.

But it wasn't enough to scream out.

“Aaaaaah!”

“Kuaahk!”

Rather, screams came from a bizarre place.

“Just damn it! Fuck! What is this!”

Voices whose panicked expressions were obvious.

Amongst them, someone screamed at the top of his lungs.

“W, what the? Just what is this memory?”

“Past? No? What is this?”

“Uuak!”

“Thi, this isn't the past! This isn't the past!”

Suddenly.

Paat!

Roan felt the world going quiet.

No, to be exact, he lost his consciousness while fully enjoying a greatly comfortable and snug feeling.

In the center of all this, only the inside of Roan's head was violently roaring like a storm.



# Chapter 189 : New Ability (4)

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“My son. Eat some of this.”

“This is medicinal herb, this is poison. Got it?”

“Careful!”

“Run! Hurry!”

“Don’t move a bit and stay here. Okay? I love you. My son.”

“Look. That’s Roan, right? They say his parents all died during the last monster attack, no?”

“Village head. I’m sorry. I have eat and live too.”

“You orphan bastard!

“You’re gonna be a soldier? Lunatic.”

His head felt dizzy.

As if a powerful stream flowed, the old memories tore through his head.

“Just why is that thing so dumb?”

“I tell you there’s no use if you are simply earnest.”

“I told you. I knew that you’ll be thrown away even if you devote yourself like that.”

“I heard that you failed to advance to adjutant again, no?”

“You try giving some bribes too.”

“It’s war again. A disgusting war.”

Following that, numerous battles and wars, veiled strifes and schemes filled his head.

“That Pierce became a noble?”

“They say we’re doing a war with the Estia Empire!”

“They say Pierce became a duke, no?”

“It’s the Grand Commander!”

After that, it was the turn for the memories he had forgotten.

And finally.

“There is a bastard alive here.”

The last memory from the last life.

A steel sword stabbed his chest.

And the memories that started again.

“This bastard of a greenhorn slipping out! You dare to sleep while we are on standby for battle?”

“You really are a coward. This is a safe area. There are no such things as monsters.”

“It’s the Ghost squad.”

“The one that died right now was your underling?”

“I’ll definitely get you to Potter fief, sir.”

“Amaranth Troop march!”

The things he’d experienced until now were painted like a scenery.

And.

“Thi, this isn’t the past! This isn’t the past!”

The death throe he heard right before losing his consciousness echoed through his head.

At that moment.

“Huugh!”

Roan gasped and instantly opened his eyes.

“He, he awoke!”

“The lord woke up!”

Suddenly, thunderous voices exploded out from around him.

“Get the doctor and the priest here!”

“Hurry!”

Soon following, hurried orders fell down.

Although Roan had opened his eyes, he wasn't yet at a state where his senses were clear.

‘What? What’s going on?’

His entire body felt heavy as a wet cotton.

His ears were stunned and his vision was blurry.

Most of all, he felt dizzy as if the inside of his head was spinning.

Soon, a doctor and a priest ran up and meticulously checked Roan’s state multiple times.

“For now, it’s correct that he has awoken.”

“It seems we’ll just have to watch for now.”

Stories that anyone can tell.

“Do move aside sirs.”

Austin pushed the doctor and the priest and came up to Roan’s side.

“My lord. Have you come to? I’m Austin, sir.”

It was a desperate voice.

Following behind, Harrison, Chris, and Brian swarmed up to the bedside.

“I’m Harrison, sir.”

“I’m Chris, sir.”

“I’m Brian, sir.”

The other retainers were also the same.

They all looked at Roan with worried expressions.

Battle-tested warriors.

Majority of them were comrades that went through countless twists and turns together with Roan since the time he was a rank and file spearman.

‘Uum.’

Roan effortfully swallowed the groan that filled up to his throat.

As the blurry vision came back, the faces of his retainers that were surrounding him were seen more clearly little by little.

Faces that seemed like they might immediately burst into tears.

No, the ones like Harrison whose hearts were soft in the first place were already shedding tears.

Roan unknowingly made a faint smile.

“He, he smiled! He smiled!”

Everyone including Austin flustered about.

Harrison brat too wiped his tears with the back of his hand and made a bright smile. (

Collecting his breath, Roan arduously spat out the words that filled up to his throat.

Ten days.

The words Roan, who regained his consciousness ten days after receiving the sudden attack at the mansion’s garden was,

“Harrison. Something bad will happen to you if you cry then laugh.” 1

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“During the time, his majesty the king has sent famous doctors and priests, and Prince Simon and nobles sent countless medicines.”

Austin briefly explained the events that had happened within the last ten days.

‘Even his majesty the king’s own doctors and priests came by, you say.’

Even so, there had been no particular improvement.

The retainers including Austin, in case Roan’s health may suddenly slip away, abstained from eating and drinking and stayed up all nights at his side.

The doctors and priests were also frustrated.

Because the state of Roan’s body was extremely normal.

There was not a single reason why he couldn’t awaken.

Roan, who couldn’t come to without even a clear symptom nor treatment method.



The retainers could only watch with restless hearts.

“And I awoke in the middle of that, yes?”

Roan faintly smiled and looked around at the many retainers including Austin.

He was talking while still lying down on the bed with just his upper body up.

“Yes. That is correct, sir. I really thought my lord was.....khn.”

Austin couldn't keep continue his words.

The end of his voice trembled and something hot kept rising up.

He thought Roan was going to die just like that.

His eyeballs hotly heated up.

A look as if thick tears would immediately fall down.

‘Oops.’

Inwardly and slightly shocked, Roan quickly changed the subject.

“What happened to the ones who assaulted me?”

Chris answered as if he had been waiting.

“We’ve caught them for now, sir, but.....”

A perplexed look was clear on his face.

“For some reason, they are all in a madden state, sir.”

Brian continued off the rest of the words.

“At first, we interrogated them rather harshly believing that they were acting, but it’s been revealed that they have actually gone mad, sir.”

Since many doctors and priests had checked, it should be an undoubtable truth.

Roan slightly creased his brows.

‘The attackers all lost their minds.....?’

On the other hand, his body.

‘Has no particular fault.’

His mana hole went without saying, and even the amount of mana accumulated had absolutely no difference.

Merely.

‘I feel excessively fresh.’

Even though he had lost his consciousness for a long time, the inside of his head felt incredibly clear and fresh.

A feeling as if a headache he suffered for a long time had cleanly been cured.

‘It’s a feeling as if a fog has been clea.....’

The moment his thoughts reached that point.

‘Kuk!’

Suddenly, he felt an intense headache.

A pain like a needle was stabbing his head.

‘This is the pain I felt during that attack!’

Roan unconsciously gritted his teeth.

A situation where he didn't know if he might soon lose his mind.

At that instant.

Paat!

A light flashed in front of his eyes.

Simultaneously, incredibly many and complicated memories floated up on their own.

‘Memories from when I was young? My parents? This is before entering the army, this is the battle of Ale Gorge.....’

Clear memories, hazy memories, forgotten memories.

The memories, meshing together, tangled up complexly.

‘Kuuk.’

With the memory of steel sword stabbing in his chest, the time began to run backwards.

The memories started again from the Rose Battalion.

‘It’s the memories of my second life.’

Memories much clearer than those of the first life.

Numerous memories rapidly flew by one after another.

The memories reached to the point when he was being attacked in the mansion’s garden.

‘Is this the end?’

When such thought entered his mind.

An explosion rang out within his head.

Boom!

Simultaneously, a completely unfamiliar and bizarre memories filled his head.

Even so, they didn’t feel repulsive.

As if they were originally Roan’s memories, they naturally continued and opened again.

But one thing certain was,

‘These aren’t my memories.’

Unknowable memories that wasn’t his own continued on for a long time.

Even Roan, who at first greatly panicked, now found his calm.

Rather, he meticulously perused and looked at the unfamiliar memories full of interesting things.

‘This is.....’

Each different and unfamiliar memories opened up five times in a row.

Only then, Roan was able to realize whose memories were inside his head.

‘So they’re the bastards who assaulted me.”

Shockingly, the attackers’ memories were saved inside Roan’s head.

No, not at a simple level of being saved, they were absorbed

completely as Roan's own.

Thanks to that, it wasn't so difficult to grasp their identities.

'The identities of the ones who attacked me were hexers. They tried to search through my memories and then turn me into a doll afterwards.'

The surprising point was the person who gave such order.

'Duke Bradley Webster.'

The light in Roan's eyes calmly sank.

At that instant, the continuing memories reached their end.

Simultaneously.

Paat!

A light once again flashed in front of his eyes.

"Huu."

A long sigh flowed out through the gap between the slightly parted lips.

“What is it, sir?”

Austin and the numerous retainers asked with worried expressions.

Roan, with a stiffly hardened expression, looked at Austin.

Suddenly, one memory floated up within his head.

‘Austin. The day we first met, he walked from the camp’s west, picked a fight with Pierce and Glenn, then slantly stood facing me.’

He clearly remembered the situation at the time.

It wasn’t that he remembered since before.

At this very moment, he remembered the old memory he had forgotten.

That wasn’t all.

‘After ten days from now, a small outbreak of monsters will arise in the Pidel region.’

The events of the future that he had dimly known, no, the small and unremarkable events that he had forgotten completely floated



up clearly.

‘The memories that were asleep must have all awaken thanks to the hexer bastards.’

A misfortune turned into a blessing.

Roan made a bitter smile.

Inside his head, countless informations and memories repeatedly floated up and sank down without a break.

“My lord?”

“My lord. Are you alright, sir?”

Because of Roan’s somehow blank looking expression, the core retainers asked in worried voices.

Roan cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

“Ah, hmm. I’m fine.”

As he collected his breath, the inside of his head that was complexly storming also found its calm.

‘Then what exactly is the reason the hexer bastards lost their

minds.....?’

First, he had to check that point.

Roan’s gaze turned towards Chris.

“Then have we not grasped the attackers’ identities?”

The naturally starting question.

“That is so for now, but it isn’t as if there aren’t any possibilities, sir. Because they kept muttering the same words during the interrogation process, we are separately checking that part, sir.”

“Same words?”

When Roan asked back, Austin quickly stepped in.

“They were bizarre words that we simply couldn’t understand, sir. For now, we wrote them down as they sound and sent them to President Clay. Together with my lord’s symptoms, sir. It should soon be about time for the contact to come.....”

His gaze naturally headed towards Chris.

Chris faintly smiled as he nodded his head.

“Coincidentally, we just received the news that the reply has arrived and an agent has went outside.”

“Good.”

Roan responded shortly and formed a smile.

“What were the words you said they kept muttering?”

He might be able to suppose the reason why they went mad.

“That’s.....”

Chris rummaged through his clothes and took out a small notebook.

“Umm. We’re not sure what they meant, but they were certainly pronunciations like this, sir.”

Very slowly, he exactly pronounced each and every word.

“Venepi Venepi Tempes Inane Legresus.”

As soon as his words ended.

‘Kuuk.’

Roan creased his forehead again and gritted his teeth.

Once again, a sharp pain tore through the inside of his head.

At that instant, the hexers' memories floated up within his head.

‘Venepi Venepi Tempes Inane Legresus. This is a spell controlling space and time?’

Roan widely opened his eyes.

The words the hexers muttered while insane was a certain spell.

And of that, it was a spell of controlling space and time passed down like a legend and said that no one had attempted nor succeeded.”

‘Control the space and time?’

Roan quickly groped through his memories.

It was as expected.

To control space and time was.

‘To return.’

Returning.

If he was like most people, he would have snort saying it’s an absurd story.

But Roan was different.

Since he himself was a one who directly experienced a return.

‘Let’s see.....’

Amongst the hexers’ memories, Roan pulled out the information concerning the spell controlling space and time.

‘To execute the spell that controls space and time, one needs the god metal Astrom as a medium. But this Astrom is only minable from the Golden Dragon Lord Europas’s lair.’

Roan read on the memories inside his head as if reading a book.

‘Golden Dragon Lord Europas?’

There was a memory of hearing, and seeing it.

‘Right. I saw it in a book.’

It was definitely a story he saw at the Rinse Palace Library.

‘Grand Commander’s Baton.’

The unique rank that was temporarily used only when the Rinse Kingdom was set in a crisis.

‘When the Great Warring Era began, Pierce was appointed to the Grand Commander’s rank.’

The old memory, the memory of the future floated up.

The object which was alike the Grand Commander’s mark and symbol, and no different than a national hero and a guardian spirit, was the very Grand Commander’s Baton.

It was said that on the top of the Grand Commander’s baton lies the gem that the Rinse Kingdom’s founding king, Norman Von Rinse, received from the Golden Dragon Lord Europas as a present.

A feeling of one’s head clearing in an instant.

‘Perhaps that baton’s gem is Astrom?’

It was something plentily possible.

Around the time his thoughts were getting a bit deeper.

“My lord?”

He heard Chris’s voice.

It was because Roan was only blankly blinking his eyes without a word.

“Ah, hmm. Yes.”

Roan nodded his head a moment later and formed an awkward smile.

‘Right now isn’t the time to grope at something like memories.’

He couldn’t feign indifference while leaving aside his retainers who were as tired as they could be from looking after his health for ten whole days.

How long must had passed.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Sound of knocking was heard.

Soon, the door opened and a young soldier brought a thick letter.

He was the Agens' agent who went to bring Clay's reply.

Chris received the reply and directly passed it to Roan without daring to open it.

Rip.

The sealed envelope opened.

Roan opened Clay's letter carefully and read it.

"Hmm."

Instandly, a quiet groan flowed.

Although the letter's content was significantly long, the core content was written at the head.

< Venepi Venepi Tempes Inane Legresus. Although I too can't remember exactly, the strange words you've written to me are similar to a sinister spell appearing in old books. It's quite similar to the ones the beings often called hexers used, and..... >

Roan closely pored over each and every word.

< If the attackers' identities are actually hexers, and if the lord



has been done in by a sinister hex, it isn't easy for the state to improve with regular doctors and priests' treatments. Even if he were to perhaps regain his consciousness, the possibility of him having become mentally crippled or insane is high. Looking at the precedents, there are cases at times where one overcomes the hex's restraint and instead earns a unique ability as a misfortune turned into a blessing, but this is especially rare..... >

Clay was Clay.

Using those short information as a basis, he was leading a deduction that was almost close to perfection.

‘He certainly is an incredible guy.’

He couldn't help but exclaim at his abilities once anew.

Furthermore.

< Everyone. I will look for the lord's treatment method starting now. Everyone, do please look after your bodies and hearts. Although this is purely my personal opinion, but from seeing how the hexers who attacked the lord have gone insane, it might perhaps be that instead of their hex causing harm to the lord they on the contrary caused a big harm to themselves..... >

Clay was seeing through even the possibility of Roan and the hexers' position having each reversed.

‘As Clay’s words say, the hexer bastards and my position has reversed.’

The hexers tried to look inside Roan’s head.

But because of a certain reason, the hex became tangled and they instead handed over their memories to Roan.

‘What could be the reason that their spells became tangled?’

That should then be the same as the reason they went mad.

‘There’s a need to look through the hexers’ memories a bit more slowly.’

Roan neatly folded the letter and passed it to Austin.

“Read it.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Austin answered shortly, then closely read the letter’s content together with the many retainers.

Thanks to that, Roan was also able to have a time to separately think.

‘The inside of my head is full of all sort of spells even besides the hexers’ own personal memories.’

All of a sudden, a curiosity arose.

Roan oddly twisted the fingers of his hands.

‘Could I also use the hexes?’

When he fumbled through the hexers’ memories, the possibility of being such was plentifully high.

But the problem was the divine power that was surely needed to use the hexes.

Right now, Roan was at a state where the thing called divine power was nonexistent.

‘Let’s see.....’

Roan stared at the retainers who were completely occupied from perusing the letter’s content and pushed through the deeper and more secretive memories.

And finally, he found a very short and meaningless hex that he could use even without the divine power.

‘Should I try it?’

Roan twisted and crossed his left forefinger and middle finger, then softly wrapped them with his right hand.

‘Sterrnumen.’

A quietly murmuring sound.

No, a hex.

At the same time.

“Achoo!”

Austin, who was reading Clay’s letter, burst out a sneeze.

“Ehey. Vice Legion Commander. You’re spraying spit all over the place.”

Harrison tapped and dusted his clothes and creased his brows.

Austin, with a bashful expression, raised his hands.

“Sorry. My nose was suddenly itchy, so.....’

He tilted his head for a moment, then focused again at the letter's contents.

‘It succeeded.’

At that sight, Roan inwardly cheered.

A peculiar smile floated up on his face.

It was a smile almost like that of a young child who got a new toy.

The retainers, from focusing on the contents of Clay's letter, didn't see that face.

‘A misfortune really has turned into a blessing.’

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

The restoration of his old memories, the reason he came back to the past, the hexers' abilities.

For having slept for ten days like a dead man, the things he earned were simply too many.

‘Then, should I slowly go back to the fief?’

Due to the unexpected issue, the returning to the fief was delayed

longer than he had thought.

Now was the phase to quickly go back down to the fief and prepare for the next.

Of course.

‘I should go visit the princess before that.’

Roan had words that he wished to tell Aily.

The words he wished to say before it became even later.

For some reason, his heart raced and his face blushed brightly.

At that moment, Austin, who had completely checked out the letter’s contents, panicked with a startle-shocked expression.

“My lord! Are you okay, sir? You aren’t hurt anywhere, sir, no? Your face is red!”

# Chapter 190 : New Ability (5)

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The capital, Miller, shook once again.

< Sir Count Roan Lancephil has woken up! >

The Miller Castle's residents cheered.

In the case of commoners, it was general for them to quake with irritation at the nobles.

However, Roan was an exception.

It wasn't because he was a general and a hero who raised outstanding military achievements.

“Sir Count Lancephil is different than other nobles.”

“He's a man who's at our side and not above our heads.”

A noble who treated people as people without discrimination of status.

That was the very reason the ordinary commoners loved and respected Roan.

And.

“I’m really glad.”

There was another person who was joyous enough to shed tears.

Aily Rinse.

Wiping the tears with a back of her hand, she gazed straight at Roan’s face.

She tried not to cry.

No, she thought she shouldn’t cry.

‘What would he think if I cry.....’

Such thoughts entered her mind.

But the moment she saw Roan, clear tears flowed regardless of her will.

“Thank you very much for worrying about me, your highness.”

Roan slightly bowed his head.

The instant he saw Aily crying, a corner of his heart turned soft.



‘Princess Aily.’

Amongst the memories that awakened thanks to the hexers’ assault, there were also ones about Aily.

‘Three years from now, princess will catch an epidemic and die.’

A news he heard through one ear and out the next in the last life because she was an individual with such a lack of presence.

It was a dreadful future.

But he didn’t worry.

‘It probably was a faked death.’

The reason Roan thought so.

‘Since three years from now is the time when Gold Master Sale fully begins to move.’

Probably, Aily met the Great Warring Era and threw away her status as a princess.

‘Is the princess Aily, Sale, or Piscis.....’

Roan gazed quietly at Aily's large eyes.

‘If she, as princess willed and not by someone else's decision, lived a life she herself wanted, then.....’

Her desire and wish.

Roan planned to help so that Aily can live as such.

And he wished that he would be at her side.

‘I merely do as my heart says.’

In the last life, he lost love while chasing his dream.

In the end, both dream and love, he failed all of them.

But the life this time was different.

‘Dream, and love too.....’

The first step.

Roan planned to embolden his feeling to Aily.

“Princess. I've visited today because I have something I need to

say.”

The end of his voice slightly shook.

“I really don’t have a talent in this kind of thing, so I’m not sure how to say this.”

A feeling like he had become a fool.

But it wasn’t an unpleasant feeling.

His heart rapidly raced.

Aily quietly sat and nodded her head.

Her face too was colored brightly.

Roan faintly smiled and collected his breath for a moment.

“I thought that there are reasons to loving someone. So I thought once, twice, thrice, tens, hundreds of of times.”

His gaze went towards Aily.

“Of the reason I liked your highness princess.”

Aily tightly grasped her two hands.

The tips of her eyes rapidly trembled.

“But I couldn’t find it.”

Roan’s words continued on.

The story of his heart that began to burst out once continued on unhesitantly like a violent stream.

“There was no reason. I just like you. Without any reason.....”

Roan looked straight at Aily’s eyes.

“I like you, princess.”

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“Waaaaah!”

“Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!”

Cheers poured down.

At the grand street that cut the capital, Miller, to north and

south.

Around it, the Miller Castle's residents poured out.

With crimson roses in their hands, they screamed at the top of their lungs.

“Roan! Roan! Roan!”

“The Crimson Ghost! The Crimson Ghost!”

Simon Rinse clicked his tongue at the boiling heat of the castle's citizens.

“You truly have a great popularity.”

“It's an excessive praise, your highness.”

The one softly smiling and slightly lowering his head was Roan.

But he too couldn't hide his pride.

It wasn't merely because people liked him.

‘It's proof that what I'm doing is not wrong.’

Walking on the correct path.

And people recognizing that.

They made his heart proud.

“Anyhow, do you truly plan to leave like this?”

Simon shook Roan’s hand with regrettable expression.

The numerous nobles that lined behind him were also the same.

“Sir Count Lancephil. Please stay a bit longer before you go.”

“We didn’t in fact have much time to talk because you were down, sir.”

“I have a good wine, sir. I truly wish to serve it to you.”

Sweet words overflowed.

The nobles who supported Simon wanted to make favorable impressions with Roan in any way possible.

Looks that weren’t very different even at the fact that Roan was from a commoner background.

‘What use is that now?’

‘If Prince Simon becomes the next king like this, Count Lancephil will rise to a status with merely one above and everyone below.’

‘He’ll at least become a duke. Looking at the last time, it seems the prince is even considering him as the princess’ partner.’

The nobles were shrewd.

Roan too had surmised their intentions.

‘I have no heart to play with those games.’

With a sad and regrettable expression, he lowered his head.

“I’m sorry, your highness. I’ve left the fief empty for much too long.”

An indirect refusal.

“I know it can’t be helped, but..... even so, it’s sad and still regrettable, sir.”

Simon exhaled a short sigh.

“Once the work here is somewhat cleaned up, I will go take a visit to the Lancephil Fief.”

“Yes, your highness. I will await your visit.”

Roan once again lowered his head and then stepped back.

Once he climbed above a mammoth warhorse, the magnificence of a great general spouted out.

“Waaaaaah!”

The sound of citizens’ cheers turned much louder.

Roan lightly raised his right hand, then added a short salute towards Simon.

“Then excuse me.....”

As he pulled the reins, the warhorse snorted a rough neigh.

Clop. Clop.

Roan, who went alone between the colossal waves of crowds.

The sight of his back on top of the warhorse truly looked grand.



Gulp.

The cheers slowly sank.

“Umm.”

All swallowed dryly.

Roan’s crimson armor reflected the light and flashed.

Although Roan was alone, he exuded an incredible presence and pressure comparable to an army of a hundred thousand.

A silence where the space and time seemed to have literally stopped.

Between that, only Roan was moving by himself.

Finally, he passed through the Miller Castle’s north gate.

“Waaaaaaaah!

“Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!”

As if it had awaited, the incredible cheer that had been

suppressed blasted out.

“Hmm.”

Simon and the numerous nobles, with slightly dazed expressions, moved their steps towards the ramparts of the north gate.

Swoosh!

When they climbed on top of the rampart, a southern wind pushed their backs.

Instantly, the wide plain that spread outside the north gate filled their views.

“Ah.....”

A weak hearted man amongst the nobles let out a quiet exclamation.

The other nobles too all looked greatly shocked and daunted, and merely didn't let out a sound.

A crimson wave.

“So that's the crimson legion.....”

Simon and Viscount Tio Ruin murmured with voices mixed with awe.

It was a grand sight.

Crimson soldiers neatly lined up on the wide plain murmuring with green light.

The Tale Legion and the Lancephil Legion, even in front of the violent southern wind, stood their places without a tremble.

The legion flag, the troop flag, and the commanders' flags that rose at the vanguard violently flapped.

To the front of it, Roan was approaching.

Paat!

Suddenly, together with an incredible pressure, the legion's soldiers saluted.

The soundless salute was, even just by the sight of it, was enormously pressuring.

“Uuuuh.”

Few scholarly nobles chattered their teeth and shrunk back their

necks.

Meanwhile, Roan turned his horse and looked towards the Miller Castle.

No, to be exact, he stared at Simon and the numerous nobles standing at the ramparts.

Very slowly, Roan made a salute.

“Salute.”

A quietly worded sound.

It wasn't even a sound that could be easily heard.

But soon, a shout like the eardrums would explode followed behind.

“Salute!”

The shout the soldiers of the crimson legion poured out.

That sound became a force and stormed the Miller Castle.

“Huugh.”

Not only the scholarly nobles but also the warrior nobles whose bones were battle-hardened on the battlefields couldn't quite endure and trembled.

Goosebumps burst all over their bodies.

A feeling as if their throats were suffocated.

"Hhm."

Simon leaked a quiet groan.

His heart was complicated.

A feeling both proud yet worried.

'It's a great strength when at the side.....'

But if turned into an enemy, a vexing existence.

No, not only at a level of being vexing, he was an existence dangerous enough for the throne succession competition to flip in an instant.

'I must make him my man.'

The several plans he had already made brushed through his head.

Meanwhile, Roan, who was watching the ramparts, pulled his rein once again.

He looked at the crimson legion and gave a short order.

“Crimson Legion, march.”

The instant the order fell, the thousand-man commanders and above shouted at the members of the troop below them.

“March!”

“March!”

“Let us go home!”

The enormous legion moved without an error like a single body.

The Crimson Legion that filled the Miller Castle’s southern plain disappeared with a rapid speed as if an ebb flows out.

“Viscount Ruin.”

Simon, who was watching quietly, called Tio.

Tio stepped in closer and lowered his head.

“Yes. Please speak, your highness.”

Simon chased Roan’s back that was receding further away and spoke in a much quieter voice.

“I will have to place a trap.”

“Where should we place it, sir?”

A cautious expression and voice.

Simon answered shortly.

“Aily.”

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Return.

Finally, the Crimson Legion finished the fief war and returned to the Mediasis Castle.

Furthermore, together with a sweet spoil of the war called fief

war victory.

“Waaaaah!”

“Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!”

“Tale Legion! Tale Legion!”

“Lancephil Legion! Lancephil Legion!”

“Crimson Legion! Crimson Legion!”

It was obvious that the Mediasis Castle shook from a welcoming ceremony.

Especially as the Mediasis Castle became selected as the capital of the new Lancephil Fief that expanded by more than twice, the heat of the castle’s residents were hotter and greater than any other time.

Because the Pavor Castle, which was the capital of the original Lancephil Fief, was scheduled to adjust and supported to become the center of culture, arts, and education, the responses of the old Lancephil Fief’s citizens were also not bad.

Harmony and coexistence.



Thankfully, the Tale Fief's citizens and the Lancpehil Fief's citizens understood each other well.

While the fierce welcome of the castle's citizens was continuing, a noisy conversation was continuing at the lord's castle, no, at a slightly large building located at the center of the Mediasis Castle.

“Eh?! Then do you mean the lord moving separately by himself?”

Clay, who usually had no case of being surprised, widely opened his eyes and raised his voice.

Austin, who was sitting on the opposite side, awkwardly smiled and nodded his head.

“That is, he said that there was a place he had to visit when half way.....”

“Even so, so sent him to that place alone? The lord? There's still Count Chase and Viscount Owells' remnants.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“He wasn't alone. He went with Walter.”

Brian subtly squeezed in and cut his words.

“Ah, so we can relax since he went together with Walter whose left arm was cut off and his mana hole destroyed?”

“Tha, that is.....”

At Clay's bladed words, Brian stuttered his words and then soon closed his mouth.

At that moment, Harrison, who had been staying quiet, spoke in a brusque voice while crossing his arms.

“It is what the lord wished. We simply need to follow his orders.”

At those words, Clay stared straight at Harrison's eyes.

Bold eyes without a bit of hesitation or indecision.

Even, the ones with such eyes wasn't only Harrison.

Austin, Brian, Keep, Glenn.....

The light in the eyes of the core retainers were boldness itself.

‘Huu.’

With a short sigh, Clay nodded his head.

“Understood. It can’t be helped since it’s something that already happened. But I must definitely say just this one thing clearly.”

With a calm and clear voice, he added on.

“I understand everyone’s loyalties plenty well. But even so, it is problematic to give unconditional loyalty to the lord.”

“What do you mean? President Clay.”

Austin creased his brows.

Clay, with a tip of his finger, pointed at his chest.

“An unconditional loyalty makes one’s chest hot. But.....”

The tip of the finger headed towards his head.

“It also makes one’s head stiff.”

His gaze swept through the numerous retainers.

“If you are a truly loyal subject, do not be afraid to remonstrate. Things that are wrong must be said to be wrong, and one must be able to present opposition at irrational orders. If we were to remain silent even while knowing that the path is wrong and

follow unconditionally.....”

Clay’s expression turned fierce.

“We will all fall down a cliff.”

“Hhm.”

Everyone including Austin and Harrison leaked a groan.

Clay’s statement.

They were words he had decided and spat out because he had already experienced similar events numerous times.

Clay looked at the retainers of grave expressions and lowered his head.

“I apologize if I was somewhat arrogant. To please think of it word for word as a warning.”

With those words as final, he exited the meeting room.

“Huu.”

A long sigh twisted and leaked through his lips.

‘Would they change a bit.....’

A smile hang at Clay’s mouth.

Loyalty and remonstrance.

If one was a good subordinate, there was a need to have all of the two.

But it wasn’t because of merely such reason that Clay spoke out the words this time.

‘It’s a given that even medicines good for the body have side effects.’

Clay.

Even while doing one work, he was always aiming for more than two, three effects.

‘Now, should I then see what the lord is doing?’

The smile hanging on his mouth became much deeper.

# Chapter 191 : Lancephil County (1)

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A southern wind blew.

‘So summer is now coming.’

Feeling the sunshine that poured down above his entire body as if to shatter, Roan raised his head.

A blue sky without a single bit of cloud endlessly spread.

Swoosh!

At that moment, several small birds formed a flock and flew towards the sky above his head.

Instantly, the light in Roan’s eyes sank low.

From his mana hole, a strand of mana climbed up then quickly spun along the mana road.

His five senses opened up and all his senses turned sharp.

‘Hmm.’

As if sightseeing the scenery, Roan looked around his surroundings naturally.

Through the Kalian's Tears, every direction was seen clearly as if his hands could touch them.

‘Is it merely birds and mice, cats and dogs.....’

A bitter smile hang on his mouth.

‘Clay truly is busy.’

Sensing that Clay was spying on his every little move was something that happened a few days ago.

‘It was the moment before the Arslan Battle.’

At that time before the battle, Clay knew even the fact that Roan had given a secret order to Walter.

Meaning that he was using the spy and monitoring animals of the Bureau of Druids to watch him.

Although there was no definite proof at the time, that wasn't so now.

‘As a result of checking from time to time after then, there's usually two, three animals, and about seven animals at noteworthy moments attached to me.’

It was a somewhat excessive measure at the time when the number of animals assigned to Agens and Tenebra Troop still wasn't large.

‘With what intent does he have.....’

If that intent wasn't just, he had no plan to particularly hold him close to his heart.

The Great Warring Era.

However much talented individuals were important, he couldn't live while holding a knife to his neck.

Furthermore, the Great Warring Era was when betrayal and treachery were rampant.

‘With the newly gained memories and information as a basis, I will strengthen the internal affairs.’

Looking for Clay's true intent was also one of those.

“What are you thinking of, my lord?”

At that moment, a quiet voice was heard from his side.



A young man without his left arm.

He was Walter Owells, no, simply Walter.

Roan took his gaze away from the sky and looked at Walter.

‘Walter.’

His heart ached.

With a single wrong judgment, he almost lost a valuable individual.

Although he had at least saved his life, he had lost his possibility as an ordinary knight.

Naturally, his face solidified stiffly.

“Are you blaming yourself again, sir?”

Perhaps having guessed Roan’s complicated heart, Walter formed a faint smile.

With his right hand, he touched his chest.

“The one who said he will personally untie the tie and requested it was me, my lord.”

It was the truth.

From the moment Walter had done undercover infiltration at Owells Camp, he had made a request to at least leave the cleanup of his father Kali Owells to him.

A cruel situation.

Roan too at first strongly opposed.

However, Walter obstinately asked for it saying that the Owells House must untie the knot the Owells House had twisted.

And the deep and adamant wrath towards Kali that showed at the same time.

Roan saw that look and made the wrong judgment and decision.

‘I should have opposed it to the end at that time.....’

His heart felt stunned.

Walter, seeing that look, made a much brighter smile.

“It’s my fault for having a weak heart, my lord. It’s not my lord’s mistake.”

He too didn't expect that he would end up lowering his sword at the last moment.

He thought that he should be able to slash Kali's neck and perfectly untie the foully tangled tie.

But the result was,

'I became like this.'

Walter exhaled a short sigh.

Everything was his own fault.

But.

'Even so, the lord didn't throw me away.'

Although Roan was endlessly sorry, Walter was instead truly thankful to Roan.

He did not throw away a one-armed swordsman, and a swordsman whose mana hole was destroyed at that, and embraced him.

That wasn't all.

“I will give you a new chance.”

Roan spoke with a voice full of certainty.

He promised.

A chance to fly once again, a chance to spread his name once again.

Roan intended to open a new path for the one-armed swordsman whose mana hole was destroyed.

Walter, without hesitation, grabbed Roan’s hand.

He too didn’t wish to give up his life like that.

Roan and Walter.

The two people’s gazes fiercely met.

“Then should we go now?”

Now was almost time for the sun to set.

They had to hurry.

The name of a featureless village clearly float up.

‘Theturn village.’

The village itself had nothing special.

But on this season, there was an old man who was doing a bizarre act around the Theturn village.

An old man who no one paid attention to at the time.

But merely three years later, a young man said to be that old man’s apprentice would end up spreading an incredible fame.

‘Theturn’s Steel Warrior Higgs.’

A monstrous man who rejected mana and radically trained the body itself.

Roan’s eyes flashed and shone a light.

‘If Walter can become that old man’s apprentice.....’

If it was Walter’s talent, he would easily become a powerful warrior that would exceed the Steel Warrior Higgs from the last life.

His footsteps naturally turned faster.

Together with tension, anticipation floated up on his face.

Far away, the Theturn Village was visible.

Although it was a small and unattractive countryside village, to Roan, no to Walter, no, to both men, it was a land of hope and a chance.

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“Is it neither failure nor success?”

The head of the 12 Hatchling and a viscount of the Rinse Kingdom Sith Wiggins, together with a short sigh, shook his head.

“He has now become a count instead of a baron. Meaning that he won’t feel the need to work together with us.”

The beautiful woman, baroness Elva Dionell looked around with a solidly stiffen expression at the young nobles.

The reason the 12 Hatchlings have all gathered today.

That was because of the issue of recruiting Roan Lancephil.

Although Elva had personally went and appealed, there was no particular progress to now.

“Even so, we can’t stop persuading him.”

Sith couldn’t give up like that.

His gaze naturally went towards Elva.

“Evla. It will be arduous, but I’ll ask of you once more.”

“You want me to go all the way to Lancephil Fief and back?”

Roan had already long left the capital, Miller.

Sith slowly nodded his head.

“Either way, it’s a situation where the members of us, the 12 Hatchlings too have to scatter due to the missions we each took on.”

Numerous nobles nodded at those words and added on.

“I have to follow Mills Voisa and and go to Estia Empire.”

“I’m scheduled to go to the Iimas Union together with Chester Kowan.”

“I’m to the kingdom’s south.”

“I’ve been given the border guard duty.”

The missions that follow one after another.

The majority of them were protecting and supporting the prince they each support.

Sith’s expression turned dark.

‘Since it’s difficult to obtain an opportunity to counter in the kingdom’s interior, they’re slowly turning their eyes towards outside the kingdom.’

Already, the Second Prince Tommy Rinse and the Third Prince Kallum Rinse’s supporting factions had frequent exchanges with numerous empires and kingdoms and their relationships were also on the very positive side.

‘I too can’t simply be sucking on my fingers.’

Sith too had received Simon’s order and had to go around and persuade the neutral faction nobles.



Compared to him, Elva was of a slightly relaxed state.

Although her abilities were outstanding, others didn't easily entrust crucial duties due to the reason that she was a woman.

“Elva. Please.”

Sith softly stared at Elva's eyes.

‘Hhm.’

Elva couldn't quite refuse.

When Sith looked at her like now and asked, she wanted to answer whatever it was.

“Huu. I got it.”

Ultimately, Elva nodded her head together with a short sigh.

“I'll personally go to the Lancephil Fief.”

A cool decision.

“Thanks.”

Sith faintly smiled and held Elva's hand.

Throb.

Elva's face instantly burned bright.

On the other hand, Sith's expression showed no change at all.

Merely the thankful and sorry looks were lucid.

Elva lightly bit her lower lips.

'Sith Wiggins. Do you truly don't know my feelings?'

She wanted to ask.

But she didn't quite knew.

That Sith was already answering that question with his entire body.

'I know. Elva. Of your feelings..... but.....'

His eyes became colored with inky light.

Tragically, that was not such a pleasant light.

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“Uah! Seriously! Oi! You bastards! I told you I’ll make your son into an invincible general if you just leave him to me!”

An unsightly old man with hair that was greyed with bits of white hair strands shouted while spitting out spit.

“Tch tch tch. One should turn old gently.”

“From what I heard, he already went around all the nearby villages.”

“They say he got chased out of all the other villages.”

“To have to pay one silver for entrusting one’s son. That’s a thief, a thief.”

The Theturn Village’s people gathered below a large tree and chattered acrid prattle.

The gazes staring at the old man weren’t very friendly.

“Just one silver! I tell you, I’ll make your son into an invincible general if you just pay one silver!”

The white haired old man, not minding even the people's pointing, shouted aloud.

However, there was no one who showed interest.

No, rather.

“Oi! You insane old man! At least beg if you are hungry! Who knows if someone might throw you a moldy bread?”

There were ones strutting around and mocking him.

“Ei. So this village is also wrong.”

The old man clicked his tongue and shook his head.

Before he knew it, the dusk was falling on his surroundings.

‘Even though my remaining life isn't very long.....’

Finding an apprentice was as hard as plucking a star in the sky.

He stared at his two bony arms.

‘Do I look really that untrustworthy?’

At that moment.

“Sir.”

A soft and powerful voice was heard.

The old man slightly creased his brows and turned his head towards the direction the sound was heard from.

Two well-built young men were staring at him.

“Who’re you?”

A greeting without even an eye booger much of etiquette.

A manly looking one between the young men lowered his head first.

“You seemed to be telling an interesting story.”

Suddenly, a glow shined on the old man’s face.

‘Alright! I’ve done it!’

He quickly glanced meticulously over the two young men.

‘Both of them have good bone structure and even have good balance. Hhm. But one guy doesn’t have a left arm. Well, that isn’t a very big problem, but.....’

His eyes flashed and shone with light.

But at that moment, the light on his face quickly turned dark.

‘Ei. This manly looking kid is already practicing mana techniques. Ei. Tch tch tch. Useless bastard.’

The old man squinted his forehead.

He became excited on his own, then became disappointed by himself.

Because numerous emotions were revealed plainly, it was a sight that naturally brought out smiles from the people who were watching.

The young man who spoke up first, with composed gaze, stared at the old man.

‘This person is the very old man who raised Theturn’s Steel Warrior Higgs.’

The young man’s identity was Roan.

Of course, the one-armed young man was Walter.

To walk a new path, they had finally arrived at the Theturn Village.

Roan looked at the old man in front of his eyes and inwardly shook his head.

‘To think an old man like this raised the Theturn’s Steel Warrior Higgs.’

It truly was incredible.

In truth, many people in the last life tried to find Steel Warrior Higgs’s master after he appeared.

But they ultimately couldn’t find Higgs’s master nor even find the place he had trained, and there was one big reason for that.

Higgs was simply and unbelievably dumb.

Not only the master’s name, he couldn’t even remember where he had trained.

A degree where remembering at least that the village he first met the master was Theturn was commendable.

The people swarmed to Theturn Village, but they couldn't find Higgs's master anywhere.

Meanwhile, the dumb Higgs roamed the battlefield believing in his strength then fell into a trap and died an untimely death.

An empty death.

The people quickly forgot about the memories about Higgs and his master.

Because the Great Warring Era wasn't so poor in talents to hang over past events.

Roan too had completely forgot about Higgs and Theturn.

Even when he tried to remember it again, the name of the village was hazy.

During that time and with the recent hexers' assault as a catalyst, he had came to remember the old memory.

'Although he did die anticlimactically, the monstrous strength Higgs showed at the time truly was an incredible thing.'

If Higgs's head was at least at an average level, he would more than become an invincible general like the old man's words.



The people of that time often shared fierce debates on just why he had chosen dumb Higgs of all people as his apprentice.

And the instant Roan saw the old man today, he came to know the reason.

‘If it wasn’t someone as dumb as Higgs, no one would’ve become the old man’s apprentice.’

The appearance of old man in front of him was unbelievable to that much degree.

To call him the man who raised the Steel Warrior, he was simply too bony.

The old man, perhaps having read the light in Roan’s eyes, spread out grand words together with a cough.

“Khm. It isn’t just an interesting story. Although it’ll sound absurd, you can be an invincible general if you become my apprenti.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“I accept, sir.”

Roan immediately cut his words and took out one silver from his cloth.

Instantly, the white haired old man creased his brows.

“You aren’t perhaps planning to be my apprentice yourself, right?”

The guy who learned the mana could never become his apprentice.

Roan nodded his head.

“Yes sir. The one who will become the apprentice is my brother.”

He turned his head and looked at Walter.

Walter, with deeply moved expression, lowered his head.

Already, he had heard from Roan that they came to meet an eccentric man when they arrived at the village.

And that old man would give him a new chance too.

Because of that, he had absolutely no doubts about the old man.

He was greatly and deeply moved at the fact that Roan had unhesitantly called him a brother.

Roan looked straight at the old man and spoke in a powerful voice.

“Please make my brother into the strongest general in the world, sir.”

“Hmm.”

The old man, who had been smiling sarcastically, leaked out a short groan.

A man who would react seriously and prudently like this to his words was a first.

“You, who are you?”

Even the haughty speech that looked down on them disappeared.

Roan did not particularly hide his identity.

“Roan Lancephil. I am a count of the Rinse Kingdom.”

“Ah.....”

Instantly, the old man let out a quiet exclamation.

Although he lived an isolated life that wasn't quite isolated deep

in a middle of mountains, he too had heard of Roan's name.

The Rinse Kingdom's rising hero.

The old man quickly lowered his head.

"I've been discourteous to Sir Count."

"No sir."

Roan gently shook his head and then held Walter's shoulder.

"My brother's master is also my master, sir."

At those words, the old man slightly raised his head, then made an awkward smile.

A look that was indecisive without being able to do this or that.

Roan faintly smiled and asked in a small voice.

"What is it, sir?"

"It's....."

The old man hesitated for a moment, then answered in a cautious

manner.

“My training method is truly arduous and painful. It is in fact even very dangerous. An ordinary person can never endure it. Even though I took in three apprentices until now, all of them couldn’t endure ten days and ran away.”

At those words, Walter, who had been silent, stepped forwards.

“I will never run away, sir.”

A voice filled with a determined will.

The light in his eyes too were sharp and bold.

The old man, looking at that sight, slowly nodded his head.

“You certainly seemed so, sir. But even if the person himself can endure it, there are cases of getting greatly injured with the smallest of mistake.”

To such a degree, the old man’s training method was dangerous.

Walter, this time as well, didn’t hesitate.

“I’m already a body without an arm. I’m not afraid of getting hurt.”

“Hhm.”

The old man once again leaked a groan.

But even at Walter’s bold spirit, his expression didn’t improve a bit.

Walter creased his brows.

“Am I that untrustworthy, sir?”

At those words, the old man shook his head.

“Not at all. I like you very much.”

“Then why is your expression so dark, sir?”

Walter asked again.

The old man hesitated for a moment, then looked at Roan.

“Sir count. The young man next to you is undoubtedly an incredible talent. If I were to teach him, he will certainly become an invincible general.”

Roan quietly listened to the old man's words.

The old man, with quite a serious expression, added on.

“Would that be fine, sir? If this young man becomes an invincible general, he may climb to a higher position than Sir Count.”

The old man was worrying that Walter would no longer be able to stay under Roan if he became the strongest general in the world..

With a solidly stiffen expresion, Walter spoke.

“Whether I become a count, marquis, or duke when I become the strongest general in the world, I will always serve my lord.”

“But there's the way of the world.....”

When the old man was shaking his head with a serious expression.

Roan, who had been silent, softly smiled and spoke.

“I don't mind, sir. Please make Walter into the strongest general in the world.”

“Would that be alright, sir?”

The old man cautiously asked.

Roan nodded his head.

“Yes. That is alright. Because I too.....”

A gentle majesty poured out from his entire body.

“Merely need to become a man worthy of the strongest general in the world.”

“Eh? If it’s a man worthy of the strongest general in the world.....”

The old man dryly swallowed.

Roan merely smiled.

Rather than with his mouth, he answered with his heart instead.

‘I plan to become the world.’



# Chapter 192 : Lancephil County (2)

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“Huu. It’s still mindlessly busy.”

“Of course. Since he is the one that’s standing out the most these days.”

“His status has now climbed to count. Just how many people do you think are coming to visit from all over the place and trying to make good impressions?”

“Also, anyone with a strand of talent must all be rushing in since Sir Count Roan Lancephil is someone who inherently values talented people in the first place.”

Six young man looked at the Count Lancephil House’s enormous visitors reception room and shook their heads.

The reception room was, even from a glance, full of an incredible wave of people, but not a single small disturbance arose despite so.

When there occasionally were those who raised their voices, guards with neatly made uniforms came up and escorted them out with courteous manner.

An exceedingly mannerly reception.

At that moment.

“Welcome, sirs. I am Darren of Lancephil Division of Human Resources. May I ask your purpose in visiting our lord’s castle?”

A middle-aged man wearing a uniform approached and bowed his head.

“Ah, we heard that Sir Count Lancephil widely employs talented individuals, so we have lowered our heads and came to visit.”

One amongst the young men quickly answered.

“I see.”

Darren brightly smiled and opened up a thick visitor’s log.

Incredibly many names were already written down on the visitor’s log.

Although most people would have instantly lost their spirits the moment they saw that visitor’s log, the six young men had absolutely no such look.

“You may have to wait a little long, sirs.”

Darren apologized first.

Because although there were no one who acted thoughtlessly or cause trouble thanks to Roan's fame, it was possible for dissatisfaction and complaints to explode out.

The six young men, with pleased expressions, nodded their heads.

“Yes. We can wait for however long.”

“It's our fault for being later than others.”

Brightly smiling looks.

It was a sight that even made Darren pleasant.

“Thank you for your understanding, sirs. Then please tell me your names one by one.”

At those words, one of the young man pushed his head out.

“I'm Swift, sir.”

Following that, the other young men revealed their names one by one.

“Buro, sir.”

“I’m Raitler.”

“I’m Rotner, sir.”

“My name is Griffin.”

“Nunse, sir.”

It was the moment Darren nodded his head and was just about to write down their names.

“Eh?”

Together with a surprised voice, a middle aged man with a neatly worn uniform approached from a side.

Although it was a face truly without any distinct character, he was a man of an impression that strangely made people comfortable.

“Director Onil.”

Darren slightly lowered his head towards the middle-aged man.

The middle aged man was the head manager of the Lancephil Division of Human Resources he was in as well as his immediate superior, Onil.

Onil lowered his head towards Darren too, then stood in front of the six young men.

“All six sirs, it has been a while.”

A greeting passed with welcoming expression.

The six young men made surprised expressions.

“Do you remember us, sir?”

Seemingly having difficulty in believing, they widely opened their eyes.

On the other hand, Onil faintly smiled and nodded his head as if to say of course.

“Of course, sirs. You were descendants of noble houses and graduates of Tron Academy. Have you not visited the temporary mansion at the capital, Miller, in the past then left saying you’ve realized something and will come back after learning more about the world?”

“That is exactly correct, sir.”

Amongst the six young men, Swift nodded his head with a slightly dazed expression.

‘Even though hundreds of people should be coming and going each day.....’

‘Even though it was just a moment-long meeting a few years ago.....’

‘To think he would remember that.....’

The young men couldn’t stop their exclamations.

The six young men.

Swift, Buro, Raitler, Rotner, Griffin, Nunse.

They were the graduates who had received Tron Academy’s Principal Fred Brown’s recommendation and visited Roan.

They, who were pompous at the time, met Viscount Reil Baker at a reception room and received a big realization.

They realized their narrow-mindedness and their deficiencies on their own and greatly felt ashamed.

They went out on a study of the world in order to fill the parts they lacked and had come to visit Roan after finally gaining desired results.

‘Their faces are all good.’

Onil looked at the six young men’s faces and inwardly made proud smiles.

The day the six young men realized their shamefulness on their own and left.

Onil met Clay in front of the visitors reception room.

‘At the time, President Clay.....’

Said greatly arrogant words while looking at the backs of the young men who left.

‘He said what kind of big things could they possibly do without certainty and trust in their own abilities and that there wasn’t anyone that can compare to his talents even though there were so many people coming to visit.’

At the time, Onil couldn’t agree to Clay’s words.

He believed and didn’t doubt that the six young men who realized their deficiencies on their own and left to the world outside would one day return as great men.

And.

‘I resolved to personally write down their names on the visitor’s log myself like the last time at the time when they return.....’

Onil extended his hand towards Darren.

“I’ll personally write them.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Darren handed over the visitor’s log and a pen.

Onil meticulously wrote down the six young men’s names and their details.

“Should I bring out the refreshments”?

A question he asked while brightly smiling.

It was the same conversation like the time they first met.

Swift, unlike the last time, brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“Since it looks like we’ll have to wait a long time, please give us a lot if possible.”



They now had peace in their hearts.

“Yes, sirs. I’ll prepare plenty.”

Onil slightly lowered his head, then moved his feet.

‘They’re good individuals.’

At the least, he was confident that his eyes for people were good.

It was a part even others acknowledged.

Because so, he was able to climb up to the position of the Division of Human Resources’ director.

‘They are people who will do great things for our fief.’

He felt such certainty.

And as expected, the six young men would henceforth be called within few years as Lancephil’s Six Brains by the world.

< If Lancephil’s Six Brains all gather, even the God Brain Clay cannot act as he wish. >

A rumor that shook the world.

But a rumor even more famous than that was,

< The one who breathed life into the Lancephil Fief isn't the God Brain, the God Spear, or the Light, but the Gentle Breeze Onil. >

Of course, these two rumors were still something that would be talked about by the people much later.

\*\*\*\*\*

Roan quietly returned.

It was because he didn't wish to once again raise an uproar when the Crimson Legion had already received a grand welcome.

From the day he arrived at the Mediasis Castle, he didn't rest for even a single moment.

He rapidly processed the various and incredibly many pending issues that were backed up until now.

'Chris knows this better than me. And Keep is an expert on this. Pichio is also excellent.'

Besides the issues Roan himself had to make decision on, he respected his retainers' opinions as much as possible.

Because the retainers weren't simply servants but were recognized as experts in each fields.

Thanks to that, the processing speed of the pending issues were blindingly fast.

It was a level even Clay would shake his head at.

‘Since the fief’s size has expanded by more than twice, I will also have to reset the overall field.’

Roan placed the talented individuals that swarmed up from every side at right places for the right individuals.

Simultaneously, he once again reorganized the county’s organization system.

With the various memories that newly awoke from the hexers’ assault as the basis and with Clay and the administrators’ help, he set up a much more fine and efficient advancement system.

‘I can’t neglect the academy and magic tower constructions, and expansion and aid to the mercenary guild either.’

It wasn’t a work that had results that would immediately show up.

But.

‘Although recruiting outside talents is also important, strengthening the internal stability by ourselves too is important.’

Roan planned to strengthen from the fief’s base and roots.

As much as the fief had increased, the number of fief’s citizens had also sharply rose.

Naturally, the number of individuals with outstanding talents amongst them also drastically rose higher than before.

Roan planned to give a chance at education to them and let them freely show off the abilities they have.

Each and every day, mindlessly busy days passed.

And finally, the first official event since Roan returned to the fief opened.

That was neither a merit ceremony, an inheritance ceremony, nor a nobility investment ceremony.

Ppabam! Ppababam! Ppabam!

Milta Military Band’s grand performance.

The commanders of thousand-man rank and higher, while wearing newly fitted crimson uniforms, lowered their heads.

Behind them, more than thousands of Crimson Legion's soldiers soundlessly saluted.

Together with heated gazes, hotter tears welled.

At the place where everyone's gazes met.

At the top of a giant gate that brought a triumphal arc to mind, a stone plate carved with powerful calligraphy was hanged.

< Lancephil Hall of Heroes. >

The first building, no, a symbol made and raised from spending Lancephil Fief's finance.

On the giant field of green that spread inside of it, the graves of the comrades who forever entered sleep while fighting for the Lancephil Fief were built.

Ppabam! Ppababam! Ppabam!

The Milta Military Band's performance reached climax.

The commanders of thousand-man and above rank raised their heads and looked at the front.

The young man standing in front of a grand altar.

The young man who was wearing a crimson uniform and a crimson mantle was Roan Lancephil.

Taking off his military hat and carrying it under an arm, he made a salute.

“I will not let your deaths be in vain.”

The small voice powerfully echoed out.

The Crimson Legion’s soldiers tightly clenched their fists.

Their hearts fiercely burned up.

Looking at the stone surface where the names of the fallen were written fully, Roan added on.

“With your blood, the Crimson Legion has been colored much redder.”

From his entire body, a presence that couldn’t be reached, yet endlessly gentle, flowed out.

“Rest comfortably there. You have the right to do so. And in your instead.....”

Roan shouted as if to proclaim.

“We will embrace your blood on our chests and right the continent.”

He spun right around and looked at the Crimson Legion’s soldiers.

“Are you all ready?”

Ready to freely roam the continent together with the fallen comrades.

Without even having to say it, that meaning was delivered.

The Crimson Legion’s soldiers, in a perfect order, kneeled down on one knee.

A perfect sight without a single strand of hesitation or dislocation.

“Yes sir! We shall follow our lord’s order, sir!”

A grand sight.

In front of the incredible pressure and bravery that stormed around his entire body, Roan slightly trembled.

‘Together with them, I can achieve anything.’

His own resolve and certainty increased.

Roan wore the military hat he had held under his arm.

Below the hat, a sharp light flashed from his eyes.

The Crimson Legion’s soldiers, with one knee still kneeled, did not move thoughtlessly.

Seeing Roan taking care of the fallen the foremost, their loyalties had deepen much further.

Furthermore, Roan’s steps weren’t finished with this.

Opening up the fief’s finance, he had provided an incredible compensation and recompense to the families of the fallen.

The dead were dead, and the living were living.

Because majority of places didn’t gave out even a few pieces of



coins to the fief's citizens saying how much could they be to those who lost their loved ones, Roan's action was something that deserved to receive applause from many people.

In fact, the number of people amongst the fallens' families who were greatly moved by Roan's careful considerations and interest wasn't small.

“Huu.”

Roan, who finished the Fallen Memorial Ceremony, returned to his office and checked the next schedule.

At that moment.

‘Hmm.’

Roan's sharp and sensitive senses picked up an unpleasant presence.

‘He really is busy.’

Tips of his mouth slightly went up.

Roan' put down the bundle of papers he was checking, then moved his steps towards a window.

Through the slightly open gap in the window, two small chattering birds were visible.

Paat.

Roan's hand weirdly moved and quickly snatched one of them.

A fast hand movement that it couldn't quite escape from.

Chirp. Chirp.

The small bird struggled and tragically cried.

Roan, so that he doesn't accidentally hurt it, gently grasp the small bird and looked straight at it.

For a moment, an awkward staring contest between a human and a bird continued on.

Chiiiirp.

The small bird now didn't even cry and instead turned its head this way and that as if to avoid Roan's gaze.

Finally, Roan made a faint smile.

“Rather than doing this, it'll be better to directly see faces and

talk.”

Words passed to the bird.

It was a sight that one would definitely think that Roan had gone mad if he saw it.

However, Roan was greatly serious.

“Come to my office right now.”

His voice was calm.

“Clay.”

Roan brushed the bird’s head once, then released him out of the window.

The small bird circled around the window, then soon flew towards the end of east.

And a moment later.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

A sound of knocking on the office’s door.

“Come in.”

As soon as Roan’s words fell, the tightly closed door cautiously opened.

The one who appeared together with a faint smile was Clay.

He lowered his head towards Roan.

“I have received your summon and came, my lord.”

Clay’s voice was greatly composed.

His expression too was greatly composed.

He didn’t unnecessarily laid out excuses or justifications.

Tips of Roan’s mouth gently went up.

‘Clay.’

The two people’s eyes flashed and shone lights.

As if passing an ordinary greeting, Roan lightly threw his words.

“Did you think I wouldn’t know?”

At those words, Clay faintly smiled and shook his head.

“Would I really have thought so complacently, my lord?”

Answer that asks instead.

The smile that hang Roan’s mouth became much deeper.

“And the reason?”

As expected, words that calmly ask.

Clay stayed silent for a moment and looked at Roan’s eyes.

An awkward and heavy silence.

Finally.

“It was for myself.”

Clay.

He did not unnecessarily said a lie.

“At the same time, it was also for my lord.”

A bold expression and voice.

Roan quietly stared at Clay’s eyes.

The two people’s gazes chaotically tangled and tangled again.

The time flowed slowly and the space shrank.

Like that, the conversation continued on.

# Chapter 193 : Lancephil County (3)

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“For me?”

Roan asked back in a composed voice.

Clay nodded his head.

“Since my lord is occasionally obstinate without care to a point of being excessive, sir.”

The point of his words were simple.

There were times when Roan would forget the fact that he was a noble of the kingdom and a lord who was leading tens, hundreds of retainers.

He would raid into the enemy camps like his time as a rank and file spearman and even personally carry out dangerous plans and schemes.

Not only that, there were times when he would move without a single escort like the recent Walter’s event.

Actions that meticulously forgot of his duty as a lord.

“With the worry of whether my lord would encounter some accident, I have been having numerous animals to always guard

your surroundings, sir.”

Words saying it wasn't spying or monitoring.

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“If it was for such a reason, then there shouldn't have been a need to do so behind my back, no?”

“As I have told my lord before, I have thought that, If it is my lord, he would notice it himself.”

Clay was bold.

In truth, there was a point he was trusting.

‘In the Lancephil Fief right now, there is no individual as definitely necessary as I.’

Currently, Clay was administrating as well as commanding the Lancephil County's entire administration.

Furthermore, he was even managing the Bureau of Druids.

A situation where there honestly wasn't a thing that did not pass through his hands.



‘He absolutely cannot throw me away.’

The moment he throw him away, the Lancephil County will lose momentum and end up aground.

‘Furthermore, is the Sir Count not a person who values talented individuals and thoughtlessly throw people awa.....’

When his thoughts have reached about that point.

Roan cheerfully smiled and stood up from his seat.

“Clay.”

A softly calling voice.

Clay slightly smiled and lowered his head.

He was still overflowing with confidence.

Roan quietly looked at Clay and spoke in a determined expression and voice.

“Leave.”

A short but shocking word.

“Eh?”

Clay widely opened his eyes.

Because the words he thought could never come from Roan had flowed out.

Roan looked straight into Clay’s eyes.

“I will acknowledge your achievements until now and won’t ask any more of your errors.

Leave. If you wish, you may take all of the druids along.”

It was a final decision.

A decision that absolutely was not easy even from Roan’s position.

The druids and the various species of animals the druids controlled were greatly important strength even to Roan.

Furthermore, the abilities Clay had were also the top of the top.

Roan, tight now, had decided to give up all of them.

“M, my lord.....”

Clay blurred the end of his words.

His mind was disarrayed and with his senses flown away, he couldn't finish his sentence.

At that moment, Roan threw up a long sigh.

“Clay. I greatly recognize your abilities and talent. You are the most outstanding amongst my retainers, no, great enough to be counted within a hand within the kingdom.”

“Then why.....”

Although he had done an uncivil act, it wasn't as if he had done a crime big enough to be chased out.

Roan, effortfully with a composed voice, added on.

“However much your abilities are outstanding, how could I entrust even single small duty to you when there is no trust between you and I?”

“Tha, that is.....”

Clay couldn't easily continue his words.

Roan gently wrapped his hands on Clay's shoulders.

“Clay. The fact that you are an outstanding and talented individual is something anyone would know of. Leave and go find a master fitting for you.”

It was a beautiful goodbye possible because it was at the least before the Great Warring Era, the age of anarchy had came.

‘If the world was chaotic, I would have slashed his neck instead of chasing him out.’

In the anarchy, one was an enemy if one was not a friend.

If one couldn't take it, one had to destroy it.

‘Of course, I don't have any plan to really chase him out right now.’

But Clay simply couldn't grasp Roan's such intent.

Because he had greatly panicked at the unexpected words.

‘Truly leave?’

Clay couldn't come to his senses.

‘Just how did I climb up to here.....’

Starting from a rank and file administrator, he had become the head administration manager who led the County.

Furthermore, Roan was the Rinse Kingdom’s new star and one of the nobles with the most influence.

For Clay to make the world he dreamt of, he needed a powerful master like Roan.

‘Just where would I go after leaving here?’

There was none.

AT least within the Rinse Kingdom, there currently was no one who might be comparable to Roan.

To particularly nitpick, marquises who are names only and the four dukes who were outside powers.

‘But those places are basically already finished puzzles.’

There was almost no possibility of Clay squeezing in and taking a high position.

No, before that.

‘Even they are not the lord’s opponents.’

Although the powers of the duke houses might be greater right now, the possibility of growth was much greater for Roan.

In the end, it meant that there wasn’t anyone he could fittingly serve.

‘Then that means I’ll ultimately have to head to a foreign country, but.....’

That was problematic on its own.

‘The situations in few kingdoms are disasters, and at places that are a bit good.....’

His brothers had taken seat.

Most of all, he didn’t wish to turn his back on his mother nation the Rinse Kingdom.

‘The conclusion is.....’

Perhaps it might already had been out from the start.

‘I cannot leave my lord’s side.’

The bold pride fell down.

As the pride fell down, the narrow view widely opened up.

‘It wasn’t that the lord couldn’t throw me away.....’

His lips sharply trembled.

‘But rather I couldn’t leave.’

No, to be exact, it was a situation where he couldn’t throw him away, and he couldn’t leave either.

Roan must have known that.

Despite knowing that he too could greatly get hurt, he didn’t hesitate in thrusting his spear into chaos.

Thanks to that, Roan was able to grasp the higher ground in the current situation.

‘Ah.....’

Clay let out a quiet exclamation.

At least this time, he was perfectly tied up by Roan.

But he couldn't know.

That the reason Roan could come out forcefully like so wasn't merely because he had endured his loss and made the decision with a bone-carving feeling.

'I'm already receiving a big help.'

Roan deeply breathed in.

His heart rapidly raced.

'Princess. No, Aily. Really thank you.'

Roan's resolute decision.

That was something only possible because Aily's help was there.

An incredibly secretive help that even Clay, who was always spying on Roan, couldn't realize.

'If there are the elves, there is no need to particularly be tied down to druids' abilities.'



Humans and elves.

Roan and Aily was preparing for an coexistence that no one had tried before.

When his thoughts had reached about that point.

“My lord.”

Clay kneeled down on one knee and lowered his head.

A look that his disarrayed mind was quickly organized.

As much as his head was good, his decision too was quick.

“I was much too lacking and foolish.”

The end of his voice shook.

It was hard to determine whether it was a truth or a lie.

“Please give me one more chance.”

Completely switched positions.

But even in this while, Clay was setting up tens of plans within

his head.

‘Now that it came to this, I’ll look to a higher place.’

He would dominate the fief to a point that Roan won’t be able to do anything if it wasn’t him.

‘And if a chance arises.....’

His eyes flashed with a sinister light.

A step backwards to advance two step.

If he could merely stay attached to Roan’s side, he could aim for beyond that at any time.

Clay dismissed today’s humiliation as merely collecting his breath.

A feeling that his heart could only feel slightly better by doing at least so.

Roan quietly stared at such Clay.

‘I knew that you will react like that.’

Laughter filled up to below his chin.

Everything was as he and Aily expected.

‘Did she called it mind’s eyes.....’

One of the abilities Aily had.

An ability similar to Kalian’s Tears but slightly different.

Aily’s mind’s eyes that she received from the dragon lords was an ability to see the light that exuded out from people’s body based on their personalities and feelings.

A red for rage, blue for sadness, gold for joy.....

Thanks to that, Aily was able to grasp people’s true intents to a degree through the mind’s eyes.

But there very occasionally were ones who were hard to grasp their personalities and feelings of, and Clay was one of those very type of people.

Whenever Aily saw Clay, she could see only one color.

A dark wine light.

‘A foul narcissism.’

A feeling that went beyond pride and confidence.

Clay was a man who loved himself the most in the world.

‘That Clay is meekly stepping back? Ridiculous.’

A feeling of wanting to instantly cut him in a slash if possible.

But the situation was still a one where he had to leave Clay at his side.

It wasn't merely because his outstanding abilities were regrettable.

‘Three years at the longest. The game board will flip within three years.’

Together with the Great Warring Era, the Rinse Kingdom would greatly shake.

The conclusion to the throne succession competition.

Clay was needed for that moment.

Using Clay, Roan planned to set a board that fitted his taste.

‘Clay. Since you tried to use me.....’

The light in his eyes heavily sank.

‘I too will use you from now on.’

With a quiet voice, he called Clay.

“Clay.”

“Yes. My lord.”

Clay acutely lowered his head.

A look of having shrunk his entire body.

It was a look that truth and lies were mixed half and half.

Roan bitterly smiled and spoke in a small voice.

“I deprive you of all your current ranks and appoint you as bottom rank administrator. But I will tell you that advancement will be possible depending on your achievements afterwards. There will be no more loss beyond this.”

Demotion.

And it was an incredible demotion at that where the head manager fell to the bottom.

Uddk.

Clay clenched his teeth.

One excessively arrogant decision had brought much too big of an ordeal.

Even though he had raised many achievements by spying and monitoring Roan, he ultimately fell down again to the bottom.

But.

‘He said that there won’t be any more loss beyond this.’

Roan was of a personality that absolutely followed what he said once.

Clay deeply breathed in.

‘I will definitely return today’s humiliation.’

He effortfully made a smile.

“I will receive your order, my lord. I will do my best more than ever from now on.”

Clay deeply bowed his head.

He didn't wish for his twisted face to be caught.

However, Roan had already guessed Clay's heart.

‘Climb up. Clay. Climb up from the bottom to the top and fatten the fief.’

Of course, although that too would merely be for three years at the longest.

Roan and Clay's gazes complicatedly tangled and intertwined.

The strange company began like that.

While pointing unseen tips of swords at each other.

Of course, although Roan was holding a shield on his opposite hand in his case.....

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“Oh! So you mean it's Lancephil County once passing through

that gateway?”

A young man pointed with a slightly elated expression.

A middle aged man standing at his side, together with a short sigh, answered.

“That is so, sir.”

The place the two people’s gazes touched was a small gateway located at the end of a road.

The young man, for who knew what was so good, brightly smiled and frivolously moved his steps.

The middle aged man who was watching that sight spoke as if to admonish.

“Even though you are the master of a company that entered within ten fingers in the kingdom, your dignity seem too lacking, sir.”

“What does it matter if it enters within ten fingers. Even though we may end up closing it all if not careful.”

The young man laid out serious stories as if it was nothing.



The middle aged man slightly creased his brows.

“It’s still not at that degree, sir.”

“I know. It’s a joke, a joke. But it’s clear that the situation is difficult.”

The young man was still bright and cheerful.

Looking at the gateway that neared before they noticed, he asked in a small voice as if to whisper.

“Goden. Do you still trust my decision and judgment?”

At those words, the middle aged man, Goden, answered without a single bit of hesitation.

“Of course. Since I’m always on Sir Clyde’s side.”

As soon as his words finished, the young man, Clyde, raised his thumb.

“As expected! There really is only Goden.”

Clyde.

He was the master of Clyde Company’s master who before chose

the Third Prince Kallum Rinse at the end of contemplating the prince who would rise to the Rinse Kingdom's next throne.

“I thought too easily of Sir Count Roan Lancephil. I admit that. But even so, I don't think my decision to choose Prince Kallum is wrong.”

It wasn't an excuse.

However much he thought about it, the person who was fit to climb to the next king's position was only Kallum.

‘Prince Simon is excessively hot-blooded and impetuous. Prince Tommy's abilities are much too lacking compared to his ambition.’

In the first place, the throne succession competition would had ran with Kallum's lead if it wasn't for Roan.

‘If Prince Simon becomes the next king like this with Count Lancephil on his back.....’

Not only Kallum, but he who supported him too would not avoid misfortune.

‘I can't leave it alone to let it be so.’

They said that there was always a hole to rise up even when the sky fell down.

Furthermore, the current situation wasn't as so tragic either.

'One year has already passed since Count Lancephil won the fief war.'

People thought that Roan would drive that victory and momentum to finish the throne succession competition.

But actually, Roan left the capital, Miller, and returned to the Lancephil County, then afterwards focused on strengthening his internal affairs without showing any particular actions.

Rather, it looked that the nobles who supported Tommy and Kallum were going out at faction expansion a bit more enthusiastically.

Of course, the one who was standing at the lead in the throne succession competition despite so was Simon.

He, with a reliable backing called Roan, quickly recruited core powers around the capital, Miller.

Roan's influence was that powerful.

Enough to bring small nobles of the neutral factions to their knees without necessarily moving.

‘Anyhow, we’ve maintained a thin ice-like peace for the last one year, but.....’

The current Rinse Kingdom’s situation was where Simon had dominated most of the northern region with the capital, Miller, at the center.

And Tommy and Kallum each split the south of capital, Miller, and were executing their influence.

A situation that maintained an odd balance.

‘But that peace too, that is, is now at an end.’

Because a large event had happened at the capital, Miller, one month ago.

‘His majesty the king suddenly fell down.’

King Deni Von Rinse, who pushed national affairs behind him and repeated banquets almost daily, had suddenly fell down in the middle of the last month.

Although he wasn’t immediately wandering between death, it was a truth that a large variable had appeared in the throne succession competition.

‘Although all three princes still aren’t showing any particular

movement.....’

It was a situation where it wouldn’t be strange even if something happened whenever and wherever.

In the middle of this, there was a complicated reason Clyde had come to visit Roan.

‘Although it is also to protect our company.....’

Clyde unconsciously held his hand on his left chest.

‘I will aim for a grand reversal using this card I have.’

It was an information he gained through all kinds of efforts in the last one year.

That was one of the information that Roan currently wanted the most.

‘News of Io Lancephil.....’

Clyde unconsciously swallowed dryly.

The information he had was much more hideous and gruesome than anyone thought.

‘If it goes as planned, I could split Count Lancephil and Prince Simon.’

If it goes well, it would even be possible to recruit Roan into Kallum’s camp.

The information Clyde had was giant and incredible to such a degree.

When his thoughts were getting deeper.

“We’re now passing through the gateway.”

Goden’s voice was heard.

“Hhm? Already?”

Clyde organized his thoughts and looked around his surroundings.

The small gateway was exceedingly clean and strong.

“Anyway, a gateway at not even the national border but at a fief’s border..... isn’t this somewhat excessive?”

At Clyde’s words, Goden faintly smiled and shook his head.

“It probably is because of that last year’s intense fief war. It probably means that he doesn’t wish to experience the same thing two, three times. From what I’ve heard, he has set up big and small gateways along the fief’s border.”

“Anyhow, he really is a meticulous man.”

Clay shook his head.

His gaze headed towards the people who were going to and from the gateway.

It was an incredible crowd.

“There’s amazingly a lot of people passing through.”

“Since, as you know, the current center of Rinse Kingdom’s commercial supremacy is, the Lancephil County, sir.”

“Quite a many companies have moved here during last year, right?”

“Since the tax here is much cheaper than other places wherever you look. Because of that, our company’s branch was also built here.”

“Right. Since it’s not only that the tax is cheap but is the base of trade with the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom.”

“The water transportation using the Poskein Lake is also convenient.”

Clyde and Goden’s conversation hit off well.

The two people’s words were all true.

Roan, to make the Lancephil County into a prosperous fief, executed all sorts of economic revival policies.

But before those policies, the numerous companies and big and small businesses Roan himself owned were very prosperous and competitive.

Especially the Montea Mountain’s mana stone mine and the Istel Kingdom’s farmlands were producing colossal profits as cream of the crop businesses.

At that moment, the view of Clyde and Goden, who had been quietly chatting, suddenly opened up.

They had finally passed through the gateway and entered into the Lancephil Fief inside of it.

Suddenly, Clyde and Goden’s eyes widely opened.

“Go, Goden?”



“Ye, yes. Sir Clyde.”

The two people fumbled their words with half dazed expressions.

Looks of looking around their surroundings while dryly swallowing.

After who knew how long.

“This place really is Lancpehil County?”

“Yes. That’s definitely correct.”

Goden immediately nodded his head at Clyde’s words.

Suddenly, a giant carriage that tens of people were riding on passed in front of the two people.

It was a carriage two strong horses were pulling, but they didn’t had any looks of being tired.

Clyde, with a sharply trembling voice, muttered.

“This is a completely different world.”

# Chapter 194 : Lancephil County (4)

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The inside of the gateway was a new world.

But even so, it didn't mean that it was a world where carriages flew in the sky and were decorated with all kinds of jewels.

“Look at this road.”

The road that widely spread in front of their eyes.

Because it was paved even stones, there was no worry of the ground being dug up even if heavy carriages passed by.

Furthermore, the road carriages and horse carts passed by and the road people walked by were differentiated, so there was absolutely no hindrance in each's traffic.

“Even though it's a gateway city at the fief's border, look at the number of stores.”

Goden was being surprised at a different place.

Shops that were very various to a point where there wouldn't be anything they didn't sell were lined up on the road's side, and they were all clean stone buildings.

“Oh my! That's Istel Kingdom's wheat!”

“Look at those gold ornaments.”

“There’s a bunch of good grade mushrooms.”

The people who passed through the gateway naturally moved their steps towards the shops.

Clyde and Goden’s gazes too kept turning, but there was no time for them to take their eyes off.

“Let’s stop by on our way back, sir.”

Clyde nodded at Goden’s words.

Their steps effortlessly headed towards the end of the road.

At that moment.

“Stagecoach to Mediasis leaves soon! People who are going to Mediasis Castle, please purchase the tickets!”

A loud voice.

“Un?”

Clyde and Goden's gazes naturally moved following the voice.

"Hmm."

Suddenly, a quiet exclamation flowed out.

At the place their gazes met, a giant carriage tens of people were riding on were seen.

It was that very giant stagecoach that passed in front of the two people the instant they passed through the gateway.

"Just two horses can pull a carriage that big?"

Clyde shook his head with a surprised expression.

Their steps, before they knew it, were leading towards the stagecoach.

When they exited the road and entered into a rather big lot, a scene much more shocking was spread out.

"It's not just one or two?"

Inside the lot, five sets of giant stagecoaches were parked.

Ten people at fewest, and more than twenty people at the most

were getting on.

The number of horses pulling the carriages also changed depending on the size, but however many there were, they never exceeded four.

When Clyde and Goden were looking at each other with surprised expressions.

“Welcome to the Unham Stagecoach Station.”

A young man approached and lowered his head.

“You can purchase the tickets inside, sirs.”

On his left chest, a badge with his name called O’Connor, together with his organization name called Lancephil Transportation Division Unham Coach Station, written on was hanged.

Goden awkwardly smiled and asked about the curious thing.

“Ah, yes. Can we ride that giant carriage all the way to Mediasis Castle if we purchase the ticket?”

“Yes. Of course, sir.”

O'Connor cheerfully smiled and nodded his head.

Clyde, with an expression seemingly suspicious, asked.

“Even though there’s that many people riding on it, could it make proper speed with just two horses?”

At those words, O'Connor answered in a gentle and bold voice as if to say not to worry.

“You must be using our Lancephil Transportation Division’s stagecoaches for the first time. Our stagecoaches are magic carriages that carved Reno Magic Tower’s magic array onto the latest carriages that Lancephil Alchemy Department and the Lancephil Engineering Department have worked together to create.”

“Magic carriages?”

Clyde’s eyes widely opened.

O'Connor lightly nodded his head.

“I don’t know exactly what kind of magics are engraved either, but I heard that magic that reduces the carriage’s total weight and a magic that sets the carriage’s balance are included as standard.”

“Hmm.”

Clyde and Goden once again leaked quiet groans.

‘Although I’ve seen magic to reduce weight many times.....’

Research to reduce heavy armors’ weight for application of powerful infantry troop was actively in progress.

In fact, heavy armor troops with weight lessening magic arrays carved on were partially active in Estia Empire and few other kingdoms.

‘I have never thought of grafting that magic on carriage transport.’

Clyde inwardly shook his head and looked at O’Connor.

“How many magic carriages like this are being run?”

“There aren’t that many yet, sir. Even if we include the number of carriages being operated across the entire fief, it should be about a bit over twenty sets. Of course, that number is continuing to grow larger.”

An inconceivable pride was felt in O’Connor’s voice.

Clyde and Goden slowly nodded their heads.

Twenty sets of magic carriages.

That was absolutely not a small number.

‘For a result gained from merely one year, it’s incredible instead.’

In fact, although O’Connor didn’t know of the detailed situation in his case since he was the Transportation Division’s bottom level employee, the Lancephil County was currently repeating brilliant developments under the fief development plan.

Especially the Lancephil’s transportation network that was represented with the magic carriage was participated by not only the Lancephil Alchemy Department, Lancephil Engineering Department, and Reno Magic Tower as well as Lidia Lumber Co. and Ford Mining Co. that were producing the raw materials.

On top of here, the Sale Company that Goldmaster Sale, no, Aily was master of was directly operating the road construction and the Transportation Division together.

In short, it meant the transportation network business was one of the most important businesses amongst the Lancephil County’s development plan.

‘Incredible.’



Clyde inwardly exclaimed greatly.

He knew that the Lancephil County had risen as the Rinse Kingdom's new center of commercial supremacy.

But he hadn't expected for it to be completely redoing its infrastructure itself.

'Count Lancephil may be much more amazing person than I had thought.'

Rather than obsessing over short term results, he was leading the fief with long term insight.

Of course, Roan must not had done all this alone.

But the fact that geniuses who could make such things possible were staying at his side too was an amazing feat.

"Goden. We should also use the stagecoach."

Clyde cheerfully smiled and signalled with his eyes.

His curiosity arose.

He wanted to personally experience and feel it.

Goden soon nodded his head, then purchased two tickets to Mediasis from a ticket booth inside.

“Please have a pleasant trip.”

O’Connor bowed with a polite posture.

Clyde and Goden lightly nodded their heads, then moved their steps towards the signpost where trip to Mediasis was written on.

On the giant carriage, there were still a few empty seats.

A carriage made with thick and soft cloth as the roof.

When they entered inside, small yet comfortable wooden chairs appeared.

‘Not bad.’

If they could actually carry and transport this many people with just two horses, they would be able to carry and transport goods as well as soldiers in emergencies.

‘Transportation of goods and soldiers become much faster?’

If the transportation network was to be set like this, Lancephil County’s military strength would become tens of times stronger.

Clyde and Goden, sitting opposite of each other, looked at each other's eyes.

Complicated looks were clear on both people.

At that moment.

“Number 3 Stagecoach to Mediasis is now departing.”

The voice of the driver sitting on the coach box was heard clearly as if he was talking from right next to them.

Simultaneously.

Ggiiig.

Together with a sound of wooden boards twisting, the giant carriage gently began to move.

Clap. Clap.

The two horses, without even a little bit of tired look, powerfully kicked the ground.

The carriage that slowly began to move soon left the Unham Stagecoach Station and entered into a wide road.

Clyde, shining a light from his eyes, looked at Goden.

“The shaking isn’t as harsh as I thought.”

“Like that man named O’Connor said, I believe it’s because balancing magic is also carved.”

Goden immediately answered and raised his sense of touch to the carriage’s movements.

Although it was comfortable without shaking, the speed wasn’t on the very fast side.

“It’s slower than I had thou.....”

When his words reached about that point.

The driver’s voice was heard once again.

“We have left the gateway city Unham Village. We will now begin to increase our speed. Please have a comfortable trip.”

The instant his words ended, the speed of the carriage went up.

The one thing that was at least well was that the sense of speed instead greatly went down as the speed went up.

It was to a point that they wouldn't have realized that the carriage was running if it weren't for the rough windows that were periodically punctuated.

Clyde and Goden looked at each other and shook their heads.

They now looked too tired to be surprised any more.

“Since a gateway village is this much, how much would the Mediasis Castle be?”

Clyde muttered in a small voice.

When Goden couldn't answer because he too didn't have anything he knew of, another merchant cheerfully smiled and answered.

“That place is really a different world. It's a city where the night view is especially fantastic.”

Night view.

Clyde and Goden creased their brows.

Unfamiliar words.

Did that mean that there was something special to the night's scenery?

‘It should probably be about putting on few oil lamps at most.’

Even the capital, Miller, was lighting the dark by installing oil lamps in the palace and parts of the main street.

The capital, Miller, that was called the most brilliant and large city in the Rinse Kingdom was about that much level.

‘But.....’

Clyde had a feeling of maybe.

From some time onwards, he began to anticipate the unknown from Roan.

Clyde's chest raced as quickly as the running carriage.

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A space that was simple but not crude, and frugal yet not poor.

The Lancephil Lord's Castle located at the center of the Mediasis Castle was essentially work focused space that only had the essentials.

“Have we still not found any traces?”

The head seat that technically was not a head seat.

Roan, who was sitting at the end of a long circular table, asked with a serious expression.

“I’ve no face, my lord.”

“Apologies, my lord.”

Agens’s President Chris and Tenebra Troop’s Vice-Captain Keep, who were called the Lancephil County’s eyes and ears, lowered their heads with dismal expressions.

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

“Where has godfather gone.....”

The person Roan and his numerous retainers were desperately searching for was Io Lancephil.

It was already one year since Io had disappeared.

They found out to the fact that he had left the capital, Miller, and headed towards the Estia Empire during the fief war.

However, they couldn't figure out the reason he chose the trip to the empire nor his whereabouts since entering the empire.

‘We couldn't yet stretch our hands all the way to Estia Empire.’

Even though Agens and the Tenebra Troops too had strengthened their internal affairs and increased their sizes, they were still insufficient to collect even the information within the Estia Empire.

Within the last one year of time, Roan strengthened the fief's internal affairs while searching for Io's whereabouts on the other hand.

But despite all kinds of efforts, he couldn't find Io's trace.

At that moment.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Together with a sound of knocking on the conference room's door, a sentry showed up.

“Lady Baroness Elva Dionell has come, my lord.”

At those words, the faces of the core retainers including Austin solidly stiffened.



“I’ve come to meet Sir Count.”

Simultaneously, a woman beautiful yet exuding a powerful presence, Elva Dionell, showed herself.

Approximately one year ago, Elva had come to the fief and was staying up to now at the Count’s House as an important guest.

From a glance, it wasn’t a situation with a big problem.

But as the time flew, her status came to the fore as a problem.

When Elva first visited the Lancephil County, she called herself a representative of the youth party nobles’ organization, 12 Hatchlings.

At the time, she requested of Roan to become the 12 Hatchling’s thirteenth member.

However, Roan couldn’t accept that offer since he was chasing the disappeared Io’s whereabouts and strengthening the fief’s foundations.

An indirect refusal.

Then Elva became stubborn and settled down at the Count Lancephil House, but she herself began to confuse her role as the

time passed.

Originally, Elva was a noble who supported the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

As she left her seat vacant for a long time, Kallum began to send letters and people to her through various reasons.

He had wished to draw Roan into his camp using Elva.

From this point on, Elva began to wander between her two roles as the representative of the 12 Hatchlings and a person of Kallum's camp.

Count Lancephil House too fell into a concern that technically wasn't a concern on how to deal with to her.

"As whose person did you come today, Lady Baroness?"

At Roan's question, Elva faintly smiled and lowered her head.

"I came as Prince Kallum's person, Sir Count."

Quite a bold look today of all days.

'She seems to be overflowing with confidence today.'

Roan inwardly made a bitter smile.

Although she was an important guest of the house, right now was a conference table that dealt with the Count House's major issues.

It wasn't a situation where they could share a talk.

"Baroness Dionell. I apologize but let us talk a bit later since I'm in a conference now."

At those words, Elva faintly smiled and shook her head.

"Just a moment is fine, sir. I brought a very important news, you see."

"An important news?"

"Yes. It's an important news."

Elva looked straight at Roan's two eyes.

Roan, looking at that bold and brave light devoid of deceit in her eyes, nodded his head.

"Alright. What news is it?"

At those words, Elva collected her breath for a moment, then

answered in a small voice.

“We’ve discovered news of Sir Io Lancephil.”

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Neeigh!

The carriage that was running well suddenly stopped.

“We will be momentarily stopping.”

Soon following, the driver’s hurried voice was heard.

Clyde and Goden, who were having a light sleep for a moment, stretched with puzzled expressions.

At that moment, one of the merchants who were looking outside the window shouted with surprised expression.

“It’s the Lancephil Legion’s military truck troop.

A military truck troop.

They were separately called Gale Troop at the Lancephil County, and was a troop newly made together with the magic carriage development.

Dududududu!

Together with an incredible sound of horsehooves, a cloud of dust rose up around the stagecoach.

“Just what’s happening?”

“For the Lancephil’s military truck troop to suddenly surround us.....”

“Is there perhaps Count Chase’s remnant hiding amongst us?”

Scared voices poured out from everywhere.

Clyde and Goden dryly swallowed with slightly nervous expressions.

At that moment, the tightly closed carriage door widely opened.

Simultaneously, a trustworthy looking young man wearing a crimson armor showed himself.

“I’m Gale Troop 1st Squad commander Caldwell. Is Sir Clyde perhaps here?”

Although it was a thunderously ringing voice, the tone of the

voice itself was greatly polite.

Clyde, who was sitting at the very back in the carriage awkwardly stood up from his seat.

“I’m Clyde.”

Following that, Goden stood up from his seat and stood in front of Clyde.

A movement that he naturally practiced into his body while aiding Clyde for over thirty years.

Caldwell slightly bowed his head and saluted.

“I’ve come to escort you on the lord’s order. Please board our military truck.”

“Sir Count Lancephil has.....?”

Clyde muttered with a slightly shocked expression, then soon nodded his head.

He finally had a rough grasp of how the situation was flowing.

‘So Lady Baroness Dionell spoke up the story first.’

Roan must be wanting to hear the news of Io Lancephil even a moment faster.

Clyde pulled Goden with one hand and climbed off the carriage.

In front of his eyes, a solid and giant military truck colored red was seen.

Although it was a very simple looking shape without a cap or a roof unlike the carriage, it exuded a feeling that it would be much more faster and destructive instead because of a such point.

“Please hook your feet on the floor ring after climbing on, and tightly hold the strap hanging on the side wall.

Together with an explanation, Caldwell personally demonstrated it.

“Yes. Thank you.”

Clyde and Goden, nodding their heads, followed Caldwell and fastened their bodies on the inside of the military truck.

“Please hold tight.”

Caldwell meticulously checked the two people’s state, then held the reins that was longly drooped.

The warhorse that was panting out rough breaths soon raised its head and powerfully cried out.

Neeigh!

When the two warhorses began to dart off, the military truck much smaller than the carriage brushed the ground as if dragged along, no, as if flying.

“Uhugh!”

Clyde and Goden emptily gasped from the wind that struck their ears.

It was a breakneck speed not even comparable to the magic carriage.

Dududududu!

Together with the loud horsehoof sounds, ten sets of military truck crossed the fields.

The destination was Mediasis Castle.

Dodging the wind that hit his face, Clyde lowered his head to the military truck's below.



It was hard to breathe.

Unconsciously, he grasped his left chest.

“Once I arrive at Mediasis Castle.....’

Once Clyde and Goden meet Roan, no, the moment the letter inside his chest pocket is passed to Roan to be exact, the precariously continued peace will meet its end.

Clyde slightly raised his head and looked at the sky.

The sun, before he knew it, was going over to the west and spraying a crimson light.

‘So the world is already starting to be colored in a red light.’

A bitter smile hanged on Clyde’s mouth.

The sunset yellow world would change to bloody red world.

A war they knew of but can’t dodge nor were allowed to avoid.

It was the moment when that prelude was just about the open.

# Chapter 195 : Sudden Change (1)

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They raced like the wind.

The speed of Lancephil Legion's Gale Troop's military trucks was that fast.

The wide road was cleanly emptied out.

Thanks to that, the military trucks didn't reduce speed even once until they arrived at the Mediasis Castle.

Although Clyde and Goden didn't know of its reason, this too was an act possible thanks the warning system, one of Lancephil County's many systems.

"S, Sir Clyde."

Goden stuttered his words and pointed in front of them.

Clyde, who had lowered his head to the truck's below due to the ferocious wind, nimbly raised his head.

Suddenly, his eyes widely opened.

"A castle of light?"

The castle located in the dark was definitely shining brightly.

Caldwell, who was driving the truck, brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“The people who see the Mediasis Castle’s night view all do say that it’s a castle of light as one.”

Voice full of pride.

‘Did they actually mount jewels or something?’

If so, that could be called the most extravagant form in history.

But as they neared the Mediasis Castle, they could tell that that the identity of that light wasn’t a jewel the nearer they became.

“Lamps?”

The two people looked at each other and muttered.

This time again, Caldwell, who was driving the truck, answered shortly.

“They’re magic lamps.”

“Ah.....”

Clyde let out a quiet exclamation.

It was magic again.

‘Was there a place that used magic to this extent?’

Clyde soon shook his head.

In the current era, magic was one of the types of extravagant acts.

After the dragons disappeared, the strength of magic, types of magic, and the popularity of magic died down little by little.

‘I thought that only attack magics that are helpful in wars and battles have survived now.....’

He thought there was no noble or influential houses who would patron and support magic that couldn’t be immediately helpful to fighting.

Even just Clyde had no single magic tower he was separately paying attention to and sponsoring.

When his thoughts had reached about that point.

Paat!

One of the magic lamps that was lighting the castle wall lit up the military truck troop.

Clyde and Goden were of slightly panicked expressions at the stream of light that suddenly poured down.

However, Caldwell's expression was greatly calm.

“Raise the flag!”

At the full voice, a troop flag soon soared up above the military truck that was running at the head.

< Gale Troop 1st Squad. >

A flag communicating the squad's association.

It was a flag that didn't exist in the past.

It was one of the changes that followed the troop organization system reorganizing that took place in the past one year.

Kuung.

There was no more confirmation procedure.

The stream of light that poured down disappeared and the tightly closed castle gate gently opened.

A perfect cooperation.

The group of military trucks didn't stop and went through the castle gate.

Simultaneously.

“Ah.....”

Even though they resolved to not be surprised, Clyde and Goden couldn't help but burst out in exclams once again.

A new world opened up in front of their eyes.

‘Right, the words that merchant said back then.....’

He remembered the words of the merchant he met on the magic carriage.

< That place is really a different world. It's a city where the night view is especially fantastic. >

He felt that he could understand those words' meaning.

Simultaneously, of why many people including himself called the Mediasis Castle the castle of light.

“Goden. It looks like there’s no night in the Mediasis Castle.”

“Th, that seems to be so, sir.”

Goden nodded his head at Clyde’s words.

The scenery that spread in front of their eyes.

On the grand street that starts from the castle gate they just passed through to the center, tall lamp posts were located on each side.

The lamps that were pouring out white lights were perfectly pushing out the city’s darkness.

Below that, countless residents of the castle were enjoying strolls and sharing chats.

It was a completely different sight than the other fiefs where everyone all returned into their homes when the sun fell.

Caldwell slowly parked the military truck.

“We will have to ride a carriage from here on, sirs.”

Because the transit of military trucks was forbidden inside the castle.

“Yes. I understand.”

Clyde and Goden untied the rings they hooked their feet in and climbed down from the military truck.

As if it had been waiting, a carriage showed up.

It truly was a perfect and faultless sight.

The three people rode the carriage together and headed towards the Lancephil Lord's Castle.

Clyde and Goden were mindlessly busy sightseeing the Mediasis Castle's sight that spread outside the carriage.

Looks that even forgot how important a mission they were responsible for right now.

In truth, the sight inside the castle wasn't something unique or marvelous.

But it merely was that the sight of stone buildings below the



magic lamps shining twinkling lights were beautiful enough to lose one's mind.

“This place really is a different world.”

Clyde unknowingly muttered with a half-dazed expression.

The world outside the Lancephil County was a battlefield of survival where every day was intense.

There was no place as relaxed and peaceful as here anywhere else.

‘Would that difference widen further now? Or.....’

Would it all turn into hell whether here or the world outside.

His heart felt frustrated when he thought of the things that would happen from now on.

At that moment, the carriage that had been running nonstop slowly decreased its speed.

The scenery beyond the window also changed.

“It's the lord's castle, sirs.”

The lord's castle.

They had entered Roan's residence.

Caldwell soundlessly smiled, then opened the carriage door.

An expression that almost seemed to say that his small duty was all over with this.

Suddenly, the scene outside the door entered his eyes in a glance.

“Ah..... Sir Count Lancephil.....”

Clyde unknowingly froze like a stone statue.

The young man standing in front of the carriage.

He definitely and certainly was Roan Lancephil.

‘Was he that big?’

A feeling of his airway suffocating in an instant.

He remembered the first time he met Roan in the past at the capital, Miller.

‘He’s different than back then.’

Even though the thought that he wasn’t an ordinary individual also passed his mind back then, it wasn’t as much as now.

‘Although a thought that I might be able to take him on if I use my full force passed my mind back then.....’

Now was a degree where he couldn’t even dare to meet his gaze.

“Sir Clyde. It has been a while.”

A gentle but powerful voice.

Roan’s heart was urgent, but even so, he did not err in courtesy.

“Ah, yes. It has been a while, sir.”

Clyde effortfully smiled and once again lowered his head.

Roan lightly greeted Goden who was standing at the side, then took out the main topic.

There was no more leisure to wait.

“Where is my godfather?”

At those words, Clyde deeply breathed in, then took out a thick envelope from his left chest pocket.

With both hands, he politely extended the envelope.

“Please see it directly.”

Roan looked down for a moment at the envelope, then gently extended his hand.

Tap.

The tip of his fingers touched the envelope.

Every person who was standing there dryly swallowed.

They were all instinctively feeling it.

That the precariously continued era of peace would end the moment that envelope opened.

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“Your majesty. I’m sorry.”

Duke Francis Wilson, one of the Rinse Kingdom's four dukes and the one who supported the current king Deni Von Rinse from the back, lowered his head with grave expression.

“Don't lower head that much. Since it's not something you did wrong.”

A dry voice.

Deni III, who was lying down on a sickbed, effortfully smiled.

Francis was kneeling near the sickbed.

“I will safely keep hold of the royal family's crest and the national seal.”

“Yes. That should be better.”

Deni III slowly nodded his head.

An enfeeble look was clear on his face.

“So it's not that my body got destroyed from the wild lifestyle until now?”

Even though it was a question he already asked a number of times, he wanted to ask again.

Likewise, even though he had said the same answer number of times already, Francis once again answered clearly without an annoyed look.

“Yes, your majesty. Although we can’t tell the kind, you have definitely been poisoned.”

“Hmm.”

Deni III leaked a groan.

Once again, he took out the question in his heart.

“And you can’t tell who the culprit is?”

Francis could only say the same answer.

“I’m sorry, your majesty. We cannot tell at the current time.”

Even though he had stealthily searched the route of poison through various directions, there was not one thing that was clearly revealed.

For a moment, a heavy silence spun.

After who knew how long, Francis effortfully smiled and opened

his mouth.

“Even so, there were doctors and priests’ diagnosis that there is no danger to life. You should be able to instantly shake it off and stand up if your majesty takes care of your health well.”

They were words said with deceit just to comfort the complicated and gloomy heart.

In fact, Deni III merely lost his strength and wasn’t at the edge where life was precarious.

Only, the fact that they couldn’t find out the one who played foul on him was the biggest problem.

‘Me, who is a duke of the kingdom, can’t even catch the tail of the mastermind.’

It meant that, at the very least, the identity of the mastermind was of his influence or higher.

Because of that, Francis discussed with Deni III and decided to move the royal family’s crest and the national seal to a safe place.

‘It’s merely a work in case of the very unexpected, in case of the event that might just happen.’

Francis himself too tried not to hold a big meaning to moving the

crest and the national seal.

At that moment, Deni III looked up at the ceiling with empty eyes and called Francis.

“Francis.”

“Yes. Please speak.”

Francis quickly lowered his head.

Deni III hesitated for a moment, then very arduously added on.

The question he wanted to ask multiple times but couldn't quite ask.

“It's not something my children did, right?”

The First Prince Simon Rinse, the Second Prince Tommy Rinse, the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

A suspicion that they had become blinded by the next generation's throne and fed poison to their father.

It was a suspicion that he didn't even want to think of.

Francis couldn't easily answer.



He gritted his teeth.

He couldn't confidently say the words 'no, absolutely no, your majesty, there was no such event'.

There weren't many people stronger than his faction.

The three princes were included amongst that not so large a number.

"Right. You said that you can't tell at the current time."

Deni shook his head with a hollow look.

Francis quietly watched that sight, then slowly stood up.

"Your subject Francis Wilson. I will be back soon, your majesty."

"Yes. Do come back soon."

It wasn't an evasion.

He planned to move the royal family's crest and the national seal for now and return.

Francis's steps leaving the king's bedroom were heavy yet fast.

But in the future, Francis would end up repeatedly regretting this decision today.

Because history began without even himself knowing and demanded someone's sacrifice.

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He was calm.

Clyde and Goden thought Roan would slam down on the table and scream out in rage.

But he was truly calm.

Roan put down the envelope and then deeply breathed in.

“Are you fine, my lord?”

Austin asked with a careful voice.

Roan tapped the envelope with a tip of his finger, then looked straight at Clyde.

The light in his eyes were fierce.

“Is he truly safe?”

“Yes. For now..... he is, sir.”

Clyde hesitated for a moment, then nodded his head.

“Huu.”

Roan instead let out a long sigh.

“So my godfather is held in the Holy Palace.....’

At the quietly muttered words, the retainers all lowered their heads with subdued expressions.

The Holy Palace.

If just looking at the size, it was a place smaller than the Rinse Palace.

However, the influence they had could be said to be the continent’s greatest.

The headquarter of Ruth Faith that the empire and the kingdom both chose as national faith and the order that ruled over the entire world’s Ruth Faith devotees.

Although they were located within the Estia Empire, their independent status was recognized.

In short, it was a place not even the empire's breath touched.

It was not strange that Agens and the Tenebra Troop couldn't find Io Lancephil's whereabouts.

Rather, the fact that Clyde, who was a mere merchant, found out the news inside the Holy Palace was an incredible feat.

‘Since Clyde Company's roots are originally said to be in the Estia Empire.....’

Furthermore, although the amount was small, they were said to be delivering goods to the Holy Palace.

“He went at Prince Simon's order.....”

Roan muttered in a small voice.

Clyde, whose ears were good, immediately nodded his head.

“Yes sir. Prince Kallum has confirmed that part.”

“Have you not discovered the reason, sir?”

“Yes. We couldn’t find out the reason Sir Io Lancephil went to the Holy Palace. But the fact that the mood at the Holy Palace isn’t good is certain, sir.”

Clyde answered in a careful voice.

However much Kallum and Clyde flew and crawled, they couldn’t find out even the fact that Simon needed the Holy Palace’s God’s Medicine.

Roan slowly nodded his head, then placed the envelope inside his chest pocket.

“It seems I will have to directly ask Prince Simon of that part.”

“A, ask Prince Simon?”

Clyde asked with a slightly surprised expression.

He hadn’t known that Roan might react as quickly like this.

“If you wish, Prince Kallum could look for it, sir.”

He poured out the words he prepared at once.

He planned to give favor and make him carry a debt.

However, Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“No. Even without this, I was planning on having a meeting with Prince Simon. There are various things I need to ask him, you see.”

The light in his eyes coldly sank.

“I apologize, but please empty the seat for a moment.”

“Eh? T, that’s.....”

Clyde fleetingly glanced at Elva.

Elva slightly nodded her head.

“Sir Count. We too wish to involve.....”

When her words reached about that point.

“Baroness Dionell.”

A quietly calling voice.

Light in his eyes that sank even colder.

Gulp.

Elva unconsciously twitched and trembled.

‘There shouldn’t be a need to unnecessarily make petty trouble.’

Although regrettable, now was a time to step back.

Elva signaled at Clyde and Goden with her eyes, then exited out of the conference room.

Clyde and Goden too couldn’t endure any further and followed Elva’s back after politely giving adieu.

Roan, after feeling the presence outside the door, turned towards Austin and Semi, Harrison and Chris, Keep and Brian, and so on.

“We’re going to the capital, Miller.”

A short order.

Austin asked in lieu of everyone.

“Should we ready for march?”

All retainers dryly gulped.

Lead a legion-size force and charge towards the capital.

If not careful, they could receive a crime of treason.

Roan shook his head.

“Only Harrison, Keep, Brian and I are going.”

“It’s too dangerous, sir.”

Chris immediately went out in opposition.

Roan nodded his head.

He too was being careful to not act rashly himself through the conversation with Clay in the past.

“I plan to separately take five hundred Taemusas and Tenebra Troop’s troopers.”

No, to be exact, he planned to make them follow behind secretly, very secretly.

At the order that fell following, the retainers exhaled held breaths and lowered their heads.



“Yes, my lord. We will prepare them as your order.”

The situation advancing rapidly without a pause.

Meanwhile, Elva, Clyde, and Goden, who went out of the conference room, were of fraught feelings of their own.

‘For now, we have to send a letter to Prince Kallum.’

The situation was changing suddenly.

So that Kallum could prepare ahead of time, they had to report the events that were happening in the Lancephil Fief.

But in actuality, the sudden disaster that could flip the world and for both the sky and land to shake exploded in the capital, Miller.

“Urgent news! Urgent news!

Four days later, an agent of Agens raced up with urgent expression to Roan and his party who were about to start towards the capital, Miller.

The agent raced like the wind and kneeled down on one knee in front of Roan.

He, towards the people whose puzzled looks were obvious,

screamed at the top of his throat.

“His Majesty the King’s Ascension!”

A thunder like sound and thunderbolt like shock.

Everyone’s faces stiffly froze.

The agent once again lowered his head and shouted at the top of his throat.

“His Majesty the King has ascended!”

The sudden change began from the capital, Miller.

## Chapter 196 : Sudden Change (2)

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‘Ascension?’

Roan’s face stiffly froze.

It wasn’t something possible.

No, he thought it was something that wasn’t possible.

‘Even though the king died after promoting the Third Prince Kallum to the throne and moving back from the front?’

It definitely happened so in the last life.

Since the First Prince Simon Rinse was seized by madness and became the Mad Monarch in that process.

When everything awoke including the sleeping memories after the hexers’ assault, there was no way that only that memory was incorrect.

‘Of course.....’

The fact that the current King Deni Von Rinse had bad health in the twilight of his life was a truth.

Even Roan, who was a rank and file spearman at the time, had heard the rumor once before that Deni III was living a sickbed life for quite a long time.

Therefore, he thought that was plentily possible even when he heard the news this time that Deni III fell down and was recuperating.

‘But an ascension so suddenly?’

The countless memories and information of the last life whirled inside his head like a storm.

Death of the king.

This was not a usual kind of big event.

‘What happened in the last life after the king has died.....?’

He fumbled through his memories.

Suddenly, a chilly look floated up on his stiffly frozen expression.

‘Byron and Istel.....’

The two kingdoms moved.

It wasn't really because of Deni III's death and the Mad Monarch Simon's rampage was the bigger reason, but based on the time period, the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom raised their armies after Deni III had died.

‘Perhaps this time as well?’

Based on the experiences he went through until now, he couldn't discount such possibility.

The future that was same as the one he knew, the future that was subtly different, the future that didn't exist, and the future that disappeared.

Which future would the world that would unfold beyond Deni III's death be one of?

His thoughts became deeper.

At that moment.

“My lord. Will it be alright to head to the capital, Miller, like this?”

Austin asked with a cautious expression.

Harrison added on.

“As the situation is so, I think there will be a limit with just the Taemusas and the Tenebra Troop’s troopers, my lord.”

“He is right. Since his majesty the king has ascended at a situation when the Grand Duke of Grain still hasn’t been decided, something, whatever it may be, will definitely happen, my lord.”

“A bloody wind could blow in the capital, Miller.”

Numerous stories flowed out.

But their connection was one.

It was dangerous as now.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“We will reorganize the entire legion. Make full preparations so that we can march at any time.”

Austin dryly swallowed at those words.

“Will we be going to the capital, Miller, my lord?”

Nervous looks were obvious on everyone.

Roan slowly shook his head.

“There is a work we must do before that.”

There was a need to check which future the world, the world that would spread out from now on, was one of.

His gaze headed towards Chris and Keep.

“Turn all available members of Agens and Tenebra Troop towards the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom.”

“Ah.....”

A long explanation wasn't particularly needed.

Everyone, together with quiet exclamations, nodded their heads.

There was no way that the enemy nations would simply watch the incredible chaos called the king's death.

Roan's gaze naturally headed towards the northeastern region.

‘I will have to hope that my guess is wrong.....’

The Lancephil Fief's citizens had only now healed the wounds of the last year's fief war and regained peaceful daily lives.

No one including Roan wished for the Lancephil Fief to once again become a battlefield.

“Yes sir! We will carry out the order, sir!”

Soon, Chris and Keep gave salutes and then went inside the lord’s castle.

Since a new mission was given, now was a time to busily move.

A south wind violently blew.

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“Your highness prince. There is no more time to delay.”

“We have to first acquire, no, calm the palace for now.”

“That is correct. Everyone is feeling apprehensive right now.”

“The one who was originally standing furthest at the lead in the throne succession competition is your highness the prince. Your highness the prince entering the palace the foremost is right.”

The nobles who fully filled the conference room raised their veins.



The place the excited voices and gazes headed was the head seat of a long table.

It was the place the First Prince Simon Rinse was sitting on.

“Your highness the prince. The many nobles’ words are correct.”

“Now is the time your highness must move.”

His closest aide nobles such as Tio Ruin and Delph Blick whispered in small voices.

“Hmm.”

Simon exhaled a long sigh with a solidly stiffen expression.

He, with flaring and fierce light in his eyes, looked at Tio.

“Viscount Ruin. My father the king’s health wasn’t serious even when I greeted him just days ago. And that my father the king suddenly passed away?”

His voice was cold.

He looked around at the numerous nobles and added on.

“I simply can’t seem to understand that.”

Rather than feel sad, Simon filled up with rage at the news that his father Deni III had died.

If a little more time had passed like before, he would have been named the Grand Duke of Grain.

He would finally become the Rinse Kingdom's crown prince.

But as Deni III suddenly died, everything became disrupted.

‘It absolutely isn’t a natural death. This is definitely an assassination. I’m not sure who it is, but how dare him block my path.’

The individuals that immediately floated up in his mind were his brothers the Second Prince Tommy Rinse and the Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

His reasons, together with rage, turned hazy.

At that moment.

“Prince. Please analyze the situation cool-headedly.”

Tio advised with an urgent voice.

“You must enter the palace first before anyone else. You will be able to find out everything of what had happened to his majesty the king if you were to only enter the palace.”

At those words, Simon came back to himself a moment late.

The killing intent on his eyes gently disappeared.

‘I almost made a mistake at an important moment again.’

It became more and more difficult to control his consciousness and personality these days.

Simon deeply breathed in.

The inside of his head became a little clearer.

“Alright. Everyone get ready. We are going to the palace.”

An order made with a powerful voice.

“Yes! Understood, your highness!”

The nobles instantly stood up from their seats and answered in loud voices.

On the faces that were exiting the conference room, some fervent

desires were floated up.

‘It’s done. The time to fly has finally come.’

‘I should go up a status at least by one.’

‘I hope he would increase my fief.....’

Imagining the crumbs that would fall down when Simon become the king, they formed foul smiles.

Tio stayed at the conference room until all the nobles went out.

“Prince.”

A very secretive voice.

Simon, who was about to exit out the conference room, paused and stood his place at Tio’s call.

“What is it?”

An unpleased voice.

Tio unnecessarily took a look around the surroundings, then exhaled a short sigh.

“However it is, I think it would be difficult to hide the truth from Count Lancephil any further, your highness.”

“Is this about Sir Io Lancephil?”

Simon’s face solidly stiffened.

Boom!

He slammed down on the table with both hands.

“Damn it. I just don’t understand it! Holy Palace those insane bit.....”

“Please watch your words. Your highness the prince.”

Tio quickly cut off Simon’s words.

Simon effortfully calmed his breath and then shook his head.

“However I think about it, there is no reason for the Holy Palace to detain Sir Io. If they don’t want to hand me the God’s Medicine, they can simply refuse.”

“That certainly is so.”

Tio nodded his head with a bitter expression.

He added on with a secretive voice.

“Could someone perhaps had made a move?”

“To capture Sir Io?”

Tio wordlessly nodded his head when Simon asked back.

It was something plenty possible.

Simon reflexively asked.

“Did Tommy and Kallum have connections to the Holy Palace?”

“Since their personal connections are various, there shouldn’t not be one, your highness.”

“Hmm.”

Simon, together with a groan, bit his lower lips.

Even if he were to reveal who had separately made a move, it was a useless act.

“How about instead truthfully telling Count Lancephil at least now.....”

Tio blurred the end of his words and searched Simon’s mood.

Simon soon shook his head.

“No, I can’t do that. Since the one who sent Sir Io to the Holy Palace was me either way. And the one who tightly hid that for one year was also me. Even while knowing that Count Lancephil was searching for Sir Io that much.”

Even worse, a disgusting scheme to hold Io as a hostage was also included amongst the reasons he sent him to the Holy Palace.

It was better to instead hide it to the end as long as possible.

At the same time, he had to safely return Io who was caught in the Holy Palace.

Only then could he tie Roan to his side as according to the first plan.

Simon still believed so.

“For now, be careful as much as possible so that the information doesn’t leak out.”

He gave a useless order to Tio.

The two people completely didn't know the truth that Roan had already found out Io's whereabouts and the story hidden on the other side.

“Yes, your highness. I will do my best.”

Tio lowered his head.

A look that didn't seem confident for some reason.

Simon tapped such Tio's shoulder and widely opened his chest.

“Viscount Ruin. Open your shoulders. This isn't the time to be dispirited like that.”

Voice that spoke effortfully energetic.

“Should we go to the palace?”

The steps he put out were also bold.

Tio looked at that sight for a moment, then halfheartedly moved his steps.

At least until this time, they did not quite know.



That each step and step they were walking were leading to a foul swamp.

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“Kukuk. I see, so he finally moved.”

“Yes. He has entered the palace.”

A dark secret room.

Eleven men were gathered at a table and were conversing.

Amongst them, the one who was seated at the head seat was one of the Rinse Kingdom's four dukes and Simon's maternal grandfather, Bradley Webster.

An unconcealable glee was floated up on his face.

“Simon. Whomever he takes after, he's simply too sluggish. He probably would have lost the lead already to the other bastards if I hadn't used my hands ahead of time.”

At those words, one of the ten nobles spoke in a furtive voice.

“The one thing certain is that he doesn't take after Sir Duke.

Even though he would already be a king if he took after Sir Duke..... kuk.”

“That is true.”

“He completely takes after his father’s house rather than his mothers. That idiotic Rinse House’s blood.....”

Contumely and haughty words popped out as if they were nothing.

Even worse, Bradley made satisfied expression at those words.

At that moment, Viscount Lapa Kathers, who was one of his close aides, burst out a laughter.

“Kuk. But he did send even that Io old man to the Holy Palace saying he’ll do something.”

At those words, Viscount Billy Contess, who also was one of the close aides, clapped his hands and delighted.

“Right. He did do that. Then what’s he going to do, when we already played a hand even at the Holy Palace. Kukuk.”

“God’s Medicine? Something like that, we would already have gotten him that a long time ago if we wanted. Our Sir Duke and Holy Emperor’s relationship is so close.”

Lapa laughed and echoed.

Bradley, who was sitting still and listening to the nobles' conversation, quietly waved his hand.

Instantly, the noisy secret room turned silent.

“Now, do stop the chatters about here. So what is Simon doing now?”

At those words, the noble who first passed the news of entering the palace cheerily smiled and answered.

“He collected the king's corpse and has sent letters telling his brothers to enter the palace.”

As soon as the words finished, a round of laughter burst out from everywhere.

“What collecting the corpse. They won't know however much they look, you know? Just how furtive do they think our methods are.”

Shocking stories came out.

Deni III's death, they were behind it.

Furthermore.

“Kukukuku. It’s exactly as we expected.”

“Tommy and Kallum should also move as we expected, right?”

“Of course. They’ll never enter the palace.”

“What kind of insane kid walks into a tiger’s den on his two feet?”

Voices full of certainty.

“Even they would never do something like entering the palace if they have a thought.”

Bradley thinly closed his eyes as he formed a peculiar smile.

“The probability of Tommy and Kallum, who are at the kingdom’s south, entering the palace as Simon’s request is basically none. Rather, the chance of openly raising a flag of revolt on Simon since the situation became like this is high.”

“It’s exactly the situation we want.”

Lapa bloodily smiled and echoed back.

Bradley leaned his back on his chair and spat out a long sigh.

“It took truly a long time to come all the way here.”

A period of waiting whose end he couldn't tell.

Even worse, that period wasn't a time only Bradley had felt alone.

“The wish of our house that has continued on since father's, and grandfather's time.”

A deeply moved expression and voice.

The ten nobles who sat around the table tightly clenched their fists.

“Our Webster house is more fitting to be the royal family than that idiotic Rinse House, sir.”

“So the wish that's continued on since the grandfathers' time would finally see the light now.”

The ten nobles.

They were all from Duke Webster House's branch families and

were either close or distant blood relatives.

“We only need to do the end well. Just the end.....”

Bradley deeply breathed in.

“Now we only need to egg Simon to attack Tommy and Kallum and make them bloodily fight each other.”

A sharp killing intent was rubbed on his voice.

“Simon will ultimately end up winning. But the kingdom will fall into misery from the three princes’ throne succession war.”

Lapa added on the final words.

“The kingdom’s citizens will step up to denounce Simon. And at that very moment.....”

“The bastard’s evil mana explodes! Is this not it?”

Billy shouted with a completely elated expression.

Bradley nodded his head.

“Yes. Simon will be caught by the evil mana and become a mad tyrant, and the kingdom’s citizens will suffer even further.”

For this day, for this situation, he taught that very forbidden mana technique to him since he was young.

Elated looks were clear on the nobles' faces.

Bradley's story reached climax.

“At that moment, I, with the heart of a grandfather, with a feeling of shedding bloody tears, will step up to punish the grandson and a tyrant Simon for the kingdom and its citizens.”

“Kuuh!”

Numerous nobles couldn't endure and revealed their elated hearts.

The tips of their mouths were all hanging on their ears.

“In the end, Simon will have his neck cut on my hands and the throne will become empty. The citizens' anger towards the Rinse Royalty will have reached its apex and will want a new person to lead them.”

Furthermore, a situation where there would be no direct bloodline of the Rinse House to continue the throne due to the throne succession war's impact.

Bradley ended his words and gently stared at all nobles' eyes.

The tips of his eyes and mouth sharply trembled.

“The royal family of the new era, of the new kingdom is.....”

Boom!

Bradley slammed the desk with his palm.

“Our Webster House.”

A sickening and hideous truth.

Bradley and the Webster House.

They were behind the Rinse Kingdom's sudden change.

For the house's wish that continued on for tens of years, they had been hiding razor-sharp talons.

Bradley abruptly stood up from his seat.

“We too will go to the palace.”

The nobles all stood up from their seats.



Bradley, standing in front of the secret room's door, shone a sharp light from his eyes.

“Although we enter the palace with status of guests for now, the next time.....”

The smile hanging on his cheeks became much deeper.

“We will enter the palace as owners.”

# Chapter 197 : Sudden Change (3)

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The entire Rinse Kingdom was engulfed in war.

The First Prince Simon Rinse.

The Second Prince Tommy Rinse.

The Third Prince Kallum Rinse.

The three princes pointed their swords at each other.

A tragedy of kindred feud.

The three camps, with the capital, Miller, at the center, repeated fierce battles.

And at the kingdom's northeastern region slightly afar from there.

At that place, a battle of completely different character was unfolding.

“Kuk!”

“Uak!”

Bitter and gruesome throes of death echoed the battlefield.

Bloodred steel swords bisecting the heads and the chests.

Solid horse hooves trampling the chests of barely breathing soldiers.

The fiercest battle under the sky.

But the most one-sided battle was unfolding on a riverside field.

“Damn it! This is ridiculous! Ridiculous!”

A middle-aged man wearing a brilliant armor was shouting as he swung a longsword.

A rage-filled roar.

He simply couldn't accept the situation unfolding in front of his eyes.

Two kingdoms against one kingdom.

Even still, the situation of that one kingdom was not even sound.

He thought that it was a war with an obvious result.

“I thought it would be different at least this time.....”

The light in his eyes were hollow.

The rage disappeared and a despondent look floated up.

Brutally falling allied soldiers.

Beyond them, soldiers wearing crimson armors were running riot like evil spirits.

“So even the soldiers are ghosts in the Crimson Legion.”

Sage Celuman, one of the Istel Kingdom Army’s generals and one who held the status of a baron, tightly clenched his teeth.

“Even if I die when I die, I’ll die after cutting one more of you bastards’ throats.”

Sound spat out like gnawing each and every letter.

At that moment.

“That would be problematic.”

From the edge of his ears, a quiet and soft but powerful voice was heard.

Sage instinctively turned his head and swung his sword.

Clang!

A spark flew together with a metallic sound.

“Hgh.”

Suddenly, an incredible presence choked his breath.

‘Just what.....’

Between the arduousness, he forcefully clenched his teeth and glaringly opened his eyes.

“Ah.....”

A dispiriting feeling.

“You, you are.....”

At the place his sight stuck.

At the place his horse's head led towards, a young man suited with a crimson armor and a crimson cloak stood.

The vanguard of the crimson wave and the owner of the Crimson Legion.

The man who anyone would tremble at if one was of the Istel Kingdom Army.

Roan Lancephil the Crimson Ghost.

He, while slantly holding the black Traviass Spear, was pouring out an incredible presence.

“Uuuuh.”

Sage trembled while clenching his teeth.

His heart wanted to immediately swing his sword and cut Roan's neck.

However, his hands and feet froze and couldn't do anything.

‘A, are you telling me that I, Sage Celuman, got scared?’

A situation he didn't wish to believe.

He was not such a coward.

He was a fierce warrior who would unhesitantly go out to the final duel even if his neck got cut from lack of his skill.

Sage, clenching his teeth, glared at Roan with bloody eyes.

That was the only thing he could do.

Roan, calmly looking at Sage's such gaze, formed a faint smile.

'The binding hex is being quite a help.'

A satisfying and proud feeling.

In truth, there was a reason why Sage couldn't move his body that he couldn't know of.

Roan had performed the hex he effortfully trained and honed for the last one year as a surprise attack.

A thing categorized as basic binding hex, it had the effect of momentarily paralyzing the body.

And when Roan's pressure and presence was added here, even a heavyweight of Sage's level could only be caught by the spell unless one defended oneself in advance.

‘Since there is no one who knows that I’m using hexes.’

Preparing for hexes in advance was illogical.

Roan lightly swung the spear he held.

Ssskuk!

The sharp spearhead cut Sage’s neck.

A hollow death.

One Taemusa who was following along at this side stabbed Sage’s neck with the tip of his spear and then raised it up high.

“The lord has cut off the enemy general’s head!”

“Waaaaaah!”

Instantly, cheers exploded out from every direction.

“Uuuuh.”

“Ru, run!”



“Run!”

“They’re ghosts! Ghosts!”

The Celuman Troop fell apart into pieces and began retreating in defeat.

Roan, without hesitating, gave the order for chase.

“Chase them! Do not send back the invaders sound!”

Only when they indisputably trampled and crush them could they not come and attack again.

Roan personally led the soldiers on the front line.

It was different than the carefree commanding of his rank and file soldier time that Clay worried so much of.

It was the commanding of a great general that raised up the morale and the spirits of the soldiers below him.

Already, there was no one on this battlefield who could endure Roan’s skills.

He was the sole predator of this expansive battlefield.

The Istel's small and frail deers ran and ran again dodging Roan.

Of course, even though they would be swallowed by the tsunami-like crimson wave even so.

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“Die!”

“You die instead!”

Bloody roars rode the wind and flowed.

On an afternoon that hot southern winds blew, the plain that shone with emerald light began to be colored blood red.

< Simon Rinse. >

< Tommy Rinse. >

The two princes' armies clashed at Stellan Castle located at the southwest of the capital, Miller.

The Stellan Castle was a place that supported Tommy since long before.

Tommy was confident that he could employ the sturdy Stellan

Castle as a shield and repel Simon.

But when the battle actually began, the war situation flowed differently than he had thought.

“Damn it! To think Simon’s skills were this good.”

Tommy harshly emptied his wine cup together with a curse.

“Kuugh.”

A pungent fragrance rode his throat and climbed up.

“P, prince. Even so, drinking on the battlefield is.....”

One amongst the commanders stepped up to remonstrate.

The faces of nearby nobles bleached white.

As expected.

“This bitch dares!”

Tommy pulled out a longsword just like that and slashed the neck of the commander who raised a protest.

“Gurruk.”

An absurd death.

It was a dog’s death.

‘He’s doing it again.’

‘Just who would want to stay at his side like this.....’

Few nobles lowered their heads and exhaled short sighs.

In fact, the nobles who followed Tommy, after the three princes began the war over the throne, began to slowly hold their swords backwards as time passed.

Putting aside the fact that his abilities were deficient compared to his ambition, it was because Tommy’s personality was cruel and supercilious.

‘I should also rethink once more around now.’

‘Prince Tommy is hopeless.’

‘He’s already started to be pushed back even by Prince Kallum.’

Schism.

Cracks were forming in Tommy's camp from the very bottom.

“What happened with Duke Voisa?”

Tommy, knowing or perhaps not knowing such mood, looked for his maternal grandfather Duke Edwin Voisa.

The nobles reacted timorously and couldn't easily answer.

“I asked if he's here yet!”

In the end, Tommy exploded once more.

“N, not yet, your highness.”

“Duke Voisa is still on standby at his fief, your highness.”

“He is waiting for his firstborn Mills Voisa.”

The nobles flinched and quickly poured out words.

Tommy huffed and breathed deeply, then once again emptied his cup.

“Kuugh. I see. So he is still waiting. Still waiting.....”

He didn't like it.

If he could, he wanted to immediately throw him onto his knees and cut his neck whether maternal grandfather or not.

But to flip the current unfavorable war situation, he was absolutely needed.

No, to be exact, his firstborn, Mills Voisa, was needed.

“Kuku. Simon, Kallum. They must be laughing at me right now, no? Alright, laugh and curse to your heart's content. Since there isn't even much time left to do so.”

Only Mills, who was out in the Estia Empire, needed to come back.

“The moment Mills return together with the Imperial Army, the Rinse Kingdom will become mine. Kukuku.”

Together with a crazed laughter, Tommy shone horrifying light from his eyes.

He once again emptied his wine cup, then stood up from his seat.

The wide plain that spread outside the castle wall was seen.

“Uaaak!”

“Kuuk!”

“Die!”

The sight of his soldiers one-sidedly falling down.

Tommy looked at Simon’s forces that approached as if to immediately capture the Stellan Castle and threw his cup.

“Hii.”

Few nobles shrank back with completely scared expressions.

Tommy for a moment looked back with disinterested eyes at the nobles, then curtly spoke.

“Let’s go. We will abandon Stellan Castle.”

A truly simple and light decision.

The Stellan Castle, the strategic points amongst strategic point, the fortress amongst fortresses, wasn’t a place that should be easily abandoned like so or easily conquered.

But with the slightly unfavorable war situation as an excuse, Tommy made an idiotic decision.

The nobles, without the heart to dare remonstrate, only lowered their heads.

Even to them, there was only one life and was greatly precious.

“Yes, your highness. We will follow as you command.”

An absurd situation.

A situation of the entire command group retreating in a situation where thousands of soldiers were fighting with their lives had arose.

The news inside the castle soon was passed to the outside.

“We’re already retreating?”

“Then what about us?!”

“Damn it!”

Tommy’s soldiers, who were fighting against Simon’s forces, panicked with half dazed expressions.



Simon immediately noticed Tommy's forces' change.

“So the idiotic little brother has ordered an even more idiotic command.”

Simon, who was watching the situation, bloodily smiled and pulled out his sword.

Viscount Tio Ruin and so on, who were at the side, took up their own weapons with tense expressions.

Simon glared at the Stellan Castle of firm walls and kicked his horse.

“We are conquering the castle in a single breath!”

A sonorous voice.

Tio and numerous warriors followed his back.

“Attack!”

“Attack! Capture the castle!”

A force of thousands, tens of thousands charged towards the Stellan Castle at once.

The Stellan Castle, where the command group had already left, was no different than a candle before a wind.

“Su, surrender! We surrender!”

“We were wrong, sir!”

“We’ll throw our weapons away, sir!”

Tommy’s soldiers quickly threw down their weapons and lay down on the ground.

A situation where the entire command group including Tommy had already left.

In the middle of this, there was nothing they, common soldiers, could do.

Boom!

Together with an deafening boom, even the tightly closed castle gate widely opened.

The defending soldiers who were left inside all ran up and lay down on the ground.

“Waaaah!”

“The enemy has surrendered!”

“It’s our victory!”

Simon’s soldiers shouted cheers and reveled in the joy of victory.

Simon and the numerous nobles stared at the Stellan Castle in front of the drawbridge.

Smiles floated up on their faces.

“I didn’t know that we will capture the Stellan Castle that is famed to be impregnable so easily like this, sirs.”

“This is all thanks to your highness the prince’s outstanding abilities.”

“You are truly amazing, your highness.”

The nobles’ flattery and sycophancy poured down.

Tio looked at the thousands of soldiers who were lying down on the ground and made delighted expression.

“We will reform the surrendered to each troop, your highness.”

A situation where a single soldier was regrettable.

Thousands of surrendered soldiers were a great military strength.

At that moment, Simon, who had been quietly watching the situation, gave an order with calm voice.

“We will kill every surrendered soldier.”

Because it was such as calm order, even Tio unknowingly nodded his head.

“Yes, your highness. Under..... eh?! Wha, what did you just say, your highness?”

But he soon grasp the order's meaning and formed startled expression.

That was also the same for the other nobles.

“P, prince. Even the surrendered are our kingdom's people.”

“Those guys are also the same Rinse people, your highness.”

Flustered voices.

But Simon, as if to say what did that matter, widely opened his eyes.

“Are you telling me to forgive the bastards who pointed their swords at me for merely such reason?”

“Tha, that is.....”

The nobles, with panicked expressions, quibbled their words.

Simon soon burst out a laughter.

“Furthermore, there are still many who follow Tommy and Kallum within the kingdom. I plan to clearly show them. Of what happens if they raise their swords at me.....”

A killing intent reflected on his eyes.

‘The evil mana again.....’

Tio clenched his teeth.

He stepped up to raise a protest to Simon.

But.

‘Even though it is a truly vicious and cruel order, prince’s word is

not wrong.....’

What if they could sacrifice the surrendered soldiers in front of their eyes and save many more people’s lives?

Gulp.

Tio dryly swallowed.

His gaze went towards Simon.

Simon was already looking at Tio.

A light in his eyes that said “you understand me, right?”.

“Huu.”

Tio spat out a long sigh and stepped back.

The faces of nobles, who were at least putting their hopes on Tio, turned pitch dark.

On the other hand, an odd smile floated up on Simon’s face.

He looked at the surrendered soldiers prostrating on the ground and once again gave the order.

“Kill them all without leaving a single one left.”

A cold voice.

The answer did not easily come out.

However, they couldn't disobey the order either.

“Yes. Understood.”

Finally, numerous nobles lowered their heads.

Simultaneously, numerous commanders led the troops and moved.

“Eh? Eh?”

“Wha, what are you doing?”

“We, we are also Rinse people, you know?”

“I came out to the battlefield for the first time yesterday.”

“I only came because they said they'll give flour. Really.”

“Let me live. Let me live!”

The surrendered soldiers falteringly stepped back and shouted.

“So you should’ve chosen your master wisely.”

“It’s all you bastards’ fault.”

The hearts of Simon’s soldiers who had to execute the order were also uneasy.

They shifted the blame of the current situation onto the surrendered.

Since they could only lessen the guilt even a little bit by doing so.

“We are also Rinse people!”

“You sons of bitches!”

“Uaak!”

“Kuuk!”

Curses and screams.



Wailing cries filled the battlefield.

Simon and the nobles watched that sight for a moment, then soon turned their horses and disappeared.

They moved to find the next prey.

Screams, without ending, kept continuing on at the Stellan Castle.

Simon's vicious and cruel order seemed to radiate with light.

Because few commanders and nobles who followed Tommy and Kallum became afraid in advance and surrendered one after another.

"Hahaha! All of you look! Were my words not correct? Yes? Hahaha!"

Simon bursted out a crazed laughter.

Numerous nobles effortfully smiled and nodded their heads.

However, a corner in their hearts still felt heavy like lead.

"Hahahaha!"

Simon's laughter pierced the sky and spread out in every direction.

It was a crazed laughter of a true sense.

But he did not quite know.

That a black flower sculpted by his wretched order was growing in the shade.

The black flower soundlessly and dolefully cried.

The people who inscribed a black flower symbol on their chests.

They all gathered their mouths as one and whispered.

“We are no longer Rinse Kingdom's citizens.”

# Chapter 198 : Sudden Change (4)

---

Simon Rinse, Tommy Rinse, Kallum Rinse.

The Rinse Kingdom's three princes raised a war over the throne.

At the time when King Deni Von Rinse left the world, Simon, who was staying at the capital, Miller, at the time, entered the palace foremost, recovered the king's corpse, and calmed the palace.

He, while getting into funeral preparation, promptly sent letters to Tommy and Kallum, who were staying in the kingdom's south, to immediately enter the palace.

But Tommy and Kallum, who realized that Deni III had died without choosing the next generation's crown, did not follow Simon's order and instead raised armies.

To this, Simon too instantly reacted.

He raised a large scale force together with the nobles who supported him and then attacked Tommy and Kallum.

At this time, he also sent a conscription order to Roan, the allied leader of the northeastern region and who had the strongest military force in the Rinse Kingdom, but Roan refused.

No, he could only refuse.

Because the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom had timely came and invaded.

Roan, cooperating with the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander Viscount Aaron Tate, organized a defending army. (t/n note: Aaron Tate was a Baron back in ch. 153 Poskein Subjugation (1) which is the last time he appeared according to my memory, but the author seems to have changed his status in this chapter.)

A situation where other nobles were absentminded by the throne succession war and weren't even lending their fief regiments.

Roan was essentially facing two kingdoms by himself.

From a glance, it was a greatly disadvantageous situation.

But in reality, the war situation flowed favorably, and one-sidedly at that towards Roan.

Although there were various reasons, the biggest were four.

First was that the defense of the Lancephil Fief, which touched borders with the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom, was well-made to a perfect degree.

Following the kingdom's border, gateways and forts were located without a single gap for even water to flow. (t/n: "without a single gap for even water to flow" is a Korean phrase for really tight. Use "without a single leaking gap" instead?)

The second was Lancephil Fief Regiment's mighty military strength.

The Lancephil Fief Regiment boasted a military strength mighty enough to be unable to be seen as a mere fief regiment. The actions of Taemusas, which anyone could apply for so long as their abilities were met unlike knights that emphasized bloodline and house, were in fact incredible.

Although the Lancephil Mana Technique, the further developed and tinkered Tale Mana Technique that was born through three kingdom's basic mana techniques, wasn't a very powerful mana technique, it was a truly effective mana technique that even ordinary soldiers could show great effects if they persistently trained.

The Byron Kingdom Army and the Istel Kingdom Army, which were relying on few knights, were being helplessly defeated by the Lancephil Fief Regiment's Taemusas.

The third was the existence of Poskein Navy.

The Poskein Navy, which had seized the Poskein Lake's North, West, and East, boasted a mighty military force with the military port of Exos Island as its base.

No, rather than a mighty military force, it was almost the sole navy force amongst the numerous kingdoms.

The Poskein Navy, when the Istel Kingdom invaded through land route, separately crossed the Poskein Lake's North and directly hit the Istel Kingdom's rear western region.

Thanks to that, the Istel Kingdom Army had an obstruction formed in their ration supplying and couldn't exhibit proper strength.

Byron Kingdom Army too, as the Istel Kingdom Army that they invaded together with kept collapsing and getting held back, experienced various bottleneck problems in their advance.

And the biggest reason that the two kingdoms couldn't maintain a sound strength.

The Pershion Kingdom, which touched borders with the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom, had suddenly raised an army.

The Pershion Kingdom, the instant the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom attacked the Lancephil Fief, immediately attacked the two kingdoms' borders.

The Pershion Kingdom's Prince Manus Pershion had personally raised an army to help Roan.

Thanks to that, the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom couldn't focus their entire strength on only Roan due to minding their frontlines with the Pershion Kingdom.

With these various reasons, Roan had not only perfectly blocked the two kingdoms but also was going out on a fierce counterattack.

But because the three princes were able to focus on the throne succession war thanks to Roan's such grand performance, it could be said to be a truly paradoxical situation.

“Phlam Region Victory Report, my lord!”

“Traltier Fort Victory Report, sir!”

“Pinto Gateway Victory Report, sir!”

Messengers raced up from every direction.

Undisguisable pride floated up on the faces of retainers who fully filled the conference hall.

The things that were arriving one after another were all news of victory.

Everyone's gazes turned towards Roan.

Currently, he had completely destroyed the Istel Kingdom Army's main army and had returned to the Mediasis Castle.

“If it's like this, the two kingdoms won't be able to hold any further and retreat, my lord.”

“We should now slowly think of what to receive as war reparation, sirs.”

“Hahaha. I knew that we were strong, but I didn't know that we were possibly this strong, my lord.”

Voices overflowing with confidence.

But in actuality, Roan had no particular words.

There was a separate messenger he was waiting for.

After who knew how long.

“The agents have arrived, my lord.”

The door abruptly opened and Chris appeared.

Roan deeply breathed in as he nodded his head.

Soon, more than twenty agents of Agens appeared.



They lined up on one side of the grand conference room and saluted.

Roan looked at the agent who stood leftmost amongst them and nodded his head.

“Should we hear it?”

A lightly asking sound.

The agent lightly bowed his head then took out a small piece of paper from his clothes.

“I have monitored the Arrten Region of the kingdom’s West, my lord.”

The Arrten Region was one of the places the three princes’ throne succession war was unfolding.

The report that followed afterwards was truly horrendous.

“Ebbing and flowing battles are unfolding and the losses of the kingdom’s citizens are becoming severe, sir. Furthermore, in the case of Prince Simon, he is either killing or turning surrendered soldiers into captives.”

Many retainers formed shocked expressions.

“The surrenders soldiers?”

“Even though they are all citizens of the same kingdom as us?”

Sounds of shaking heads.

The agent bitterly smiled and continued his report.

“The bigger problem is Prince Tommy’s side, sirs. At that place.....”

He couldn’t easily continue the words and hesitated.

“He laughs at people’s lives. Not only thoughtlessly killing his soldiers and retainers, he is even killing the ordinary citizens of the kingdom.”

“What?!”

“No, how could such a thing.....”

“Ridiculous.”

The retainers angrily opened their eyes and shouted.

Roan was also the same.

With his brows creased, he bit his lower lips.

The agent's story continued.

“Prince Simon had once executed all surrendered soldiers. Afterwards, few troops of Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum became scared and surrendered to Prince Simon.”

“Hmm.”

Roan leaked a short groan.

The situation of how it happened roughly became drawn inside his head.

“It must have been on the pretext of executing the traitors.”

At Roan's words, the agents nodded their heads.

“Yes. That is correct. Prince Tommy has recaptured the troops and regions that had betrayed him and has committed a revenge of blood.”

It was an absurd event.

Even though it was the middle of the throne succession war, everyone was the same Rinse Kingdom's citizens.

No, even when in a war with an enemy kingdom, no one carelessly touched the ordinary citizens of the kingdoms.

Because controlling the captured land became difficult later on in the case ordinary citizens' resentments poured down.

Furthermore, there was no particular need to create infamy.

Unless one planned to become a despot.

“He's crazy.”

“Even if he climbs to the throne after doing such rabid acts, just how would the kingdom run properly.”

The retainers shook their heads with expressions full of rage.

The agent's report continued on.

“Prince Kallum is showing the most faultless actions, but.....”

As expected, the aftertaste wasn't good.

The agent exhaled a short sigh.

“Prince Kallum seems to be trying to pull in a foreign power, my lord.”

“By foreign power, Aimas Union?”

In the first place, Kallum had a rather deep relationship with Aimas Union.

It was because his maternal grandfather Liss Kowan had a friendship with Aimas for a long time.

But Aimas Union was, with the Poskein Lake in between, far away from the Rinse Kingdom.

Them sending an army to the Rinse Kingdom shouldn't be an easy task.

At that moment, the agent shook his head.

“No my lord. It seems he had joined hands with the north's Diez Kingdom. And.....”

A truly troubled expression.

He hesitated for a moment, than cautiously continued his words.

“There are rumors that he joined hands even with the Istel Kingdom.”

“Istel Kingdom?”

The retainers soon creased their brows and asked back.

The Istel Kingdom was an invading kingdom.

To join hands with the enemy kingdom, it simply wasn't something that one would do with a sane mind.

“It's a field of dogs.” (t/n note: Korean phrase meaning “mess/chaos”, but I translated it directly to maintain the vulgar tone.)

Ultimately, someone couldn't hold back and burst out in rage.

It wasn't a speech that a mere noble house's retainer could dare to say of princes.

However, there was no one who berated him.

With current situation, the Rinse Kingdom would fall into hell regardless of whoever became the king amongst the three princes.

The reports of the agents that followed too were gruesome and

horrendous.

“I have monitored the Hoel Region of the East, my lord.”

“I have monitored Mist Region of the South.”

“I have monitored Southeast’s.....”

“I.....”

The reports of the regions where the throne succession war was unfolding kept continuing.

Like the first report, the other regions too were suffering from the princes’ wrongdoings and idiotic orders.

Execution of surrendered, destruction of villages, enslavement of the kingdom’s citizens.....

Everything was of worst.

In no time, it became the final agent’s turn.

“I have monitored the capital, Miller.”

The center of the Rinse Kingdom and where the apex of the political power was located.

“There was no noteworthy state of crisis in the capital, Miller, because it was under Prince Simon’s control. But.....”

As expected it wasn’t a good report.

“Prince Simon raided the noble houses that support Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum and has executed all of their families and relatives. On top of this, he immediately hunted down and arrested even in the case of citizens who show actions that may perhaps support other princes and is sending them to the Grain Mountains’ mines.”

“It’s a hell there too.”

The retainers formed bitter smiles.

“And this is a rumor circulating amongst few nobles, but.....”

The agent too formed a bitter smile.

“They say that Prince Simon is preparing a coronation ceremony.”

The retainers once again asked back with shocked expressions.

“Coronation ceremony? On what grounds?”



“Even though the throne succession war is still going on?”

“Would other princes and their supporting factions stay still?”

At those words, the agent answered in a calm voice.

“It seems to be a judgment that there is no big issue since he already rules over more than half of the kingdom’s land, sirs. Anyhow, that is a rumor that is going around amongst few nobles. And.....”

His gaze headed towards Roan.

The agent, deeply breathing in, formed a peculiar smile.

“There is an odd rumor that is going around amongst the Miller Castle’s residents, and especially between ordinary commoners.”

“An odd rumor?”

Roan showed a reaction.

The smile hanging on the agent’s mouth became much thicker.

“It’s a rumor that says, since the kingdom and the citizens have fallen into distress and screams don’t end anywhere due to the

three princes' throne succession war, a hero who would break up and save this situation must appear."

"Hmm."

Roan leaked a quiet groan.

The agent's story continued.

"And every person, as that hero,....."

He left the end of his words hanging.

Naturally, everyone's gazes headed towards Roan.

The agent cheerfully smiled and finished his words.

"Is choosing my lord."

The retainers smiled along and nodded their heads.

Even for them to think of, that rumor was not so wrong.

The sole person who was shining even in such a difficult situation.

That person was in fact Roan.

But in actuality, Roan had no particular change in expression.

He complimented the agents who had worked hard, then called away all the retainers and only left Chris at his side.

“A hell opened up over the entire kingdom.”

His heart felt bitter.

Chris, together with a short sigh, nodded his head.

“I can more than understand their feelings of wanting a hero, my lord.”

He looked straight at Roan’s two eyes.

“To the three princes, the kingdom’s citizens are currently existences same as mote. They have no thoughts of looking after and embracing them. Rather, they treat them as burdensome existences.”

Existences who were only being hindrances to going all the way to the apex of political power, the throne of the king.

The three princes considered them to be just that much.

Roan deeply breathed in.

“Your thoughts?”

A shortly asking sound.

Chris unhesitantly answered.

“You save them, my lord. They require of my lord.”

A voice bold and full of certainty.

Roan quietly stared straight at Chris’s eyes.

A silence flowed.

Although there were no words, many stories were held within the two people’s gazes.

Finally, Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Chris.”

“Yes. My lord.”

Chris stood up from his seat and lowered his head.

Roan too leaned on the table with his hand and stood up from his seat.

“Bring Clay.”

“Are you finally calling him, sir?”

Chris delighted and asked.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. I now plan to personally set the board and draw the picture.”

The big picture called salvation of the kingdom and its citizens.

Clay would become the paint that would draw that picture.

His heart quickly raced.

At the same time, the tips of his mouth gently went up.

“Let us go flip the world.”

# Chapter 199 : Sudden Change (5)

---

“Have you heard the rumor?”

“What rumor?”

“What do you mean what rumor. The rumor about Sir Count Lancephil.”

“Ah..... I heard it, I heard it of course.”

Few soldiers gathered and chatted in quiet voices.

On their chests, a blue longsword symbolizing the Second Prince Tommy Rinse was etched.

The soldier who first spoke up, with a slightly nervous look, added on.

“Sir Count Lancephil repelled the Byron Kingdom Army and the Istel Kingdom Army and.....”

When his words reached about that point.

“Nah, it isn't that Sir Count Lancephil repelled them. From what I heard, the Pershion Kingdom invaded the two kingdoms.....”

Thin-eyed soldier cut in with a sharp voice.

Instantly, numerous soldiers squinted their eyes.

“The two kingdoms weren’t even a match for Sir Count Lancephil even before the Pershion Kingdom attacked, you know?”

“Right. They probably haven’t even won once, no?”

“It was Sir Count Lancephil’s complete victory.”

The voices turned higher.

Although all the soldiers were following Tommy, they too were Rinse Kingdom’s citizens.

Roan, who achieved complete victories against the two kingdoms, Byron and Istel, whenever the kingdom was in difficulty, was their pride and treasure.

“I, I got it. I just meant that the rumors are like that.”

The thin-eyed soldier shrunk back his head and formed an awkward smile.

The soldier who spoke up first glared his eyes once, then

continued his words.

“Anyway, it looks like Sir Count Lancephil is going to enter the throne succession war full on after defeating the two kingdom’s armies. I heard the rumors that he already has completely subdued the surrounding regions around Lancephil County.”

Another soldier nodded his head and echoed.

“And those subduing weren’t simple subjugation either. They say that the number of places he subdued with force is a small minority. It seems that the countryside nobles who followed Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum raced to surrender the moment the news Sir Count Lancephil has entered the war was passed. He has subdued the kingdom’s northern region without even fighting.”

“Thanks to that, they say the supporting factions in the North that were barely continuing their existences all got wiped out.”

“Now the north of the capital, Miller, has truly become Prince Simon’s territory.”

One soldier bitterly smiled and sighed.

At that moment, the thin-eyed soldier who got a round of curses once again spoke in a gruff voice.

“Tch. We don’t know that. Whether it’s Prince Simon’s territory or Sir Count Lancephil’s territory.....”



“What?”

The other soldiers creased their foreheads once more and glared at the thin-eyed soldier.

“Wha, what..... no I’m just.....”

When he awkwardly smiled and tried to lay out excuses.

“No. Those words do have a point.”

The soldier who spoke up the story about Roan shrugged his shoulders.

Soon following, other soldiers echoed.

“Right. And since the topic came up, isn’t Sir Count Lancephil much better than Prince Simon from our position?”

“Right. They do say that Prince Simon executed all surrendered soldiers before.....”

“If Prince Simon climbs to the throne like this.....”

The soldiers wordlessly unfolded their world of imagination in their heads.

“Uuuuh.”

River of blood, mountain of corpses.

A horrible end as plain as day.

Goosebumps peaked all over their bodies.

And what was even worse was..

‘That it doesn’t feel like it’ll get quite better even if we serve Prince Tommy like this.’

That was also the same in Kallum’s case.

Regardless of whoever amongst the three princes became the king, the Rinse Kingdom would meet an era of schism and strife.

A sigh flowed out.

It wasn’t just one or two people.

“Huu..... just how did the kingdom become like this.....”

All the soldiers dropped their heads and spat out long sighs.

“Anyhow, since Sir Count Lancephil has completely subdued the kingdom’s northern region, he should soon come to Eastbury Region here.”

The place closest to the North with the capital, Miller, as the center was the very Eastbury Region here.

Because it was also a strategic point of its own, it was also a place that Simon sent the Relt Legion, Tommy the Uppe Legion, and were intensely waging a battle.

The Uppe Legion’s soldiers nodded with dark light on their faces.

The time to face the Crimson Ghost and the Crimson Legion had drawn right in front of their noses.

Suddenly.

“There’s no need to have such worries already.”

Together with a crude voice, an explosive and muscular man appeared.

“Ah, squad commander.”

“Please sit here, sir.”

The soldiers stood up and lowered their heads as they moved to the sides.

The muscular man called the squad commander took place between the soldiers and burst out a bizarre laughter.

“Kukuk. It’ll take at least ten days if he were to lead a large-scale legion and climb south to here from the kingdom’s North. There’s no need to worry already.”

It was the truth.

Although he would arrive in only two to three days or so if he only led the cavalry and climbed south, he couldn’t do something so reckless with a great war before him.

If he were to set a complete legion including infantry and supply troops and climb south, it took at least six days regardless of however fast he was.

Even then, it was about that much when he would do an incredibly strained march.

The squad commander eccentrically smiled and clapped his hands.

“So all of you rest well and save up on your strength instead.

Because a big battle will happen ten days from now.”

At those words, one of the soldiers cautiously asked.

“The opponent is the Crimson Legion said to be the kingdom’s strongest. Could we be a match to them?”

“He’s right.”

“Our Uppe Legion is made up of fief regiments.....”

It was a united legion made up of numerous nobles’ fief regiments.

The squad commander, at the soldiers’ moaning sounds, snickered out a laugh and pointed towards the outside of the camp.

“We began camp maintenance work starting today. And we decided to make pitfalls on the outside of the camp. If we were to do wage a grand battle, a frontal fight with strength against strength, the possibility of us losing will be high. But if we face them after placing pitfalls beforehand and thicken our camp’s defense, even the Lancephil Fief Regiment won’t be able to do anything.”

“Ah! So we’re doing a type of a castle defense battle?”

“Right. That’s exactly it. We’ll just plant ourselves tight in our

camp and hold onto their ankles.”

The squad commander loudly laughed and nodded his head.

A castle defense battle waged in a field battle.

It was the strategy decided through the commanders’ meeting.

The Uppe Legion’s commanders didn’t show useless pride or ambition.

They had meekly recognized Roan and the Lancephil Fief Regiment’s might and had decided to stick themselves inside the camp and fight.

“So don’t worry too much.”

The squad commander, standing up from his seat, looked towards the north.

Confidence overflowed on his face.

“Because even the Lancephil Fief Regiment, that Crimson Legion won’t be able to conquer our camp.”

At those words, many soldiers clenched their teeth and nodded their heads.

Confidences filled up from places deep within their hearts.

‘Right. If we prepare and get ready from far beforehand, even the Crimson Legion won’t be able to do anything.’

‘They’re fighting on top of our palms. There’s nothing to be afraid of.’

‘Since we’ll place pitfalls and even thicken our camp’s defenses further.’

Their eyes flashed and shone with light.

However, such confidences of Uppe Legion’s soldiers were crumbled to dust in merely two days.

“Wha, what’s that?”

“Tha, that’s.....”

The Uppe Legion’s soldiers stood on the camp’s watchtowers and stared towards the north.

All of their expressions were half-dazed.

Especially the soldiers who were setting up the traps outside the

camp, seeing the white fume that fully filled the northern sky, froze like stone statues.

“I, isn’t that the Lancephil Fief Regiment?”

One amongst the soldiers pointed at the a highly soaring flag.

A flag that, together with a flower petal, two sets of spears and a shield were drawn.

It was definitely the old Baron Tale House’s crest and the current Count Lancephil House’s crest.

Dudududududu!

Soon, the sound of horse hooves shaking the ground hit their ears.

The dust cloud scattered and hundreds, thousands of cavalries showed up behind the highly soaring flag.

“Eh, eh, eh, eh!”

“Ho, how is the Lancephil Fief Regiment already?!”

Eyes widely opening as if they couldn’t believe.



Suddenly.

Drrrrrr!

Together with a monstrous sound and parting the dust clouds, no, raising the dust clouds, more than tens of giant-sized carriages appeared.

“Wha, what is that now?”

“There’s a carriage as big as that?”

“Rather than that, look at the horses pulling the carriages!”

The Uppe Legion’s soldiers, with their mouths wide open, scowl at the carriages.

Shockingly, only two ordinary horses were all that were pulling the giant carriages.

Clank! Clank!

The metal armor the warhorses wore clashed against each other and produced metallic sounds.

“S, shouldn’t we be running away?”

“Uuuh. To think it’s the Crimson Ghost and the Crimson Legion!”

Few soldiers threw down their spades and pickaxes and falteringly moved back.

At that moment, the commander rank soldiers pulled out the swords at their waists and shouted.

“Do not retreat! Look closely at the Lancephil Fief Regiment! They have only brought cavalry and have urgently rushed south! They don’t have any infantry at all!”

At those words, the soldiers stood their places and thinly opened their eyes.

It was the truth.

The Lancephil Fief Regiment was made up of only cavalry and giant carriages of unknown identity.

‘Right. He did say that it’ll take at least ten days to get to this region.’

‘The fact that even the cavalry arrived in just two days means that they are as tired as they could be!’

‘They too aren’t of perfect condition!’

However strong the Lancephil Fief Regiment was said to be, there was something called affinity between troops.

Although cavalry had good mobility and destructiveness, the attack patterns were much too limited.

There were no distinct tactics besides piercing through or charging, and if they were accidentally trapped in a pitfall region, a problem where their room for movement narrowing broke out.

Furthermore, it couldn't use any strength at all when alone in a fight with halberd infantry or archer class of soldiers.

“Aren't they looking down at us too much?”

“If they're all cavalry, we can simply send out long spear troops and take down their mobility.”

Uppe Legion's soldiers sneered and shone a viper-like light from their eyes.

Perhaps having heard the soldiers' such story, the Lancephil Fief Regiment's cavalry and carriages slowly reduced their speeds, then soon completely came to a stop.

Neeigh!

Rough cries of the horses hit the ears.

Gulp.

The Uppe Legion's soldiers, unknowingly with dazed expressions, watched that grand and incredible sight.

Simultaneously, the Uppe Legion's main army charged from the camp's rear to intercept.

Literally an explosive situation.

"Alright. Let's try it."

"We'll show you that it's not even enough with merely the cavalry."

The Uppe Legion's soldiers pulled out their own weapons and gritted their teeth.

When they got the thoughts that they were looked down on and that it was doable, the morale that had hit the ground slowly climbed up.

"Everyone grab your weapons."

"Let's fight do or die."

Sounds of resolving hearts poured out.

At that moment.

Boom!

Together with an explosive sound, the giant carriage's left and right sides fully opened up.

No, as if they were ripped away, the top section split and fully unfolded towards each side's ground.

An event that simultaneously happened from tens of carriages.

It was a shape that seemed like they made a slope from the ground to the carriage's inside with strong planks.

“Wha, what the?”

“Did the carriages break apart?”

The Uppe Legion's soldiers blankly stood and merely blinked their eyes.

At that moment, soldiers stepped on the carriages' walls that opened up to the sides and poured out.

They were crimson ghosts that all equipped from head to toe with red like one.

They, without a single tired look, came out of the carriages and set formation.

It was a moment that a lame legion with only cavalry was reborn into a powerful legion that had set all types of troops.

“Huhgh.”

At the thick presence and pressure, the Uppe Legion’s soldiers emptily swallowed.

In front of their eyes were all colored with a red light.

Meanwhile, the crimson soldiers perfectly formed an oblong formation and then pulled out their weapons.

A feeling like a riptide-like charge would begin at any moment.

“Uuuuh.”

The Uppe Legion’s soldiers trembled with completely unstrung expressions.

A situation where their minds were petrified by fear.

Suddenly, the crimson soldiers in the middle moved back to the sides.

Simultaneously, a young man riding a slick and muscular warhorse appeared.

A crimson helmet, a crimson armor, a crimson cloak.

Deep eyes on a manly looking face.

He was the very owner of the Crimson Legion and the Rinse Kingdom's hero, Roan Lancephil the Crimson Ghost.

'The magic carriages are usefully being applied.'

Roan, after quelling the Rinse Kingdom's northern regions, began to climb south with the Lancephil Fief Regiment.

Literally a blitzkrieg, a situation where a single second was urgent.

But even so, it wasn't a situation where he could do a straining march just because numerous situations were urgent either.

If not careful, they could also have taken the enemy force's attack

the moment they arrive at the battlefield and receive a great damage.

At that moment, the thing that floated up in his head were the very magic carriages, the center of the Lancephil County's transportation network.

On top of the twenty or so magic carriages that were already in use, Roan pulled out all the magic carriages he had saved for military purpose and boarded the infantry.

Not only that, the ration and goods supplying that was indispensably needed in battles and wars too were proceeded together through the magic carriages.

Thanks to that, Roan was able to make a speed similar to a cavalry troop marching alone even while climbing south together with a large-scale legion.

That was the very reason that Roan and the Crimson Legion were able to quickly arrive at the Eastbury Region unlike the predictions of Uppe Legion's soldiers.

Roan quietly stared at the Uppe Legion's stiffly frozen soldiers.

A soft light in his eyes and faintly floated smile.

It was a look that truly calmed people.



However, the might and presence that burst out from his entire body naturally made people lower their heads.

“I am Rinse Kingdom’s Count and the owner of the Lancephil Fief of Northeast, Roan Lancephil.”

A powerful voice rode the wind and stir the battlefield.

Gulp.

The Uppe Legion’s soldiers all dryly gulped with tense expressions.

Roan quietly looked at them and added on.

“Those who surrender, I will respectfully receive as my soldiers. But those who oppose.....”

A resolute tone and expression.

There was not a single hint of trembling in his eyes.

“I will not forgive.”

The instant his words finished.

Chang! Klang klang! Chachang!

The Uppe Legion's soldiers threw down the weapons they held.

They quickly kneeled and lied down on the ground.

“We surrender!”

“W, we have no desire to fight Sir Count Lancephil!”

In the first place, the Uppe Legion's soldiers had absolutely no thought of fighting outside the camp even if they set the traps and thicken the camp's defense.

In such situation, being carried away by ill-advised bravery was no different than extending out their necks longly and begging to quickly cut them down.

Roan stared at the soldiers who prostrated on the ground and climbed down from his warhorse.

He moved his steps alone towards the soldiers.

The commanders including Austin and the Taemusas tried to follow up, but Roan faintly smiled and waved his hand.

Roan gently held the shoulders of the Uppe Legion's soldier that

was furthest at the front.

“Stand up.”

He raised up the soldier.

At those words, even the other soldiers stood up one by one from their spots.

Roan looked straight into their eyes and spoke in a bold and daring voice.

“I am not trying to do the war.”

The soldiers leaned their ears towards Roan’s words.

“I plan to end the war.”

Although it was a sound like playful words, the soldiers felt their hearts race.

Roan faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Let us save the kingdom and its citizens together with me.”

The instant his words finished, the soldiers kneeled down on one knees and saluted.

“Yes sir!”

Deafening voices shook the world.

Like that, Roan’s suppression of the Rinse Kingdom began.

# Chapter 200 : Sudden Change (6)

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Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Sparks flew together with metallic sounds.

“Damn it! Have you forgotten our promise?!”

“That’s what I want to say!”

Two young nobles wearing brilliant armors shouted while putting their swords against each other.

Their faces were completely twisted with a feeling of betrayal and rage.

“Us 12 Hatchlings decided not to divide even if the princes we each support are different! We said we’ll stay loyal to the kingdom regardless of whoever becomes the crowned prince!”

“That’s what I said!”

The two young nobles were both members of the 12 Hatchlings.

Two whose friendship was quite deep even though the princes they supported were different.

But as the throne succession war began, they ultimately became a pair whom pointed their swords at each other.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

The sound of metal noisily rang.

“Uuak!”

“Kuuk!”

Around them, soldiers fell down together with throes of death.

“Damn it! Just how did this happen!”

“Kuuk!”

The two young nobles poured out their frustrations towards each other.

The gazes that glared were full of resentments.

“Die!”

“Die!”

Tat!

The two nobles simultaneously kicked the ground and rushed towards each other.

Ssskuk!

A horrifying sound.

The two sets of swords pierced each other's chests.

An appearance of leaning against each other and not even able to fall down.

“Gurruk. Thi, this isn't the world we dreamt of..... kuuk.”

“Our dreams have become ashen..... kuk!”

The lights disappeared from the two people's eyes.

A simultaneous death.

The young nobles who dreamt of a bright dream for their kingdom amiably crossed the river of death.

But even so, it wasn't as if the 12 Hatchlings was disbanded.

They were still the kingdom's future and dream.

It was an excellent sprout that could easily blossom a bud as long as there was a good land.

A good land.

In the Rinse Kingdom, there still was a good land left that one could place their hopes on.

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Squelch. Squelch.

Drops of water jumped up every time a step moved.

A dreadful downpour pouring almost hard enough to be difficult to distinguish an inch in front.

“Block them!”

“Kuhuk!”

Different shouts clashed.



Soldiers of crimson armor and soldiers of rusted iron armor.

Piercing through the rain streaks, the two forces violently crashed.

The war situation flowed very one-sidedly.

The soldiers wearing crimson armor climbed over the soldiers of rusted iron armor and were attacking the solid castle wall.

“Hook the ladders!”

“Attack! Attack!”

The ones standing at the vanguard and encouraging the soldiers.

Amongst them, there was a young man who was massacring the enemy soldiers while slantly holding a black spear.

Roan Lancephil the Crimson Ghost.

Fluttering his crimson cloak, he was ruling over the battlefield.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

With frightening sounds, the soldiers' bodies were cut apart.

“That man is Roan Lancephil!”

“It’s Count Lancephil!”

“Catch him! Kill him!”

Few soldiers recognized Roan and recklessly pounced.

Roan lightly stamped his feet and soared up into the air.

Shwaaak!

The violently falling rain streaks scattered in every direction.

Although his armor and cloak were crimson, the color of the mana flowing along the Traviass Spear was closer to azure.

Shwaaak!

The rain streaks flowed along the spearhead.

No, the rain streaks became one giant stream of water and wrapped around the enemy soldiers.

Right now, Roan wasn’t using the Flamdor Mana Technique but

the Lancephil Mana Technique.

Pulling up the Spirit King's Tear, the water energy that was wrapped around his mana hole, he controlled the streaks of rain.

His appearance seemed almost like a god of water, a knight of water.

Kwakang!

With an explosive sound, the water stream tore the earth apart.

“Kuak!”

“Kuk!”

Each time, not only the soldiers but even the ordinary knights couldn't endure and were thrown in every direction.

“Huu.”

A short sigh twisted through the thinly open lips and flowed out.

For a moment, an odd silence fell down.

Roan's gaze headed towards the solid castle located inside the rain.

The strategic key point that connected the North and South, the Nix Castle.

It was a place that was definitely needed to all Simon, Tommy, and Kallum.

Due to that, it was also a place that actually switched its owner more than ten times since the throne succession war began.

A castle wall where tens of ladders and ropes were hanged.

And the sight of Lancephil Legion's soldiers climbing that castle wall.

Tat!

Roan kicked off the ground and ran towards the castle wall.

A sight of racing through the falling rain streaks.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

The Traviar spear moved as if dancing.

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

Every time, the enemy soldiers’ waists were bisected along with the streaks of rain.

In no time, the castle wall was right in front of his nose.

Uddk!

Twisting his wrist, he poured in his mana.

Paat!

The Traviar Spear, with a rapid speed, elongated.

The end of the spear handle dug in below the castle wall.

Simultaneously.

Tuung!

Roar soaring into the air as if flicked together with a weighty sound.

“Oh!”

“Waaaah!”

The Lancephil Legion’s soldiers who were attacking the castle wall widely opened their eyes as they exclaimed.

The Roan reflected on their eyes wasn’t a human but a god of war.

‘Kinis!’

Roan, as he gained balance in the air, called out to Kinis.

[You only look for me at times like this!]

Soon, Kinis flew in front of his eyes and dizzily moved her hands.

Tung! Tuung!

Below Roan’s feet, big and small clumps of water were created.

Pabat!

Lightly stepping on them, Roan jumped down on top of castle wall.

Boom!

A completely crouched look.

Together with a boom, footprints were stamped on top of the castle wall.

Simultaneously, a whirlwind arose around Roan.

The torrent, which had been falling hard enough to be difficult to distinguish an inch in front, roundly curved and burst out towards every direction.

“Kuuk!”

“Just what!”

The enemy soldiers who were occupying the top of the castle wall clenched their teeth at the squall strong enough to be pushed back.

Roan straightened his crouched body and formed a faint smile.

“Now.....”

A quiet but powerful voice.

“There is no place for you bastards here in the Nix Castle.”

With his wrists spinning, the Traviass Spear began to draw a circle.

Ssweaaak!

The spearhead split the air.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

With horrifying sounds, the soldiers' limbs were cut off.

Following behind, Roan's cold voice fell on top of the castle wall.

"All of you disappear."

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"The supplying was resolved without a problem, sir."

"As expected of Sir Clay."

"You are easily executing difficult missions the instant you returned to the front."

Words of praises poured down from everywhere.



The young man whose eyes were very thin and long, Clay faintly smiled and shook his head.

“That isn’t so. This is all thanks to everyone helping me. I look forwards to working with everyone from now on as well.”

A truly humble look unbeseeming of him.

“We look forwards to working with you as well, sir.”

Soon, numerous administrators took the bundles of documents and exited the office.

Clay, who was left alone, checked over the major documents for a moment and then stood up from his seat.

Outside a window, thick streaks of rain were visible.

“Everyone must be tired because of the harsh weather.”

It certainly was a worrying tone, but his expression was greatly peculiar.

‘Is it the tenth day after returning to the front.....’

It was a return after a year since having fallen down to bottom rank administrator after taking responsibility of spying and

monitoring Roan.

A situation where Roan along with Count Lancephil House's core members were all participating in the throne succession war.

Roan left the important duty of County's housekeeping together with supplying the legion.

Clay, in merely ten days, had perfectly executed the supplying mission that was the conundrum amongst conundrums.

An appearance efficient enough for the stories calling him the Lancephil's God Brain would flow out.

“It truly was a boring and disappointing one year.....”

A voice holding a deep regret.

On the coldly sunken eyes, waging waves were blowing.

‘My lord. Do you now trust me?’

It took exactly one year of time.

A truly regrettable time for Clay.

He, while passing that time, thought and pondered of many

things and raised various schemes.

‘I have awaited just this moment.’

An odd smile hanged on his mouth.

Clay shallowly breathed and lightly shook his right hand.

Meow. Meow.

Soon, two cats showed up.

Brushing their heads, Clay murmured unintelligible words for a while.

After who knew how long.

“I entrust it to you.”

Quietly whispering voice.

Meow.

The cats bowed their heads once, then soon exited out of the office.

Clay breathed in deeply and closed his eyes.

‘My lord. This time is my turn.’

His chest violently races.

‘This time, my lord start again from the very bottom.’

The smile hanging on the tips of his mouth became much deeper.

‘Cats, I entrust it to you.’

If only the cats arrive as planned, the things would be easily resolved.

Knowing or perhaps not knowing Clay’s such wish, the cats that exited out of the office tenderly acted at each other as if they were lovers and moved their steps.

Passing through a dark corridor and going out of the lord’s castle, they then flew themselves into a small garden.

Looks of busily moving their steps without minding even the falling rain streaks.

It was when they passed through the garden and were right before entering into the Mediasis Castle’s town.

“Our kittens. Where are you going so urgently when it’s raining like this?”

Together with a sweet and beautiful voice, a woman deeply wearing a black hood blocked the front of the cats.

Soon, three more people who also deeply wore black hoods appeared behind her.

“They’re the druid’s cats.”

“As expected, it’s as we predicted.”

“For now, should we move our hands before the human called Clay notices?”

“Yes. That should be good.”

Incomprehensible words.

Soon, one amongst those who deeply wore black hoods stepped up and dizzily moved his hands.

Suddenly, an emerald light flashed.

Meow.

The cats quietly cried at the light that gently wrapped around them, then soon quietly fell asleep.

“Hhm. The human called Clay, he certainly must be smart. The druid’s spell is more impressive than I had thought.”

The one who waved his hands before spoke with a surprised voice.

At those words, the one who appeared the very first took off her hood and shook her head.

“Even so, it should be a human’s level.”

The face that appeared below the streaks of rain.

It was a face almost unbelievably beautiful.

Clear skin, large eyes, crimson lips.....

But the things most shocking were the pointed ears located below the sublime hair that green and gold colors seemed to be mixed in.

Soon following, the ones standing behind all took off their hoods.

They were all without exception beautiful and handsome men

and women.

No, to be exact, they weren't humans.

Elves.

They, who had disappeared after the Great War with the humans, had shown up in the garden of the Mediasis Castle's lord's castle.

One of the elves hugged the cats that had fallen asleep.

"Like how our queen and Sir Count Lancephil said, it seems the human called Clay was planning on making a deal with Duke Bradley Webster."

The words she whispered while brushing the cat's head was truly incredible.

However, the elves faintly smiled without a single look of surprise and nodded their heads.

"It's as expected."

"Then shall we move as Sir Count Lancephil mapped out?"

"We'll have to do so."

The elf who was hugging the cat cheerfully smiled and nodded her head.

An emerald light flowed up from her palms and enveloped the cats.

Meow.

The cats that were asleep quietly cried and woke up.

They rubbed their faces on the back of the elf's hand, then soon lightly jumped and ran towards the Mediasis Castle's town.

The elves, watching the cats getting far away, made faint smiles.

A sight so impossibly beautiful that it instead looked unrealistic.

They once again deeply pulled down their hood and hid themselves in a place deep inside the garden.

There still were works left that they must do.

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“Eh?! Coronation Ceremony your highness?”



Viscount Tio and the numerous nobles shouted with shocked expressions.

The spot their gazes met was the conference hall's head seat, at Simon Rinse who was resting his body against a giant chair.

Simon tilted his head with an expression that seemed to ask 'why are you so surprised'.

"I have already quelled more than half of the kingdom. Furthermore, Count Lancephil has calmed the northeastern border and has entered the war. Tommy and Kallum too won't be able to hold on anymore."

With his hands clasped together, he added on with a cold light in his eyes.

"So I think that it is proper to now climb onto the throne and exercise the king's rights domestically and internationally..... is this not so?"

At those words, numerous nobles awkwardly smiled and lowered their heads.

At that moment, Tio, who was closest by, answered in a cautious voice.

"As your highness has said, it is correct that we have a hold on the victory of throne succession war. But the powers who follow

Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum still aren't insignificant. So please wait a.....”

When his words had reached about that point.

“Would Tommy or Kallum not fool around any further and kneel down only when I become a king? Since pointing their swords even after I climb to the throne would be a treason.”

Simon creased his forehead.

Murkily, an enraged look peaked up.

‘Again.....’

Tio tightly clenched his teeth.

As the time passed and passed on, Simon couldn't properly control his emotions.

‘We need the God's Medicine.’

His heart was urgent.

The thing Simon needed now wasn't a coronation ceremony but the Holy Palace's God's Medicine.

But the methods to obtain the God's Medicine were remote in its own way.

He had placed his hopes on Io, but he was currently arrested in the Holy Palace.

The only one left was Duke Bradley Webster.

‘But the situation is where Sir Duke Webster too is occupied with the throne succession war..... furthermore, the relationship between the prince and Sir Duke isn't like before.....’

The inside of his head became complicated.

At that moment.

“My intent is fixed. Immediately prepare a coronation ceremony.”

Simon made the decision with a fiercely flushed face.

At that moment, the head of the 12 Hatchlings and a baron of the Kingdom, Sith Wiggins stepped forwards.

“Your highness the Prince. Because the whereabouts of royal family's crest and the national seal are unknown, I judge that it is somewhat impossible to hold the coronation ceremony. Rather, I believe officially holding the ceremony and rising to the throne

after the war ends and searching for the crest and the national seal is.....”

With a soft voice, Sith raised a remonstrance to Simon.

Of course, Simon did not like that.

“Stop!”

In the end, a roar mixed with fury exploded out.

He immediately stood up from his seat and stepped towards Sith.

Gulp.

Everyone gulped dryly with nervous expressions.

But only one person.

Only Sith was looking at Simon with composed expression.

‘If I die here, that too must be my fate.’

His heart rapidly jumped.

Simon, who arrived right in front of his nose in no time, fiercely

glared with his eyes.

“Sith Wiggins.”

“Yes. My Prince.”

An explosive situation.

Tio, in preparation for the unlikely situation, was closely up on Simon’s back.

‘Baron Wiggins is an important talent.’

The achievements he had raised until now also weren’t insignificant.

Simon quietly glared at Sith, then slowly raised his right hand.

An appearance of having tightly clenched his fist.

“I am Rinse Kingdom’s First Prince and the one most fitting to the honorable and glorious throne. Is that wrong?”

“No, your highness. But a coronation ceremony is.....”

“Enough!”

Simon once again roared.

He slowly undid the fist he clenched and turned his back.

“Immediately disappear from in front of my eyes.”

Simon was barely controlling his rage.

If he had completely lost his sanity and was caught by madness, he would have immediately cut Sith's neck.

Sith quietly stood and stared at Simon's back.

It was the appearance that he had looked at all these times until now and followed.

‘Prince.....’

Sith deeply breathed in.

Tio, from the opposite side, signaled to him with his eyes.

Meaning to leave for now.

‘Huu.’

A long sigh naturally flowed out.

Sith, facing Simon's back, bowed at his waist.

"I will go now, your highness."

Simon had no particular reaction.

Sith, tightly clenching his teeth, exited out of the conference hall.

When he exited out of the door, Simon's roar was heard.

"Immediately prepare the coronation ceremony!"

In the end, the situation flowed as Simon desired.

"Send out the invitations! Those who do not attend will all be deemed as enemies!"

The coronation ceremony that should have been sacred was scheduled to be colored with a bloody light.

Sith, moving his steps, spat out a long sigh.

The more he did so, his heart felt much more frustrated.

And exactly one month later, Simon's coronation ceremony was held in the capital, Miller.

On the list of attendees.....

Roan was not there.